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Mysodendron Punctulatum.

WOMAN OF FUEGIA AND CHILD.

A

TWO YEARS' CRUISE

OFF

TIERRA DEL FUEGO,

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS,

PATAGONIA,

AND IN

THE RIVER PLATE:

38260
ae

A Narrative of Life in the Southern Seas.

BY

W. PARKER SNOW,

LATE COMMANDER OF THE MISSION YACHT
"ALLEN GARDINER;"

Author of "Voyage of the *Prince Albert* in search of Sir John Franklin."

WITH CHARTS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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"Faith in God's promise ought not to supersede, but encourage our diligence in the use of proper means. We do not trust God, but tempt Him, if our expectations slacken our endeavours." M. HENRY.

"It is not the gold in the furnace which bubbles and froths upwards, but the dross and the scum." AMBROSE SERLE.

PREFACE.

THIS work will, no doubt, be found to have many imperfections. But the painful circumstances under which it has been written will, I hope, plead somewhat in extenuation thereof. I have often felt inclined to abandon my labours, but various reasons induced me to go on; and hence the work appears in its present shape.

Perhaps one of the greatest drawbacks to a man who is the principal in a work like this, is the having to speak so much of himself; and many who write in the first person acutely feel the annoyance, though they seldom get much credit for the feeling. Yet it cannot be avoided; and, unless another were to write the work, the author of his own adventures is compelled to labour under this peculiar difficulty.

It often happens that the criticisms passed upon a work do not make sufficient allowance for the circumstances under which the writer has come before the public. I do not mean to say that the criticisms are unjust in a literary point of view; but what I infer is,

that frequently the literary character of the work is too much dwelt upon, to the exclusion of the pith and marrow of its contents. Nevertheless, if it is unpleasant, as it often is, to sailors, voyagers, travellers, and scientific men, to write with the knowledge of the severe criticism they may be subjected to, I am sure it must be equally unpleasant to those who have to criticise, and who honourably perform their task. They may have to roughly handle the writer, while they admire the man; and, consequently, are placed in a post of duty that runs counter to their feelings. Yet the knowledge of all this should not deter the traveller from writing; for, possibly, he may do some good, even if a little harm accrue to himself. Those who roll about the world from pole to pole,—and from east to west, —on land and sea alike,—may, in their printed records of these doings, be likened to wayside finger-posts of history;—looked at, learned from, and—forgotten!—unless the way has to be retraced that some intelligence may be recovered, when the inscription is once more read, and, with the information thus again obtained, the sign-mark is obliterated from the memory. Yet this is natural, and it can hardly be otherwise. To seek for more would be folly: nay, to be content with less would perhaps be wiser; and perhaps far wiser still to remain in silence altogether. But were it so, and were no one hazardous enough to break through the barrier that precludes the rough unlettered man from giving to his quieter brother at home the result of his labours far afield, there would be little known of distant climes and scenes. To write, however, requires more boldness than one would imagine; and I can honestly say that for the

mere desire of publishing I would never try to put two words together.*

When I first commenced this work I thought to give merely a simple narrative of daily life in the Southern Seas; but as I went on, I was almost irresistibly drawn into giving my experiences in connection with the Patagonian Missionary Society, and at the same time to point out the extremes into which everything relating to missionary labour in those regions appears to me to have fallen. I am aware that it is a most difficult subject, and one that requires not only a vigorous and sturdy intellect to grapple with it, but also other powerful aids, such as wealth and influence, to give countenance and support. But neither of these do I possess; and can do nothing but simply call public attention to the subject.

In the Appendix I have dwelt upon a few subjects which I hope will receive careful attention in the proper quarters. The question of the Mercantile Marine is one that I have introduced, as during my last two years' cruising I have had ample opportunity of being able to illustrate its workings. The Falkland Islands as a Penal Settlement, and the neighbourhood of the Horn as afford-

* The following remarks in the "Nautical Magazine" for May, 1856, bear so strongly upon the subject that I cannot refrain from quoting them. They form part of a paper by Captain H. T. Fox; and the Editor of the "Nautical" says, "This paper is highly creditable to the writer, and we regret that his example is not more generally followed in the mercantile navy."

Captain Fox remarks that, "Were those shipmasters who have the power occasionally to publish what they know of new discoveries, &c., a great benefit would be conferred, and an absolute duty performed. From a false delicacy, and a dislike to seeing their names in print, too many shrink from this means of making their knowledge available for the good of others."

ing good shelter to vessels, are other matters referred to, besides nautical notes and observations. I could have lengthened the work by introducing various topics particularly relating to missionary labour; but I imagine such would be unsuited to a mere narrative, and I therefore reserve them for another publication in a different form.

The sketches I have given are selected from several rough ones made on the spot.

In conclusion, I have only to commend this new work of mine to the kind indulgence of the public, and trust my readers will derive some interest from a perusal of this "Narrative of Life in the Southern Seas."

W. PARKER SNOW.

St. John's Hill, Wandsworth Road,
Surrey: Sept. 1857.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction.—Brief History of Captain Gardiner's Missionary Labours. —Fatal Mishaps.—Loss of Boats.—Want of Provisions.—Mice a Luxury.—Starvation.—Lingering Death.—Relief too late.—Author's Appointment. — Crew and Mission Party. — Instructions Page 1

CHAP. II.

Commencement of the Voyage. — Madeira. — Canary Islands.—The Cape Verdes.—Incident of the last Naval War.—The "Constitution."— American Courtesy.—Fernando de Noronha.—Brazilian Penal Settlement.—English Prisoner as Interpreter - 23

CHAP. III.

The Interpreter and his Family.—Advice as to visiting Fernando de Noronha. — Proceed on the Voyage. — Pass Pernambuco, and the Elbow of South America. — Soundings off the Abrolhos. — Cape Frio and Wreck of the "Thetis."—Misty Weather.—Enter Rio Janeiro - - - - - - - - 38

CHAP. IV.

Commencement of a New Year.—Departure from Rio Janeiro.—Thick Weather.—Rules of the Road at Sea.—Escape from a Collision with another Vessel.—Danger from a Whale.—Heavy Gale.—Speak a Spanish Brig.—Fine Weather off the River Plate.—Enormous Flocks of Birds.—Agitation of the Sea.—Fall in with an American Clipper Ship. — Soundings. — Arrival at Keppel Island, West Falklands - - - - - - - - 50

CHAP. V.

Mission Plans.—History of the Falkland Islands.—Their Discovery.—Settlement of Port Louis by Bougainville.—Abandoned to Spain.—British Colony at Port Egmont.—Claimed by Spain.—Productions of the Falklands.—Mr. Dale's Letter.—Penal Settlement.—Keppel Island - - - - - - Page 70

CHAP. VI.

Missionary Character. — Committee Bay. — Aquatic Birds.—Wild Game.—Falkland Weather.—Nearly swamped in the Boat.—Heavy Gale.—Attempt to visit Saunder's Island fails.—Selection of the Mission Station - - - - - - - 85

CHAP. VII.

Attempt to moor the Vessel near a suitable Spot for landing the Stores.—Get aground; but after some severe Labour float off, and secure the Ship in safety.—West Point Plains described.—Religious Services on board.—Sailors, in general, better than they seem.—Taking Possession of the Island as permitted by Government Grant.—Extraordinary Carelessness.—The Island set on Fire.—Duplicity connected with it - - - - - 101

CHAP. VIII.

Abundance of Wild Game.—Seals and Porpoises.—Dismantle the Ship.—Get the Stores and Material for the House on Shore.—Contrivances to land the Things.—Shears erected against the Cliffs.—Pigs, Sheep, and Poultry landed; also the Oils, Powder, and various similar Stores.—A Raft made.—Bricks conveyed on Shore.—Find the Fire increasing.—The Valley one complete Mass of burning Flame.—Fears in connection with it.—Rapid Spread of the Flames.—West Point Plains covered.—Hasty and exciting Removal of the Stores and combustible Materials - - - - - - 116

CHAP. IX.

Reconsideration of Plans.—Temporary House erected.—Live Penguin on board.—Hawks very troublesome.—Awful Magnificence of the Fire.—Miles of burning Ground.—Hill-tops covered with Flames.—A grand and startling Spectacle.—Walk across the Island.—Discover Fragments of a Wreck.—Sea-bird Cave.—Description of the Seals and Sea Lion.—Penguin and Albatross Rookery.—Wrecks of the "George Butts" and the "Glaucus" - - - - 126

CHAP. X.

Description of the Mission Schooner.—Advantage of Order and System.—Internal Fittings arranged to suit the Mission Purposes. —Roomy Accommodation. — Home and its Remembrances.— Domestic Firesides.—Valuable Canary Bird.—Australian Cockatoo. —Cardinal Grosbeak. — Live Pets useful when visiting Savages. — Prepare to visit Stanley. — Make a Plan of the Island. — Departure from Keppel. — Port Egmont. — Visit the Old Settlement. — The former Claim of Spain to the Falklands - - Page 144

CHAP. XI.

Description of the Old Settlement of Port Egmont.—Gardens and Productions.—Abundance of Vegetables.—The Bog-balsam, Fachinal, and Tussack.—A Spanish Force of 1600 men attacks the feeble Settlement.—Five Frigates moored Head and Stern to bombard the Place.—Means of Defence taken.—Landing of the Spanish Troops and Artillery.—Firing commenced.—Capitulation of the British.—Ultimate Restitution made by Spain.—Revival of the Settlement, and final Evacuation in 1774.—Present Condition of the Place.—Solitary Grave of a Sailor.—Remains of a Wreck.— Departure for Stanley.—Approach of Bad Weather.—Enter White-Rock Harbour.—Timely anchor before a Gale - - 156

CHAP. XII.

Examination of White-Rock Harbour.—Geological Features.—Enter Port San Carlos.—Go up the River.—Beautiful Scenery, and similar to Parts of the Rhine.—A Herd of wild Bulls.—Have to run from them.—Leave San Carlos and clear the Sound.—The Eddystone Rock and Cape Dolphin.—Tide Race.—Night Run along the Coast. —Squally Weather.—Enter Port William.—Description of the Land.—Port Salvador and its Reefs.—Macbride's Head.—Dutchman's Head.—Cape Carysfort.—Account of a Wreck there.—Volunteer Reef.—The Uranie Rock.—Loss of a French Frigate.—Berkeley Sound.—Cochon Island, and another Wreck with Loss of Life.— Kidney Island.—The Lighthouse.—Seal Rocks.—Port William, and Entrance to Stanley Harbour - - - - 172

CHAP. XIII.

Stanley Harbour.—Description of the Town.—Government Officers.— Colonial Chaplain.—His Excellency the Governor.—Permission accorded to rent Kepple Island.—"Ross Road" and the Streets of

Stanley.—Its public and private Buildings.—Government House.—Dock Yard.—Pensioners' Cottages and Gardens.—Barracks.—Police Office.—Prison.—Church.—House Accommodation.—Population.—Classification of Inhabitants.—Provisions and Stores.—Cattle Speculation rejected by the Author.—He is made personally responsible for any Infringement of the Colonial Laws by the Mission.—Departure from Stanley - - - - Page 191

CHAP. XIV.

The Trip back to Keppel Island.—Bad Weather.—Hail and Snow Storms.—Descriptive Account of the Vessel struggling against opposing Winds.—The lone Watcher on the Island.—Safely anchor in the Bay.—Gloom of night in a desolate land.—Darkness around, but Brightness within.—The Sailor's Hymn.—Precautionary Measures adopted for the Mission Party being visited.—Departure for Monte Video.—Entrance of the Rio de la Plata.—Shallow Water.—First Appearance of Monte Video.—Anchor in the Bay . - 205

CHAP XV.

Monte Video.—Visit to the Consul's.—Mutinous Conduct of the two Mates.—Their Dismissal from the Ship.—Fresh Officers procured.—Departure for and Return to Stanley.—Another Wreck.—Go round to the Mission Station.—Find all well in Health.—Necessity for seeking a Place to beach the Vessel.—Proceed through the rocky Passage into Port Egmont.—Anchor off the Old Settlement - 220

CHAP. XVI.

Examine the Cove, and find not enough Depth of Water for the Ship.—A sealing Schooner passes on her Way to Stanley.—Examination of East Bay.—Many wild Pigs met with.—No Place for a Vessel.—Try other Parts.—Reef Channel and Burnt Harbour.—Byron Sound.—South and West Parts of Saunders Island.—Brett Harbour.—Return to Port Egmont.—Official Communication from Government.—Obliged to return to the Station to make an Investigation - - - - - - 235

CHAP. XVII.

Evidence gathered respecting the Fire.—Departure for Stanley.—The North-west Pass.—Furious Tides.—Walk across Pebble Island.—Capture of a King Penguin.—Proceed through the Inner

Passages. — Tamar Pass and its whirling Eddies. — Again anchor in Stanley Harbour. — Official Investigation respecting the Fire. — The true Party discovered and punished. — Painful Anecdote concerning him. — Tenders for the Mail. — Leave Stanley for Keppel Island. — Driven on the Rocks, but get off without Damage. — Return to the Station, and depart for Monte Video - Page 252

CHAP. XVIII.

Arrival at Monte Video. — The expected Missionary not come, owing to his being arrested by the Law. — Bad Management of the Mission Affairs. — Return Trip to the Falklands. — Cape Antonia and its low Coast. — Night Watches at Sea. — Thoughts on the Franklin Expeditions. — Arrival at Stanley; return to the Station, and prepare for a Trip to the Coast. — State of the Mission. — Near a Failure. — Unwise Plans and strange Conduct of the Direction at Home - - - - - - - - 265

CHAP. XIX.

Departure for Tierra del Fuego. — Capture some Penguins, but unable to keep them on board. — Proceed through Reef Passage. — Beautiful Morning, and Fine Breeze. — Pass various Islands. — Enter West Point Passage. — Hope Harbour. — Magnificent Gorge in the Mountains. — Gibraltar Rock. — New Island and its singular Features. — Several Whales in sight. — Pass through the Straits of Le Maire. — Cape Good Success. — Land of Tierra del Fuego. — Anchor in Spaniard's Harbour - - - - 275

CHAP. XX.

Starvation Beach, Spaniard's Harbour. — Visit to the Scene of Captain Gardiner's Sufferings and Death. — Earnest Cove. — Pioneer Cave. — Fragments of Boat. — Proceed to Cook's River. — Remains of the other Boat. — Remnants of Apparel and Stores. — Anchors and Chains bedded in the Sand. — Melancholy Memorials. — Description of the Scenery. — Ceremony over the Graves. — Erect a Tablet and Inscription - - - - - 288

CHAP. XXI.

Examination of Pioneer Cave. — Missionary Journals. — Capt. Gardiner's Grave. — The Hermitage. — Beautiful Shrubs and Evergreens. — Cook's River. — The original Account of the Bodies

being discovered. — Starvation in its worst Form. — Seaweed, Mice, and decayed Matter gladly eaten by the Missionaries. — Reflections on their Fate. — Departure from Spaniard's Harbour. — Description of the Coast and Inhabitants. — New Island. — A sudden Gale of Wind - - - - Page 299

CHAP. XXII.

Approach to Picton Island. — Gloomy Appearance. — Timidity exhibited among some of the Crew. — Precautions taken. — Dark Night. — Anchor at hazard near the Shore. — The following Day proceed to Banner Cove. — Picton Island described. — Fuegian Scenery. — Anxious Point and Deposit Island. — Moat Bay. — Anchor in Banner Cove. — Visited by the Natives. — Their vociferous Cries. — Friendly Interview. — Interchange of Presents. — Their Women and Children. — Ma-quisce. — Dautawaie. — The Wizard Doctor. — Effect an amicable Understanding with the Party. — They all leave at Sunset - - - 315

CHAP. XXIII.

Banner Cove described. — A pretty Place, and eligible for a Mission Station. — Examination of it in a Boat. — Memorials of the first Mission Party. — Tent Cove and Fence Station on Garden Island. — Dothan Island. — Cape Cooper and the Rock Inscriptions. — — Similarity to Arctic Search for Franklin. — Remarks thereon. — The Author alone visits the Natives. — Received in a friendly Manner. — Their Appearance. — Habitation and Food - 330

CHAP. XXIV.

Incidents connected with our Stay at Banner Cove. — Attempts to instruct the Natives. — Their Habits and Peculiarities. — Mode of Cooking. — Want of Cleanliness. — Their great Strength. — Stature. — Addicted to Thieving, yet honest in Barter. — Description of their Wigwams. — Annunciata. — Fuegian Love to Children. — Their Tractability. — Their Surprise at the Trouble of Sketching. — Necessity of descending to them, instead of drawing them suddenly up to us. — Their Aptitude for learning our Words. — Reflections on the Prospects of a Mission amongst them. — Banner Cove surveyed. — Garden Island described, — Prepare to visit other Places. — Bid good-bye to the Picton Islanders. — Consideration of Plan - - - - - - - 344

CHAP. XXV.

Departure from Banner Cove.—Bad Weather.—Visit Lennox Island. —Interview with the Natives there. — Some of them very fine Men.—Two of the Boys come on Board, but will not stay for long. —Author's Disbelief in the Probability of getting them to the Mission Station. — Unwise to attempt it. — Leave Lennox Cove for the Westward. — Caught in a heavy Gale. — Dangerous Position of the Ship. — Run to Goree Roads for Shelter, and anchor there in Safety.—Thoughts as to renewing the Attempt to get to Woollya. —Determine to try the Beagle Channel. — Make sail with a fair Wind in that Direction. — Pretty Scenery and beautiful Weather. —Enter the Beagle Channel - - - Page 359

DIRECTIONS FOR THE BINDER.

Woman of Fuegia and Child - - -	*Frontispiece.*
Starvation Beach, Spaniard's Harbour -	*To face page* 294.
Banner Cove, Picton Island - - -	„ 350.
Chart of North part of Falklands - -	*At end of Vol.*
Plan of Banner Cove - - - - -	„

ERRATA—VOL. I.

Page 66, line 4, for "61′" read "61°."
„ 139, fifth line in the note, read "with."
„ 146, eleventh line from bottom, for "pot" read "hot."
„ twelfth line from top, read "chief."
„ 21f, third paragraph, first line, read "having."
„ 212, fourth line, read "as."
„ 215, seventh line from bottom, read "H.M.S. 'Star.'"
„ 227, eighth line from bottom, for "Port William" read "Point William."
„ 283, eighth line from bottom, read "we."
„ 321, twelfth line, read "I sent," &c.

TWO YEARS' CRUISE,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction.—Brief History of Captain Gardiner's Missionary Labours.—Fatal Mishaps.—Loss of Boats.—Want of Provisions.—Mice a Luxury.—Starvation.—Lingering Death.—Relief too late.—Author's Appointment.—Crew and Mission Party.—Instructions.

BEFORE entering upon the narrative of my own personal labours, I shall give a brief statement of the causes that led to my visiting that part of the world which I am about to describe.

Many of my readers may perhaps have read in the newspapers of the day a sad tale concerning the lamentable fate of a pious and gallant officer of the British Navy, who, with his companions, perished by starvation on the shores of Tierra del Fuego, while vainly striving to implant the truths of gospel love among the savage heathen of the land. This naval officer was Captain Allen Gardiner; and his companions, a Dr. Williams, Mr. Maidment, and Mr. Erwin, with J. Bryant, J. Pearce, and J. Badcock, Cornish fishermen, as assistants. The causes that led to their sad and miserable end I will not now too minutely enter upon. It will be sufficient to say that they one and all displayed a degree of pious heroism fully equal to the martyrs of old. I, who have walked, step by step, over the ground where they suffered, and where they had to gladly eat mice, decayed fish, and seaweed, as a means of pro-

longing life, hesitate not to say they must have been as near that state of heavenly purity and sanctity of mind as it is ever possible for man to be. What they endured, and yet what they felt and expressed in their daily journals,—written without any possible certainty of their thoughts being afterwards read by their fellow men,—proves the sincerity of their faith and the excellence of their hearts. But, what is to be said of the primary cause which produced such a terrible fate for these excellent men? I have not patience when I think thereof. Mismanagement at home; disregard of all that ought to have been attended to; was, I boldly affirm, the main cause. And yet, under a similar state of things, and with too much that I foresaw would lead to lamentable results, did I go forth to attempt, as far as the secular department of the undertaking was concerned, that wherein others superior to myself had failed. What that was may be gathered from the following hasty sketch.

A few years ago it entered into the head of the late Captain Gardiner that something might be done towards improving the moral and social condition of the Patagonians and Fuegians. Looking upon their wretched and degraded state as one that ought to be taken into consideration by the enlightened and Christian world, he called public attention to the subject, and also himself, by money and personal aid, strove to bring about the object he sought to attain. Nothing daunted by several failures, the spirit of the sailor as well as the perseverance of the man, and that determination which is a peculiar trait in our national character, induced him to renew the attempt again and again. At one time we find this ardent-minded man dwelling with a single companion, in a solitary house erected by themselves among the Patagonians in Gregory Bay; at another time he is, with his family, residing in the Falkland Islands, solely bent on the accomplishment of his plans. Then again he is met with among the Fuegians, endeavouring, but vainly, to effect a friendly communication with them;

and, at length, we hear of his leaving England for the ninth time, arriving once more among those poor creatures whose welfare he had so much at heart, and finally, with his companions, perishing by a lingering and, to our feelings, a miserable death from starvation! Whether his object was worldly prudent remains to be seen; but that a pure and honest work in that quarter is one deserving the aid and friendly countenance of right-thinking minds, I venture to affirm, and trust shortly to prove.

That the efforts of Captain Gardiner and his compapions were not attended with even a particle of success is not to be wondered at; for it must be evident to even the most enthusiastic admirer of missionary enterprize, that the material in his hands was insufficient to ensure so much as but a partial fulfilment of his hopes and wishes. This will be perceived, as I carry the reader along with me in a brief and rapid sketch of his last and fatal attempt; and, in doing so, I trust it will be the means of creating a lively sympathy towards them.

It was in the autumn of the year 1850, that a party of seven individuals sailed from Liverpool in a ship called the "Ocean Queen," commanded by Captain Cooper. This party was composed of Captain Gardiner, the head of the little company; Mr. Williams, a surgeon, who had given up a good practice, and now went forth as a catechist (that is, a teacher); Maidment, another catechist; Erwin, a carpenter, who had previously been to the same place with Captain Gardiner; and Badcock, Bryant, and Pearce, Cornish fishermen. The destination of this party was Picton Island, in the land of Tierra del Fuego, not far from Cape Horn, and their object the one I have explained. And now, while we can imagine them on their way, let me very briefly give you an idea of that land and its inhabitants.

Of the wild and often dreaded seas around the Horn, with the still wilder, and, by sailors, even more dreaded regions in its neighbourhood, few have not heard. Rarely

visited by Europeans (except by the bold and venturous sealer, and he only on the outer islands), the numerous channels, bays, and harbours of Fuegia present to the eye a scene of remarkable and solitary grandeur. Sailing along some of the many passages that are found in all directions between lofty mountains and perpendicular rocks, there is something that inspires awe whenever the picture is contemplated. The waters of the Pacific and the Atlantic Oceans there meet, and the waves all but unceasingly dash and roar around you. In numerous places huge misshapen, black, and sterile precipices meet the eye; in others, signs of volcanic agency appear. Here, in one place may be seen a range of towering mountains covered with perpetual snow; there, a dreary, rugged nest of dangerous rocks outlying from the land. Tides, and currents, and eddies; gale after gale, of hurricane strength, frequently accompanied by tempests of hail and snow; calms, when they rarely come, that are often deceptive, and prove but the forerunners of another fierce storm, seem to be natural to the region I am speaking of. Nevertheless, there are some redeeming features. All is not so black as appearance would lead to suppose; and in several places the picture is infinitely more pleasant and agreeable; and flowers and verdant spots attract the eye.

Of the inhabitants, their character and habits have been variously represented. Some voyagers speak of them as being among the very lowest of the human race; others give them a more favourable position. Some assert their character to be a compound of stupidity, indifference, and inactivity. But what I found them to be will appear in this narrative. I may, however, here observe, that in the accounts given, I find that much of what is said arises, as I imagine, from a slight or a longer acquaintance with them, as the case may be; and thus, with this brief notice, let me now turn to the party whom I left on their way to this wild land and its equally wild inhabitants.

After the usual incidents of a sea voyage, they finally arrived at their destination on December 5th, 1850. Here their first object was to mark out a place where, secure from hostile attack, they might be able to pitch their tents and store their provisions. Of the latter they had brought with them a sufficient supply, as they considered, for the ensuing winter, before the expiration of which they depended upon a ship coming to them with more. They had also (and this formed a most important part of their outfit) two large carvel-built boats 26 feet long by 8½ beam, cut transversely nearly midships, so as to be carried out in the ship, and with water-tight bulkheads, and iron decks. In addition to these were two smaller boats eight feet long, and made as tenders to the launches. The large boats were called the "Pioneer," and the "Speedwell." Their remains were lying in Spaniard's Harbour when I visited it on my cruise there. Everything necessary for these boats was provided; and thus, with the stores on hand, hopes of success naturally prevailed in the minds of Capt. Gardiner and his companions. But most unfortunately it turned out quite the contrary. Disaster after disaster rapidly attended them. No sooner were the tents pitched than the natives appeared too troublesome, and made the party take to the boats. On the third day after their arrival, the "Ocean Queen" sailed on her destination round the Horn; and the little band was left alone to go on with the work whereunto they had put their hands. The history, in detail, of what they did, what they attempted, and what they encountered in the early part of their stay here, would be too long to recount in this narrative; and moreover is too sad to dwell upon. It is in itself a catalogue of mishaps and painful scenes from beginning to end; the only bright spot in the picture being the unwavering faith, the untiring energy, the heavenly piety that seems to have animated their hearts, and kept them, at this time, together.

But, that my readers may know something of the sufferings of these devoted but mistaken men, I will endeavour to give a brief account of their movements after they had parted from the last civilized beings they were ever again fated to see.

Let us then picture them before us. See! They are now alone in the two boats side by side each other, and pausing awhile ere they begin their first important movement. They uncover heads; and there, in that wild, far-off land, upon those silent waters, and surrounded on the beach by wondering, naked savages, they lift the voice in prayer!

But, that prayer is at length done, and activity prevails. The boats get under way, and they leave the lovely little cove where they had once hoped to have established their mission station amongst the natives: and now they are gone from their secure little anchorage, to try some other spot where they may dwell in safety. But already misfortune overtakes them. The "Pioneer," with Captain Gardiner, and three of his comrades, and towing the two dhingeys, gets out of the harbour all clear; the other, with Dr. Williams, the carpenter, and another man, does not. The raft she tows entangles her amongst the rocks; they are in danger, and for four hours suffer great misery from cold and wind, and sea and rain, but finally get free; and, after again drifting on shore, and then floating off at high water, anchor in the cove they had so lately quitted. Their partners, after a day and a half's absence, during which another portion of that wild land had been visited, but during which she had lost her dhingeys, returned to seek them, and once more the little band are together in that spot. Then they again start to visit a coveted harbour which Captain Gardiner had found, and named Blomefield; but here most singular mishaps wait upon them. This time it is the "Speedwell" with Dr. Williams that gets clear; and the "Pioneer" with Captain Gardiner that gets aground; and while the former crosses

Moat Bay, and takes the same trip as the other had done, the latter is in danger from the natives, or fears such danger. Presently, however, the "Speedwell" returns: and again, after much strange frustration of their plans, are they at anchor in that cove. And now they bury on the shore some of their provisions, as a reserve in the event of the remainder being lost: then for days they stay there uncertain what to do, *for they had left their powder all on board the ship*, and had brought but little animal food with them, having depended for that upon the abundant stock of wild fowl here, which, however, are now useless, from want of means to get them. At last, on the 6th of January, they once more leave the cove, and together proceed to a place called Lennox Harbour. On the way they are assailed by gales, and calms, and winds that drive them about, and finally compel them to run for shelter; but at last the "Pioneer" is thrown upon the rocks, and immovably fixed, and soon afterwards the "Speedwell" is beached. Here, then, they remain for another fortnight, until the spring tides enable them to float their boats; and then once more they go across to visit Blomefield Harbour. The natives there, however, seem to be too numerous, and accordingly they retreat, and,—oh! mistaken feeling — think it best to go away from those to whom they had especially come, and seek some spot where they might now be free from molestation. This they thought to find at Spaniard's Harbour, a place some 40 miles along that terrible rocky coast, with those mighty Southern seas bounding against its cliffs. Here, then, they arrived on the 24th of January; but alas! disasters again attended them. Their "Pioneer" was driven upon a rock close to the beach, and this time irreparably injured. Her remains they hauled on shore; her contents were collected from the waters, and lodged in a dark and dripping cave that was near by in the rocks, while a tent over the wrecked boat served the purpose of

a dwelling place for the "Pioneer's" party when they slept not in the cave. Their other boat, now their only one, the "Speedwell," was taken to a more secure place, about a mile up the harbour, named Cook's River, and there anchored; Dr. Williams and his party remaining by her. And now we may almost trace them day by day, as, looking vainly for assistance from their distant native home, they pine away and die. Their journals, afterwards discovered, disclose an account of harrowing woe, and terrible suffering. One day the tide rises higher than expected, and carries off from the cave nearly all the property they had there collected: another time a shelter under a rock made into a sort of a hut, called by Captain Gardiner the "Hermitage," caught fire, and was destroyed, he barely escaping with his life. Then, sickness began to appear. Two of them had got the scurvy, and therefore it was well, so thought the Captain, to once more go back to Banner Cove, and dig up the provisions there buried, bringing them on to this place afterwards, if they should think of returning. Accordingly on the 18th of March their only boat, the "Speedwell," is prepared for the reception of the whole party; and we may now, in fancy, trace them as they go along that fearful coast, in that overcrowded little boat. Onward they go, from rocky point to sheltered nooks, where they may hold on awhile in safety for the night, until at length they are again in Banner Cove. Yes, once more there, as though the very indications of that Providence they depended on, were showing them that this was their best, their only fit place to have begun their work in! And now they collect the provisions they had buried, and again prepare to return to Spaniard's Harbour. But alas! signs of their true condition are too palpably evident amongst them. They feel a necessity for doing something that may — who knows? — attract the attention of some daring and adventurous sealer that, though unvisited here before, may chance to come this way. They

write upon the rocks some words of terrible import, and in buried bottles, under particular marks to attract attention, they implore relief! See! how large they make the letters on the rocks! What is their import? "Hasten! haste! We have sickness on board; our supplies are nearly out, and if not soon relieved, we shall be starved! Go to Spaniard's Harbour! Go to Spaniard's Harbour! Hasten! haste!"—But their agonizing appeal was in vain! God heard it: God marked it well: but HIS immutable laws were not to be thus set aside because of man's disregard of them; nor were the wise purposes HE no doubt had in future store, to be altered by the all but miraculous prevention of a fate man brings upon himself, in spite of HIS direct Almighty teaching. That wise purpose was, what none of mortal mould can say; but what may perhaps in part be reverently inferred by the awful warning it has given to all who dare to put a semblance of pious zeal upon aught that sacrifices the life HE gave for useful purposes, without the commonest regard to all those means HE likewise bestows to man to guard and sustain that life. But let us to the party in the boat. See! they are again on their way back to Spaniard's Harbour on the 29th of March, and take up their abode as before, never again to leave it until their spirits had flown to HIM who had tenanted them in mortal clay. And now they go on from day to day, eking out by every contrivance their miserable stock of food. It is very low; and two months more, even with the strictest economy, will see it all gone. Yet surely, before that, the friends at home will send supplies. But no! the provisions and relief their longing eyes so vainly seek are never sent until too late, and then in such a useless way as to be left where the famishing party could not get them. And now those hungry men are gradually wasting away. Scurvy has got strong hold of them. Mr. Williams is also fast failing. Captain Gardiner still holds out, though very feeble; while of the others only Maidment and Erwin are

in a fit state to go about. The antarctic mid-winter (June) comes round, and their supplies are now exhausted. A fox* that had been caught was part of it eaten and the remainder salted as a reserve. Some *mice* that came across these poor famished beings were seized, and eagerly devoured with a relish; and next a penguin, then a shag (both absolutely unfit for natural diet) were turned into food. A half-devoured fish thrown up on the beach was laid hold of and consumed; and by-and-by the salted fox, once washed out of their cave and ultimately thrown within their reach again, was eaten. Then came the mussels and the limpets whenever they could find any; and at last a piece of seaweed was tried, to see if it could prolong life. Oh! how terrible! How like that dreadful narrative of poor Franklin's journey overland, in Arctic America! How strangely does it all come before me! I who have thus had the hap to be engaged in searching for both the parties, in these somewhat analogous cases! How horrible to think of eating mice as a relish, and trying decayed fish and seaweed as food! But now one of their number can hold out no longer; and he, the first to go, is a once sturdy fisher from the Cornish coasts. His cold corse is shortly afterwards buried under a tree by the river side, while some of the others who were able to move about, went with downcast thoughts to strive and find something for their more feeble companions. All, however, were not together. Mr. Williams, Erwin, Pearce, and Bryant were at Cook's River, in the "Speedwell" boat; Captain Gardiner and Maidment, at Earnest Cove, in the cave: but occasionally they visited each other when their strength permitted. Another month passed on; and still their anxious eyes were not gladdened with the sight of aught to relieve them. And now, alas! two more of the hitherto strong and hardy ones give up and die. One of

* Trapped by a contrivance made on purpose.

them, Erwin, had been twice to this bleak coast, and had, up to the present time, well stood all the dangers and disasters. But starvation and disease at length overpower him; and he is the second of the wretched party that is relieved from all earthly suffering. Bryant is the next. He dies alone. None saw him go: none were near him when his Maker bid him depart. One of his companions from Earnest Cove, having visited the now bed-ridden party at Cook's River, found but his lifeless body, and, finally, with his own hands had to bury him and Erwin in one grave together. Sad, and awful task, for that one sorrow-stricken man! Would there be a pitying soul to bury him? We shall see.

July passed away, and August came without relief. Disasters, too, had again attended them. High tides had once more swept their cavern, and scattered far and wide their little store; but still they hoped and lived, and lived and hoped. To attract attention to their cave, they painted on the rocks an index hand, and wrote underneath:—"Ps. lxii. 5. 8." "My soul, wait thou upon God." —"Trust in him at all times, ye people." Thus confiding, they who yet existed,—two at Earnest Cove, two at Cook's River,—still lived on, still dwelt in hopes of relief being sent to them. At length the month of August passed, and that of September came. Life was now gradually ebbing away. The mussels, limpets, dead fish, and weeds no longer afforded sufficient sustenance to the body, and only the powerful mind within was strong enough to retain the struggling spirit from taking its departure. A wandering of the intellect, however, now displayed itself; and poor Pearce rambled in his talk, far, far away, no doubt, to other and to brighter scenes. Then upon him and his companion, Mr. Williams, there came a blank; and silence reigned for a time unbroken by the voice of civilized man, till strangers came and found their washed-about remains lying scattered on the beach.

But at Earnest Cove, how fared they there? Two were left, Captain Gardiner and his faithful friend, Mr. Maidment. How got they on? Let us see. There, behold them; the one on crutches, with difficulty cut for him by his companion; the other, with faltering steps, striving to walk to the "Speedwell," that their last hours, now felt fast approaching, might be spent together. But the task was too much for them. Their strength was insufficient, and they had to return; Captain Gardiner to the remains of the "Pioneer" boat, where he had taken up his abode; Maidment to the cave, and from which neither of them any more departed. One day more; another; then a third passed on; and he who had planned this party, and whose pious zeal had braved so many perils in the cause he had devoted himself to, was now alone! — alone with his God! There he lay, communing with his own heart, and inditing upon paper disjointed sentences expressive of his thoughts. See him there; that man of wealth and naval rank! His habitation,—the shattered remnants of a boat; his bed,—some wretched articles of clothing; the dark and gloomy trees at his back, and the hoarse roar of the sea amongst the rocks in his face, with a few feet of sandy beach beneath, for his resting place. See him, as he feebly lifts his eyes, and looks — not now for that ship he is never to behold, and so strangely delayed, but to search for him who had hitherto always been accustomed to daily visit him from the cave. But he comes not; and that skeleton form now shuts his glassy eye, and turns it mentally upward to his God. Yes, he was gone; but, before his faculties had left him no longer possession of their use, he traced the following broken lines to those whom he believed still existed in the "Speedwell:"— "Dear Mr. Williams, the Lord has seen fit to call home another of our little company. Our dear departed brother left the boat on Tuesday afternoon, and has not since returned. Doubtless he is in the presence of his Re-

deemer, whom he served faithfully. Yet a little while, and though * * * the Almighty to sing praises * * * throne. I neither hunger nor thirst, though * * * days * * * without food * * * Maidment's kindness to me * * * heaven."

The broken and disjointed sentences, traced by a dying hand, present a sad and melancholy conclusion to an attempt so benevolently made as that of Captain Gardiner's on behalf of the Fuegians. But, inscrutable are the ways of Providence. The very circumstances that would seem to effectually stop all further efforts, have been the principal means of increasing them, and giving renewed vitality to the work. Say what we will, let us argue or talk as we please, there is something more in all this than meets the eye. *God,* not *man,* is working here; for *man* could never have brought about what has resulted from the death of Captain Gardiner and his companions. But I have not yet done with the history of their fate. Bear with me, then, while I proceed to the conclusion of this melancholy drama.

You have heard how the little band one by one dropped off, until at last there was none remaining. Let me now tell you how their fate was discovered, and what followed thereon. I will endeavour to be brief, and yet the whole circumstances are so strongly impressed upon my mind since I have visited the spot, that I hardly know how to make the matter short, or what to select from the many interesting incidents before me.

Suffice it, that in October 1851 a schooner, called the "John Davidson," having been despatched from Monte Video to afford relief to Captain Gardiner and his companions, arrived in Spaniard's Harbour,—too late, however, to bestow the succour so much needed. Her captain, Smyley, had only time (owing to a gale of wind) to examine the head of the harbour where the "Speedwell" lay. There, to use his own words, he "found the boat on

the beach, with one person dead inside, supposed to be Pearce, as the name was cut off his frock; another was found on the beach, completely washed to pieces; another buried, which is Badcock. These were Pearce, Williams, and Badcock. The sight," he says, "was awful in the extreme. Books, papers, medicine, clothing, and tools strewed along the beach, and on the boat's deck and cuddy."

The gale increasing, Smyley had only time to bury the corpse on the beach, but not the one in the boat (some of the bones of which I afterwards picked up and buried), and, being driven from his anchorage, had to run to sea. I cannot omit one more quotation from Smyley. He says, in speaking of the party, and the journals he picked up, "I have never found in my life such Christian fortitude, such patience and bearings in my life, as in these poor unfortunate men. They have never murmured even. They seem resigned. And Mr. Williams says, even in his worst distress, he would not swap his situation for or with any man in life. He is happy beyond expression!" Happy beyond expression! Think of this, my friends: think of this, one and all of us, when we feel dissatisfied with our present lot, whatever that may be. Happy beyond expression! Happy indeed! Yes, it is truly possible. Happy, far happier, perhaps, than you, or I, or any one not so situated, and having the same godly mind, can tell.

About the same time that Smyley was thus in Spaniard's Harbour, orders were given from the Admiralty at home to the captain of the frigate "Dido," to ascertain the fate of Captain Gardiner and his party. The "Dido" called at the Falkland Islands in January 1852, and thence proceeded with provisions to Picton Island. At her masthead she carried large ensigns to attract attention, and fired shotted guns into the harbours as she passed; but only echo came back in reply. Finally she got to Picton Island, and there, after a fruitless search for the party, they were on the point of abandoning all further efforts, when some painted

inscriptions on the rocks attracted their attention. These were, "Go to Spaniard's Harbour." "You will find us in Spaniard's Harbour." "Dig below." "A bottle under this pole."

Attending to these notices, the "Dido" went to Spaniard's Harbour, and there on the beach saw a boat, which induced the captain to anchor, and send an officer to examine. Upon his return he reported that he had discovered two dead bodies, those of Gardiner and Maidment, besides books and papers. Maidment's body was found in the cave; Captain Gardiner's close to his boat. These, with the remains collected from the head of the harbour, were all carefully interred in a hastily-made grave on the beach; the funeral service was read by one of the lieutenants; the colours of the boats and ship struck half-mast, and with three volleys of musketry, such, says Captain Morshead, was "the only tribute of respect I could pay to this lofty-minded man and his devoted companions."

The journals and papers were forwarded to England, and have in a remarkable manner been instrumental in still keeping alive the work. Their preservation was certainly most singular. "The constant rain, and spray of the seas washed over them for months; yet not one word has been rendered illegible. They lay exposed on the beach; yet no prying, destructive native discovered or consumed them. Those who found them were friends, and faithfully forwarded them home."

As I have observed, the remarkable preservation of the journals, papers, and other documents found in Spaniard's Harbour proved instrumental in keeping alive the work of the mission; nay more, it created an additional interest therein. So far from the sad fate of the party depressing the energies of the mission friends, it tended the more to invigorate them. A disastrous failure, one would suppose, sufficient to deter persons from making any renewed efforts; but singular to say, — that is, if we look

casually at the circumstances, and not dive deeper than the surface, — singular to say, it produced quite a contrary result; and if ever there was (in ordinary affairs) an illustration of that answer to the question in Ezekiel's prophecy, "Can these bones live?" it has been shown by what occurred after the discovery of those remains in Spaniard's Harbour. Speedily a vessel was built; not one bought, but one built expressly for the purpose; doubled and strengthened in every possible manner. Fitted and equipped for the particular service she was to be engaged upon, she was, on the 1st August 1854, ready for some one to take charge of her, and carry on the work of the mission. At this time the Society was struggling with many difficulties. Funds were not too abundant; persons could not be found to proceed on what many considered a most dangerous undertaking; and the secretary was compelled to advertise for some one to take command of the vessel. At that period I had not long returned from a two years' absence abroad, and had begun to make myself a home, when one morning at my breakfast an advertisement in the "Times," in an unusual place, caught my eye. I know not how or why, or what induced me to write to the Society requesting information. It was the impulse of the moment; a sudden feeling that I cannot account for, except that it arose from this, — I did not like to see a mission vessel wanting a captain. My letter was short, abrupt, and indifferent; but finally I offered my services entirely free — as a mere volunteer in the cause, to take charge of and command the little vessel. Her size, the disagreeableness always attendant upon a peculiar command in so small a ship, and many other unpleasantnesses, my experience in the world foresaw, made me, I must confess, anything but over desirous about it. The remonstrances of some of my friends, and the having suddenly to break up my newly-made home, which I eventually did at very great pecuniary sacrifice, were also great drawbacks; but the impulse of the moment

having led me to offer myself, I would not now withdraw. Accordingly, after the necessary inquiries on the part of the Society which their duty behoved them to make, I was appointed to the post for the term of three years, to do everything with the vessel that in my judgment might be necessary towards the great object in view.

My offer of gratuitous service was declined with thanks, because it was the desire of the Society to have *all* its working members *paid*, and under agreement; but it will be sufficient for me here to say, that, having volunteered to do the work free, money was not the consideration with me, and it has been until lately the last thing in my thoughts in connection with it.

One thing, however, I stipulated for. It was, that my wife should be permitted to accompany me, and as a non-worker; that is, as in nowise officially connected with the mission, though willing to aid it by helping me. This was not only agreed to, but thankfully accepted, especially as the pecuniary emolument to myself was so small; and the fact of the captain's wife being on board was considered so important, and really proved so "useful to the cause," that I do not wonder at the earnestness afterwards displayed by the ex-secretary in trying to persuade me not to send her home, as I once thought would be necessary on account of her health. The fact, however, is, as I believe, that for reasons of his own, he did not wish her or any one else home at that particular time. However, my wife accompanied and remained with me the whole cruise; and I have no hesitation in saying that, by her presence and good feeling, she was of great benefit to the mission.

As soon as I received my appointment I joined the ship, to do what I best could for that mission which I now felt interested in, and wished to see succeed. But it was not alone as a mere religious undertaking that I so joined it;

its object—at least with me—was, and is even higher than what the hopes and wishes of those few excellent and truly pious men who *are* sincere in the work, would perhaps make it seem to be. To me there appears a more exalted, shall I say a nobler view, than the simply teaching the savage mind a particular creed or doctrine. To me there is the picture of a great and lasting good accomplished to mankind at large; and I can bring to my eye a fancy sketch where you and I and all, no matter what our peculiar doctrine,—and if not you and I, at least our children or our friends, our country or her commerce,—may be greatly benefited by the proper and honest introduction of Christianity and civilization among the natives of Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia. That true and manly religion must ever be the sheet anchor to which we cling in undertakings like this, all thinking minds must admit; without it, vain are the efforts of man. His confidence is nothing when wanting this; and, as Addison truly says,

> "How are thy servants blessed, O Lord!
> How sure is their defence!
> Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
> Their help Omnipotence:"

so true it is that he who honestly, and as a man—not a fancied angel; but as a man, poor, feeble, erring man—depends upon it, so sure is his strength renewed, and his power and ability augmented. Such, I may safely say, were and have been the feelings actuating me to the present time. They were all-powerful when unable, through circumstances I need not mention, to effect much that I wanted done for the mission, I took charge of the little vessel, 88 tons register, and conveyed her from Dartmouth, where she was built, to Bristol, the port whence she was to sail on her destination. I had very great difficulty in procuring a crew, owing much to the manner in which I was hampered with restrictions being put upon the religious

character of the men I engaged. I was directed to employ no one but strictly religious men and belonging to the Church; and this, too, during a time of war, when seamen were scarce, and very few able ones to be obtained. By direction of the Secretary of the Society, I tried to get men in London; proceeding thither at my own expense; and went to various places with the hope of being successful. But the voyage itself, and the peculiar character of the ship, added to the restriction put upon the creed of those who offered, I found, as I had previously told the secretary, was a drawback. At length I obtained two pious officers and the promise of two men. These, on paying their expenses* to Bristol, and giving them high wages, joined the ship; and afterwards I procured one more indifferent seaman, partly blind, and a young man, a landsman, and a Hindoo cook. These formed the whole of my crew, with the exception of a boy sent on board for the cabin. The latter, however, proved so utterly useless, and was so bad, as to make it frequently necessary for me to resort to the authorities against him.

In addition to my small, too small a crew, I had to take out a young man as surgeon to the land party, another young man as catechist (that is, a sort of teacher to the younger members of the mission and to the natives), a joiner as house carpenter, and a mason. These four formed the "land party," and were to be located upon some place to be selected on the West Falkland Islands for a mission station and depôt. The whole arrangements, however,—the inefficiency of means placed at my disposal to carry on the work, the want of proper organization, and the newness to practical life evidently displayed by my assistants,—greatly disquieted me. Impediments from the very outset were left, if not thrown, in my way in some manner hardly yet to be accounted for. I, who saw

* I must observe that in no one instance were my own expenses paid. Every pecuniary outlay came upon myself.

clearly that this work could hope to be successful only by carrying it on with prudence, forethought, and the proper use of all those worldly means placed in our hands by a beneficent Providence, was met by so much that was wholly different, and yet, from its ostensible good meaning, so deserving of respect, that I was often at a loss how to act. I admitted—I could acknowledge—I knew the necessity of prayer and supplication; but I felt that this might be practised with as great fervour and sincerity in proper places and at suitable seasons as at frequent set times and occasions, no matter what the business. My ship must be well equipped, cautiously trimmed, carefully stowed, and duly provisioned; and to all this I personally attended, working hard with my own hands, even as a seaman. Yet, owing to what I have already hinted at, I had ultimately to go to sea with the vessel leaky, and her decks covered with timber, which lumbered her fore and aft, it being impossible to get it below, nor many other things not at all necessary for our real work, with which I was, even in my private cabin, encumbered.

Foreseeing much difficulty from such a state of things as that which arose from ideas so opposite as mine and those who were joined to me, I three times in writing offered to resign my appointment; but the replies expressed entire confidence in me, and a promise to support me in every possible manner. I regret to say that that promise was not fulfilled; and though I do not regret having undertaken the voyage, I cannot but express my great surprise at so little regard having been paid to those public and private assurances of support made to me before I left England on a voyage which all admitted was one of extreme danger and difficulty. However, at the "Farewell Meeting," which took place on the 19th October 1854, I received my Instructions, and publicly pledged myself to do all I could for the work whereunto I had set my hands. The following were my Instructions:—

"SIR,—In committing to your charge the Mission yacht, the 'Allen Gardiner,' the Committee express the very high confidence they repose in your skill and caution as a seaman, and in your principles as a Christian, which they hope will never be found to have been misplaced.

"You are hereby invested with authority to do everything with the vessel that is necessary for her safety and efficiency; unto you is assigned the care of her stores, and the control over all persons serving as officers and crew on board; and when the landsmen of the mission are in the vessel, they are to obey your orders, as will be expressed in the instructions which they receive. . . .

"As the 'Allen Gardiner' is a mission yacht, the Committee direct that she should be employed only in such wise as you may justly consider likely to promote the interest of the objects in view,—namely, the instruction and civilization of the natives of South America.

"You must ever hold yourself in readiness to carry the missionaries to Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia, for the purpose of visiting the natives, and to aid them in intercourse with such; and to bring back to the station whatever people they may induce to accompany them.

"The Committee expect that you will be also ready to help the party on shore with your counsel and personal exertions, and with the employment of your crew, whenever the necessities of the vessel can dispense with them, and the mission party ashore requires such additional strength.

"It is considered desirable, as soon as the station is somewhat arranged, and the clergyman and catechist, or one of them, can accompany you, to proceed to Woollya, in Navarin Island, to search for Jemmy Button.

"You should likewise take an early opportunity of going to Gregory Bay, and of seeking out Casimiro, the

Patagonian cacique, and through his good offices of establishing friendly relations with his tribe." *

It was originally intended that a missionary clergyman should have gone out with me, but circumstances prevented one being ready in time. He was to have acted, as the Secretary informed me, under my direction and authority in secular matters; doing duty — strangely enough, to my fancy, for a clergyman—"as third mate on board;"† while I should have nothing to do with his spiritual labours, except rendering him aid amongst the natives.

By the 21st of October (the men agreeing only for 18 months, and then to be sent home free of expense to them) I was ready for sea; having on board the material for a mission house, twelve months' provisions, and a good supply of the various articles more immediately belonging to a ship — extra sails, good ground tackle, and boats. Two small guns, useful for a signal, with some firearms, were, after much entreaty, furnished me.

As the voyage I was bound upon would be one wherein an opportunity might present itself for making various useful observations, I endeavoured to get a few scientific instruments, but failed in an application I made for them. However, with my own limited means I procured one or two, and was thus enabled, as I hope, to do some little good in that department.

* The remainder of the instructions related entirely to spiritual exhortation. I have therefore omitted it. The reader can, however, see it in the Society's publications of the day; but I would especially call attention to my instructions, as it was upon such alone, and the power therein given to me, that I consented to take the vessel upon her dangerous voyage. On no other terms, and particularly with any intimation of the present missionary coming out to control my every movement, would I have left England; and in giving me these instructions, the Committee knowing my sentiments, as repeatedly uttered, made them my agreement.

† The Secretary's words in his letter to me.

CHAP. II.

Commencement of the Voyage. —Madeira. — Canary Islands. — The Cape Verdes. — Incident of the last Naval War. — The "Constitution." — American Courtesy. — Fernando de Noronha. — Brazilian Penal Settlement.—English Prisoner as Interpreter.

THE Introduction will have told the reader all that is necessary to make him familiar with those circumstances which led to my present voyage. I will now proceed to narrate the various incidents of that voyage so far as they may be of sufficient interest; and then enter upon the region where the greater portion of our time was spent.

On Tuesday the 24th of October 1854, my little vessel was taken in tow by a steamer and proceeded down the river to King's Road. All the crew, artizans, catechist, and surgeon were on board; and every one of them, apparently, hopeful for the future. Some members of the Committee and other friends of the mission also accompanied us as far as the steamer intended to go; but it was a rather dull, wet, and disagreeable morning, and something like a gloom hung over us, though sunshine might have been in the heart.

Just before entering King's Road I thought it wise to receive, in the presence of the Committee, a pledge from all on board that they would, severally and together, at all times, do their utmost towards carrying out the objects of the mission, and cordially support me in the arduous duties it would be my task to perform. I began with the crew, calling over each man's name, and asking whether he *fully* understood what he had come to do, and would sincerely act up to that which he had promised when signing the ship's agreement. The answer of all was

in the affirmative. I then put the same question to the artizans, surgeon, and catechist; and their replies expressed unshaken resolution and confidence. No one appeared fearful or faint-hearted, and though, as I intently gazed upon them, I tried to read in their features some indication of the truth in their minds, yet I could perceive nothing that caused a doubt as to the honesty of their fervid expressions to aid me all in their power. I hoped that I had about me those who would really give me every help, even apart from what their mere line of duty required of them. I was, however, often disappointed in this hope; and except one or two of the seamen, I have since found that it would have been better to have had any kind of men than professedly super-excellent ones — men who come with heaven on their lips but not in their heart. I had some who must evidently have been of this description, or else fit only for an asylum; but, as I could not know this until I had learnt it by experience, I assured every one that, as captain of the ship, I would do all in my power to make them happy and comfortable, and would never place them in any unnecessary danger or peril. That both myself and wife, who accompanied me, performed that pledge, I may be permitted to say none of them can deny — indeed their own letters to me prove it.

Before parting from the Committee and mission friends, the Secretary and another clergyman offered up prayers for our safety and success, and, this ended, we soon bade them all farewell. The steamer came alongside; the shore party went on board of her; and we were soon afterwards by ourselves, making what headway we could down the Bristol Channel. In the afternoon, however, we were obliged to bring up in Cardiff Roads; leaving there the next morning, and arriving near Lundy Island about 3 P.M. Here the pilot left us, after giving me the intimation that I might expect some bad weather at night. This I saw was very likely, and accordingly prepared for

it. Sails were reefed before dark, and thus, through our first night at sea, we weathered a succession of heavy squalls and hailstorms, without any more discomfort than that always met in a small vessel with decks unusually cumbered. I was up throughout the night, owing to our proximity to land and the previously untried powers of my vessel in a gale of wind. The next morning the weather got worse, and the ship made so poor progress that I once thought of bearing up for shelter under the lee of Lundy Island; but, persevering for one whole week in daily gales, during which we pitched away our jibboom, though with no other damage, we at last got clear of soundings and entered upon blue water.

It may seem strange to many unacquainted with the sea, and with life upon the ocean, that any one should feel a positive delight in finding himself far away from land and entirely alone amidst the wide waters; yet such was and frequently is the case with me, and I imagine several of my brother mariners in charge of a vessel, after having for more than a week had the faculties of the mind drawn to their utmost stretch in bad weather upon coast soundings. The relief I experienced, and the sense of security felt, was immense. Alone upon the boundless deep, and with confidence in the vessel you command, is freedom indeed! Before me was nothing but what my duty called upon me to try and attempt accomplishing. All depended upon myself; and thus left to myself, I mentally determined that, God willing, I should not be found wanting.

From the 4th of November we had some remarkably fine weather and favourable winds for several days. On the 15th we sighted the island of Madeira, and before dark saw the pretty-looking little town of Moniz on the north side of that island. It is very conspicuous, owing to its white houses; and, being situated on the slope of a hill, forms a prominent mark in making the land during misty weather. At dusk there was a dark and threatening

appearance over the island, but as it was clear out at sea I did not care for it. I kept close in to the west part of the land, passing Punta de Bargo at about three miles' distance; but, as it was now dark, little could be seen of this beautiful island, except the lights in the towns and villages, and the white houses prominently conspicuous in the blackness of the night, with the lofty and apparently gloomy-looking hills for a background. To our unexpected pleasure, however, from the tops of these hills and just above Magdalena, as well as to the eastward, we observed a succession of fireworks let off, and several places lit up as if in illumination for a festà. To us, viewing it from the sea, it was an exceedingly pretty sight, and we had the pleasure of it for nearly an hour. It was a stirring change for us in our little bark; and as we left the land behind us, first the houses, then the lights, and lastly the outline of the hills, in the black mist of the night, we all felt the better for the relief it had afforded in giving to our minds a fresh and an agreeable subject to dwell upon. The conversation on board, as can be well imagined, had so much of that peculiar character pertaining to our especial work, that anything different to it was to me a positive relief. The speaking a vessel, the sight of a shoal of porpoises, even a gale of wind, soon began to be thankfully received; for, morning, noon, and night it was the same thing over and over again. To my companions—though I do not mean my wife, who had been many voyages with me, but, to my other companions, who had never before been from home, and whose conversational powers were naturally limited to and concentrated upon the particular calling they had suddenly entered on—hardly anything could be discussed but the mission. Therefore I always hailed with gladness whatsoever produced a change in the current of their thoughts, and gave a turn to their ideas. I speak honestly now, as I hope to do so concerning myself throughout. We are none of us exempt from some singularity of mind

and disposition. Mine may be too much brusqueness of manner, and too little care to avoid showing a dislike of affectation and over-goodness. As a sailor and a wanderer for many years about the globe, I like to take the bad with the good, and the good with the bad, making allowances for both, and trying to discriminate between the two, even as I would that others should do by me. I say allowances for both; that is, for both the good and the bad; and I really mean this; for in my rough life I have seen many who are so *very good* that, forgetting they are still existing upon earth, and obliged to mix with and be soiled with some of the vile mud that *will* stick upon us occasionally, they walk about and act and talk as though they traversed through the air and were far above all chance of possible contamination. But these good people are not always to be blamed by those who cannot attain to such a degree of goodness, for with many of them I am convinced it is an infirmity. They have learned so much in the One great Book of Holy Truth and Wisdom that they are apt to forget some of the more minute yet impressive teachings contained therein. Spiritual abasement with a lively and manly confidence, exhibited in a cheerful demeanour and honest tongue, is as much the characteristic of a good man, be he missionary or aught else, as a plentiful supply of doctrinal set phrases and precise appearance. However, whether I am right or wrong, I will candidly confess that, as captain of the ship, and at all times careful to maintain a due observance of everything, either in the services or in ordinary work, that became our especial character, yet I soon found it necessary to stop the flight of imagination from going too far, by quietly convincing one and all that we were still inhabitants of terra firma though sailing on the sea. In other words, about this time I had to firmly put a stop to a custom in one of my men that he had addicted himself to when addressed by the officers or told to go about any duty. I need not allude to it any further than

to say that I was unfortunately obliged to be subject to it, more or less, from one or another, the whole two years; and if there was anything that could disgust me with what I inwardly have a sincere respect for, it would have been the amazing impudence with which a few of my companions and a couple of the seamen, with the boy, would take upon themselves to denounce me to perdition and put themselves in the place of a consecrated minister of God, whenever told to do whatever they chose to think not right. Under these circumstances my readers will judge whether or not it was a relief to me whenever anything occurred to give a change to the incessant sameness of talk on board, and for awhile to put a different kind of life in us. I do love the truly good and beautiful, but positively there were times when, for very fancy's sake, I could almost wish a burly Russian would come in view and frighten us into something more like the notion I conceived of manhood. But nothing of the kind—no, not even an ugly-looking craft of any description—came to startle us. On we went—day after day, night after night the same—at a steady, easy, jog-trot pace, with fair winds and tolerable weather. Teneriffe was passed in sight, and the Trade winds entered upon without any incident worthy of especial note until the 18th, when we spoke the barque "Eliza Kellick," bound to St. Vincent's, Cape Verdes, whither also it was my intention to go, in consequence of certain matters connected with the vessel.

The same night we had an electric storm, the meteoric balls of fire playing very prettily about our yard-arms and mast head. This was about one o'clock, the weather at the time being very close and oppressive. One of the balls of fire remained nearly nine minutes, and then suddenly disappeared, when a very broad flash of lightning shot across the sky, which seemed to open all around.

The next day was again fine weather, and on the 22nd we anchored at St. Vincent's. Here we found the

American frigate "Constitution," and sloop of war "Dale," the former bearing the broad pendant of the commander-in-chief on the African station, Commodore Mayo. There was also the French war steamer "Phoque," the English merchant barque we had previously spoken, and some smaller vessels.

As St. Vincent's and the Cape de Verde Islands are so often visited by our mail steamers, and, consequently, must be well known, I shall not detain the reader here more than to relate a singular incident that occurred to me at this place. Though perhaps it will not be equally interesting to all, it may be to a few of those who are accompanying me in this account of my new voyage, especially if among them there chance to be any of the survivors of the last great naval war. I will therefore mention it.

I have stated that I found at St. Vincent's the American frigate "Constitution." Now, according to my usual custom, I had at my own expense provided myself before leaving England with a large stock of the latest newspapers, Illustrated News, &c.; and these, knowing the pleasure they give to absentees from home, I freely distributed whenever there was opportunity. On this occasion I forwarded some to the Americans, and had a message sent back in return that in any way they could be of service to me they would be glad to show it. This offer I thankfully accepted, inasmuch as I wanted a competent ship carpenter to examine my pumps, they being out of order in the ironwork; and accordingly went on board the "Constitution," to personally make the request. I was most courteously received by both the Captain and the Commodore, and in the course of conversation I ascertained to my surprise that the vessel I was standing upon the deck of, was the very "Constitution" so well known in the war of 1812! and what to me appeared still more singular, was the fact that she had happened to be

the very ship on board of which my late father chanced to be a prisoner of war after the capture of the "Guerriere," at which time his name was gazetted and honourably mentioned. A thrill of natural emotion ran through me when I was informed of this "Constitution" being the same, for I had imagined she was another vessel bearing that name; but for me, the son, to be at the captain's table as a guest, on board of the same ship in which the father had been a prisoner of war, produced a variety of thoughts and ideas that I am sure will be considered excusable. The result was that an especial invitation was given to me, my wife and passengers, to attend an evening entertainment on board of the "Constitution" the following day, at which an act of graceful courtesy was performed towards us as British subjects which I am bound not to omit mentioning.

The entertainment was got up by the men under the patronage of the officers, and was of that simple description which presented nothing improper in our attending it; for it was precisely the same that had been attended by the African Coast missionaries. The vessel was covered fore and aft with awnings, and gaily lit up with numerous candles, lamps, and artificial fires. The poop was apportioned off for vocal and instrumental music; the principal musicians, however, forming the band of the ship, being located on the quarter-deck.

At a given signal several rockets went up; the band played a well-known American national air, and then the Commodore, taking my wife's arm in his, walked from the state cabin, where we had all been seated, to lead us where chairs had been placed for himself and visitors. As we passed through the door and made our appearance on the quarter-deck, the band in an instant burst forth in our glorious national anthem, while some fireworks went off in various directions. The effect was good; and we at once understood the graceful compliment conveyed by Commodore Mayo in acknowledging the presence of an English

lady on board his ship, while in her humble person he thus paid what was to us a flattering mark of respect to our beloved Queen.

Our stay at St. Vincent's was much longer than I had hoped for, owing to the work to be done on board, the examination of the pumps, and the necessity for clearing the decks of some of the lumber. Indeed, so inconvenient was this lumber on deck, and so dangerous, that I was, on one occasion, nearly compelled to throw it all overboard. Fortunately, however, no one was materially injured by it, though the chief mate once received an ugly sprain by slipping between two of the pieces; but as he, by very improperly giving his advice to the Secretary, in opposition to me, to have it carried on deck, was thus the cause of our being so lumbered, few of us gave him much sympathy on the occasion.

It was not until the 27th that I managed to get the work done and proceed on the voyage, my intention being to make direct for St. Paul's Rocks near the equator, and thence to Fernando de Noronha, thus following the new route lately recommended (see Appendix), and which my experience told me would be best and most likely to avoid any long continuance of calms. I may here briefly state why I intended to sight the St. Paul's Rocks. It was to give a chance to shipwrecked mariners to escape, should there unfortunately happen to be any on that lone spot amidst the wide ocean. There have been more than one or two wrecks; and as it was not far *out* of my way, I intended to make it directly *in* my way, with the hope of possibly doing good, supposing such good as I could have rendered were unfortunately needed. But it turned out different. A stronger current than I allowed for drove me to the westward, and consequently I did not see the Rocks.

On the 10th of December we crossed the equator, and on the 12th made the island of Fernando de Noronha right

ahead. As we should pass close to it, I got the cables up and one anchor ready, with the intention of staying at this place for the night, and procuring a few vegetables and other sundries for the ship. At 2 P.M. we rounded Rat Island, Booby Island, and Platform Island, with the singular and romantic, yet beautiful, scenery attached to each, as well as to the main island, and in half an hour more dropped anchor in Citadel Bay, not far from the remarkable peak for which this island is known. Opposite to us was a fort upon which the Brazilian colours were hoisted, ours being flying at the mast-head. The day was very fine, and I therefore lost no time in landing and endeavouring to purchase what few things I wanted. There was a swell setting into the bay; and, as we neared the beach, I found the surf somewhat heavier than I had imagined; but, having a steer oar instead of the usual rudder, I did not consider the difficulty sufficient to make us turn back. Keeping the boat in a right line with the sea, we were carried on the top of a roller with great velocity for a moment or so, and with nothing worse than a slight wetting, and the next instant we had touched the beach. Before another roller came all of us jumped into the water, and pulled the boat up clear of danger.

The place where we landed was close to a stone jetty, at the head of which was what had once been a fort, but was now much out of order. Here there was a guardhouse at which was stationed a Brazilian corporal, and a mulatto soldier as a sentry, the island of Fernando de Noronha being a Brazilian penal settlement. Accosting the corporal, I endeavoured to make myself understood by signs and gestures as well as broken words, in two different languages, and thus notified to him the object of my visit. He partly comprehended me, and immediately despatched a messenger from among some more soldiers that had come out of the guardhouse, to inform the governor what my wishes were.

As it appeared that some little delay would take place before I could get the necessary permission from his Excellency, I obtained what information I could from the corporal in the same manner I had made him understand me. With a brass pin for a pen he wrote upon his white belt the governor's name, Signore Don José Antonia Pinto; the adjutant's, Raymond José de Jos Lobos; and his own, Vindeno, which was afterwards found to be correct. He tried to convey to myself, and the doctor who had accompanied me on shore, an impression that we should be well received and be able to get what we wanted. Every civility, deference, and attention was shown to us by himself and the other soldiers. The latter were all black, in light costume, and with the old style of muskets and flints. Probably our arrival at this beautiful and romantic but not often visited island was as much a novelty and a pleasure to the inhabitants, as is the case when a strange vessel arrives at the Falklands. In the latter place every one is on the *qui vive* if a sail is reported as making for the entrance to the harbour.

Finding there was rather more delay than I had anticipated, and as it was growing late, I intimated to Corporal Vindeno that I was desirous of at once proceeding to the town, about a mile and a half distant. Accordingly, after a moment's consideration, and with much civility, he allowed us to walk on, but attended by two blacks to show us the way, and perhaps as a necessary guard, we being strangers.

A mere beaten track over some sandy hills was the path we took; but this had not been followed far when a horseman, apparently a black orderly, was seen coming towards us. Directly he came up, he asked our attendants which of the two strangers was the *capitano*, and on being informed, he made me understand that the horse was for me, sent as a mark of courtesy and respect from the governor, as I inferred, to a British subject. I mounted, and

walking leisurely over a track that was now stony and on an ascent—the doctor on foot by my side—we passed some very beautiful spots, and had about us many picturesque views. Up hill and down dale, in and out of some shrub-like coppices, where glimpses of the sea were occasionally obtained and then suddenly shut out, we proceeded on our way. One part of the road was a rather steep descent to a charming little valley; but the horse took his own way, and soon brought us in sight of the town, a pleasant-looking place of about some few score scattered white houses. Crossing a small stream, passing huts, pretty cottages, and flowering gardens—gaping men, women, and children (nearly every person I saw being black, for the white prisoners were either at work or confined out of sight), we left the citadel, an apparently very strong place, high above us on our right, and then, turning the valley, ascended through the principal square by the side of a moderately large chapel, and reached the governor's house, situated on an eminence at the upper part of the town. Dismounting, we were received by black sentries, and shown into a lobby, where a civilian took charge of us, and, politely intimating that we were to follow, led the way to a room, poorly furnished, but in which were the governor and his officers, all in light attire, and without any uniform to denote that either was of military rank.

Being introduced, I tried to explain the object of our passing visit to the island, but neither English nor French was spoken. At last I ventured a few words of Italian, which, fortunately, was understood by the governor's secretary; and being thus able to explain, we were soon on a good footing.

The governor, Signore Pinto, expressed himself ready to sell us anything we wanted; and, in order to facilitate our intercourse with each other in the matter of buying and selling, he sent off for one of the prisoners who, I was informed, understood English. Meanwhile his Excellency

escorted me to his poultry and pig yard. Poultry I did not want, having some on board that I intended to keep alive for the mission station; but a pig I considered it would be well to have, if to be purchased cheap or reasonable. For one that suited me I was asked seven millereas, and this sum I gave. Other things, vegetables, &c., were then ordered through the interpreter, who had now come forward; and having made arrangements as to price, delivery in the morning, and the conveyance of everything to the boat, I entered into general conversation.

The interpreter, I found, was a most intelligent and superior kind of man, speaking and writing very fair English. He was a German by birth, but, as I understood him to say, born of British parents, his father being formerly a merchant of Hull. The name he gave me was Charles Seymour; and he stated that he had been a soldier officer in the Brazilian service at the time some disturbances had taken place a few years back at Maranham; that he had been ordered to fire upon the people,—had refused to do so,—had got himself into difficulty with his superiors, and, finally, was sent off to Fernando as a military prisoner. He had been eight years on the island; was married to a coloured woman, and had two children; but he was so badly off that he would be most thankful for any aid I could give him. He earnestly entreated for some cast-off clothing that my wife would spare for him, or his children, I having incidentally mentioned that my wife was on board. A piece of salt meat, good tobacco, and a few English books, would also be a luxury to him; and these, with whatsoever else I could spare, and thought would be proper to give him, I promised.

It was only by snatches that I gathered these particulars from Seymour, for most of the time he was interpreting between the governor and me; nor will I do more here than give the statement, as near as possible, as I heard it

from his own lips. There may be many other facts and circumstances connected with his case to destroy the poetry one could not help investing it with; but it was enough for me at the time to find, as a prisoner in a lonely island on the sea, and under foreign rule, one who could claim affinity by birth or immediate descent with my native land. Calling himself an Englishman was sufficient to arouse my sympathies in his favour, particularly when I found he could fluently speak several languages besides my own. Accordingly, I hesitated not to meet his request to the best of my power, and without infringing any of the rules and regulations of the island, so far, at least, as my own common sense told me they must exist. I therefore determined to give to his wife and children whatever I intended he should have, and with this arrangement he was well pleased. He begged of me to accept in return a few old books (some of Miss Edgeworth's Tales), that he had read over and over again until he nearly knew them all by heart; and, to oblige him, I accepted the tattered volumes.

Meanwhile the conversation that had been going on, at broken intervals, between the governor and myself, made his Excellency well acquainted with everything concerning our vessel, and her particular calling. I gave him full information about us; and at his request wrote down a brief statement of the objects we had in view, and of the means whereby we hoped to accomplish them. I also wrote a list of the various articles I had selected; and the price agreed upon for each article was affixed to it, so that, on the next morning, there would be nothing to do but receive the goods and pay the money. After this important affair was ended, and it was finally settled that everything should be down on the beach for me next morning at six o'clock, I took my leave. A guard was drawn up at the porch, where two horses had been prepared for us. These the doctor and I mounted, receiving a friendly and polite adieu for the night from his Excellency and suite, and

giving him the same in return *à l'Anglaise.*" We then rode off, and taking the route by which we had come, soon arrived at the beach, where sable attendants took our horses, and where I found my boat's crew had been making most friendly acquaintance, as sailors generally manage to do, with all of the free population that had congregated around them. Books had been much asked for by signs; and, as I had on board some Portuguese translations of the Scriptures, furnished us by the British and Foreign Bible Society, I intimated that on the morrow some should be given. Indeed I was inwardly pleased at this apparent opening for effecting one of the minor though no less important objects of the Society, namely, the disseminating of the Bible among all classes who might be strangers to it; and though in this narrative I do not dwell much on these points, I may here mention that on this, as on several other occasions, I had generally a twofold purpose in visiting various places, according to the intimation given me before leaving home — the one secular, the other spiritual. The latter undertaking was one that required much caution and prudence. It ought to have been in the hands of a proper person, always under the advice and guidance of the responsible party, the captain; but not exclusively left to himself, for he has always enough of secular affairs to attend to, without that additional care. In our case, I had seen enough at St. Vincent's to make me determine not to again allow any risk to the vessel by ill-timed zeal, however much that zeal for itself might have been commendable. Therefore I took upon myself to do what I could in this respect; and, by not jarring against the prejudices or the habits of life of any class, strive to accomplish what the Society in this respect desired. How far I succeeded, the sequel will show.

CHAP. III.

The Interpreter and his Family.—Advice as to visiting Fernando de Noronha.—Proceed on the Voyage.—Pass Pernambuco, and the Elbow of South America.—Soundings off the Abrolhos.—Cape Frio and Wreck of the "Thetis."—Misty Weather.—Enter Rio Janeiro.

WE did not get on board quite so dry as we had landed. It was nearly dark when we got alongside the ship, wet and ready for our hot tea. First of all, however, I set a good watch, with directions to call me on the instant if there was any shift of wind, or the "rollers," which sometimes occur there, should chance to set in. I also left orders for every one to be on deck at five in the morning, that we might keep to the time the governor had appointed for me to receive the articles purchased from him. But—and I mention it to show how very difficult was the task I had before me—not one of these orders was properly attended to. No: the ship was under especial care, she could look after herself; and the consequence was that, as one of the mission party himself has said it, I was often obliged to be up night after night through, to watch over and guard from harm the vessel that had been entrusted to my care; and this because my officers would not properly do it, or see it done. Yet what could I do with them? Have them punished? Yes, I certainly could; but such would have been against my feelings as a missionary captain, inasmuch as I was convinced they were blindly acting from a mistaken, and, as I considered, lamentable idea connected with religion. However, it was not for me to think or act as they did. Had I done so, I know where the ship would

have been ere many weeks had passed from her leaving England. Suffice it that, having before retiring to rest sorted out all the books, presents, &c. I intended to bestow on the following morning, I was up at a little after five o'clock, only to find not a man on deck, and apparently no watch kept since midnight, as I partly ascertained on inquiry. The result was, that, rather than be considered unfaithful to my promise, I went away in the small boat instead of the cutter I had ordered to be ready; and taking with me money, books, and sundry articles for Seymour and his wife, was on shore about the time I had named. I there found horses waiting for me; and, this time accompanied by the second officer, and the cabin boy carrying the books, I started on the same route as on the previous day. The articles I had ordered were passed on their way to the beach, being carried down, pig and all, by some men, apparently convicts, who were under guard. Upon my arrival at Government House, I found his Excellency up and waiting for me. Our business was soon settled. The interpreter was in attendance. The account was duly made out in Brazilian money, and explained to me in English; and this I at once paid in gold, which was no doubt acceptable, seeing that it was speedily transferred into his Excellency's safe keeping. This part of my work being satisfactorily completed, I addressed myself to Seymour, and introduced the subject of books. I bade him interpret to the governor my request that I might be allowed to give one of the Portuguese Bibles to himself, and another or two to the guard at the beach, besides two or three for the prisoners. This was, to my surprise, immediately acceded to; and, not only that, but the governor himself expressed a desire to have one, if in Portuguese, the which I very gladly gave him. In return, he presented me, for my wife, some very fine fruit, grapes, &c.; and after an exchange of cigars, I once more bade his Excellency adieu, and, mounting my horse, proceeded on my way to the beach. I had given

Seymour a piece of gold, and the books, telling him to remember, in whatever might be his future career, that any pleasure he now derived from this gift was to be attributed to the good friends and supporters of the Society the vessel belonged to, and not solely to me. It would, I was convinced, be of much gratification to them to know that only one poor heart in this beautiful isle, the abode of crime and sin, had been lightened of a portion of its sorrowful burden, and perchance drawn upward to seek true consolation where alone it could be found. The poor man thanked me greatly, and would have accompanied me on my way back, but being a prisoner, I suppose he was not allowed, for he was recalled after going a few yards.

Just outside of the town, on a gentle slope to the valley I have previously mentioned, stood the cottage he had pointed out to me as his. I rode up to it, and dismounting, soon had his wife and children around me. The latter were of a dark copper colour, and born on the island. The wife seemed a passable kind of woman, but not one such as I should have thought a man like Seymour would have chosen, had he been differently circumstanced. I gave her the articles of dress and other sundries intended for her, and added a few tracts in French, German, and Portuguese, for all of which she, and some neighbours that had come around us, appeared to be very thankful, though I could hardly understand a word of what they said. I then bade them adieu, after caressing one of the little girls, a fine child of about five years old, and then, remounting my horse, hastened on to the beach, where I found everything ready for embarkation, and under the charge of a military serjeant. I ascertained that they were all correct according to the list of items I had paid for; and then, as our small boat would not hold them all at one time, I left the second mate in charge and went off to the ship. Upon arriving alongside I immediately despatched the chief mate with four hands in the cutter, which had now been got ready; and with

especial caution to avoid getting upset, I bade him make what haste he could, that we might speedily be off again to sea. I need not, however, have wasted my breath in the caution, for it was, as usual, perfectly useless. In an hour's time he returned on board, himself, boat's crew, and everything I had left behind on the beach thoroughly wetted, having been capsized in the surf, and several of the articles with difficulty recovered. The pig was nearly drowned, and a bag of white beans was rendered all but quite unfit for after use. I naturally expressed myself very strongly, but I found it was only talk to no purpose. "It was an accident that *was* to be," &c. &c. ; and this was the general reply in every case of carelessness or neglect of orders. I therefore reprimanded the mate somewhat sharply, because, from my own knowledge, it could have been avoided, and then made preparations for getting under way.

It appeared that some difference of opinion had arisen between the two officers in the boat—at least, so I understood the information given to me—and that, though lightly laden, owing to the mate not watching the sea and keeping end on, a roller caught them nearly abeam, and over they went. It was fortunate they all escaped with no more than a serious fright and a good ducking ; and it was also much better than could have been expected, to find so little lost, the sea having sent on shore all the light articles. It was necessary, however, to go on shore once more for the remaining things ; and this time, finding I really could not trust the same party again, I went myself, and succeeded in bringing all on board without further damage.

It may be asked, by some friends of this undertaking, why did I want more provisions, when I already had a good supply for twelve months on leaving England. The answer to this is twofold. First, I was expressly directed by the secretary to call at any place in my way, so as to give publicity to the Society's operations ; and, secondly,

in a work dependent so much upon the subscriptions it received, it would be necessary for me to keep as much as possible in reserve that stock of provisions which could not easily be procured abroad. I therefore now, and at every opportunity, bought all and everything that was an economical saving for that purpose. The pig, which we called *Dennis,* was for a long time afterwards an inhabitant of the mission station, as also the sheep; and most of the articles, except vegetables, that I procured at Fernando de Noronha were intended for the land party.

As soon as the men had changed their wet clothes, and everything was again properly secured on board, we weighed anchor, made all sail, and passed out of the bay close to the citadel. A European lady was on the walls watching us, and, in compliment to her and the Brazilian flag, I had our colours dipped and re-dipped—that is, lowered a piece and hoisted again,—as they did the same in return. At noon we were three miles S.W. of Cape Placelline, Fernando; and with a leading wind we stood on our course to the southward, soon leaving behind us that beautiful island, the abode of crime and sin, which we had been permitted to visit under such favourable circumstances of wind and weather, and with so much gratification to ourselves, as well, I hope, as to the friends of the undertaking. I had distributed about seventy-five tracts—Portuguese, French, and one German, besides one Portuguese Bible, two Spanish Testaments, and two Portuguese Testaments.

The brief sojourn we had made at Fernando was as truly refreshing to our mind as it also did good to our body. It was a delightful halting-place on the way, and one that I would strongly recommend to all outward-bound voyagers, providing they are not going to a port in the Brazils; for the Brazilian authorities in such case are apt, as it turned out with me afterwards at Rio Janeiro, to be rather suspicious. However, I was, at the time, not aware of there being any restrictions; and, as these restrictions only refer

to vessels ultimately bound to a Brazilian port, there is nothing to prevent other ships from visiting it.

On the 16th, at 3 a.m., we were off Pernambuco, the eastern elbow of South America, but the light was not seen, as we were rather too far off. At daylight, however, the land about Cape St. Augustine was in sight, and this we passed with good winds and tolerable weather; thus proving the correctness of that theory which recommends, to southern voyagers, crossing the equator more west than formerly done.

One or two vessels were occasionally seen, some going homeward, and one along with us.

On the 17th, a Sunday, we had lovely weather, and a steady fair wind. Indeed, it was a remarkable fact, that almost every Sunday had been fine, and sufficiently steady to admit of our making it absolutely a day of rest. I need hardly observe that we had proper services on board constantly, and that all pertaining to our especial character was duly attended to. Indeed, throughout my whole narrative, I suppose the reader to bear the fact in his mind, that it was a missionary undertaking I was, in the secular department thereof, attempting to carry out; consequently, much of a spiritual character was done that I do not mention, it being not only out of my province, but also beyond my abilities, to speak of it in the strain I humbly believe all things belonging to communion with the Deity should be spoken of.

On the 21st, during the night, we passed the Abrolhos rocks and banks. At various intervals I sounded, but had nothing less than 25 fathoms; and, as the wind still kept fair and strong, we should have got on very well had the little vessel been a better sailer. However, to compensate for this defect, I consoled myself with the fact that she was as strong as could be, and was, moreover, a tolerably good sea boat—qualities that would, in a few more weeks, and in a rougher sea, be invaluable.

On the night of the 22nd, we had some very fearful-looking weather, the blackness being most intense, and so that it could not be pierced by the eye to the smallest distance from the ship. Indeed, I do not think we could have seen another vessel had there been one close to us, unless lights had been shown, and except in the flashes of vivid lightning that at intervals, accompanied by thunder, lit up the inky darkness. There was wind and rain, though not so much of the former as to make it a heavy gale; nevertheless I deemed it prudent to keep under easy sail, as we expected to make land again on the morrow, my next destination being Rio Janeiro. At daybreak, all sail was made to moderate weather; and about 11 a. m. we saw the Peaks of Maccahe, to the northward of Cape Frio; but this latter place we did not get round, owing to light winds and calms, until six in the evening of the next day, when we passed very close to it, and saw where the ill-fated frigate "Thetis" struck and went down with so much treasure on board.* During that night we had light winds, and occasionally very thick weather. I sounded frequently, so as to tell if we were drifting too near the land; and at 4 a. m. of the 25th, Christmas day, the light on Raza Island was seen for a few moments, and then shut out again by the heavy mist. At daylight, the weather was the same, nor could more than two or three ships' lengths be seen anywhere around us. Of course no land was visible, and as the morning advanced I became anxious about my position. At noon, I judged we had gone far enough, though only crawling all the time, and accordingly hauled right up for what I conceived would be the entrance to Rio Janeiro. I was right. At 1 p. m. the dense haze and mist suddenly lifted, like the curtain in a theatre, and disclosed to our view, and right before us, the magnificent scenery and splendid harbour we were

* Vide Admiral Fitzroy's narrative.

bound to, with numerous vessels passing in and out, and Raza and Redonda Islands not far from us, on our left. It was a glorious picture—the more beautiful because so suddenly displayed, and with such a transformation from the moisture and gloom that had before hung over us.

Finding we were all right for the entrance to the harbour, and the wind, though light, being fair, I sent all hands of the crew below to their Christmas dinner, one my wife and I had provided for them on this special occasion. Beer and sundries from our own private stock (for I must observe, that all extras beyond ordinary ship-food I had to pay for from my own purse), with the usual good English fare, formed their dinner on this Christmas day; and when they had thoroughly enjoyed it, and the time for dining in the cabin had come round, the men, with goodwill, all came up to be at hand while the officers and landsmen went to theirs. Of course I did not leave the deck; and more particularly was it necessary for me to remain, because of the renewed mist and rain that had again come on, and taken the place of that beautiful picture but now displayed before us. Thus, then, my Christmas dinner was eaten, with rain pelting on my plate, and a thick mist again before me, to tantalize and make me keep a sharp look-out ahead, whilst we were running, under a press of canvas, into the bay of Rio Janeiro.

Talking of Christmas reminds me of another Christmas, the one of last year, 1856, which I had to spend without any of the usual fare or comfort on that day. We were then in a very heavy gale of wind, not far from dear old England; and while my wife and I were trying to eat our bit of salt pork and biscuit, steadying ourselves as best we could, our thoughts flew wistfully off to the many merry hearts and joyous faces then assembled round the family board at home. "Bless them all," said we, "let us hope they have got a good hard-frosty, fine-weather day,

to add to their honest pleasures, and not such a tossing, blowing, tumbling, rumbling, sea-devouring time of it as we have;" and then conjuring up to our view some of the pretty home pictures I knew would be everywhere met with on shore, we mumbled away at our sea-fare, and, I trust, with thankful hearts for all mercies vouchsafed to us, tried to be contented.

On looking back at recurring dates through the history of a life spent in wandering about the world, one cannot help being struck with the strangeness of such a life, and also with the protecting care of some mighty and all-powerful hand. I have here spoken of two Christmas days: may I be pardoned if for a moment I indulge my fancy, and add a few more? Let me see: the intervening one of those two, that of 1855, I was in the harbour of Monte Video, enjoying the hospitalities of H. M. sloop "Star," and receiving from her gallant and friendly officers every kind attention, preparatory to my leaving on the next morning for the bleak and dreary Southern sea. In 1853 I was homeward-bound from Australia, in a fine large ship, and at the time not far from Cape Horn; the dinner good, and the day, being Sunday, hallowed by all the sacred ordinances duly administered at the hands of an appointed minister, a passenger on board. In 1852 I was eating my Christmas meal in a house partly of my own personal building, in the neighbourhood of Melbourne. In 1851 I was, for a change, at home: and thus I might go on, for years past; one Christmas here, and another there, and nearly every one far and wide apart from the other. But I must now proceed with my narrative, and no longer indulge in rambling gossip.

At 4 p. m. we passed as close as possible to Fort Santa Cruz on our right, so as to answer their hail and to give them information of our vessel, without which they will allow no ship to anchor. It is, however, a mere form; for

I have not the slightest conception of the real questions they put to me through, as I imagined from the sound, a huge speaking trumpet, and I only answered what I conceived they required to know. But it was sufficient. I was allowed to pass; and accordingly stood on towards Fort Vilaganon, anchoring just outside of it in that part of the harbour called *Franchia* or Free, and allotted to strangers whose stay is only of short duration. No ship is allowed to pass this fort until visited by the authorities. Two vessels, apparently in ignorance, attempted to do so, but they were fired at, and had to drop anchor all standing, that is, with every sail set at the time, and only hastily let go anyhow and at any risk to yards and spars.

As soon as I had got the vessel properly secured, I went below to get some sleep on the sofa, having been on deck nearly the whole time since the preceding noon.

Early the following morning we were visited by the Board of Health, the Custom House, and guardship officers. From them I received the rules of the port, and an order (the usual one) not to move the ship without permission. Soon afterwards several letters from various ship-chandlers came off soliciting patronage, &c., but, the principal thing I wanted being water, I had little patronage to bestow, unless I found anything sufficiently cheap to induce me to buy it for our future supply.

In the course of the morning I went on shore to report myself at the consul's, and to the local authorities. On passing and repassing each time I found it was necessary to go alongside the guardship, a war schooner stationed abreast of and not far from Fort Vilaganon. There some one always put the question as to what ship's boat, &c., and whether there was any one in the boat besides the captain, or whomsoever the captain had given a pass to. This was done, it appeared, to prevent any slaves or unknown strangers from moving about the harbour without permission from the authorities; and on one occasion

our doctor, who had gone on shore to stay at an hotel was not allowed to return to the ship in a shore boat, because he had not got the proper pass from me, owing to my ignorance of his intention.

Rio Janeiro has been so often and so well described by others, that I need not dwell upon my own impressions of this renowned place. Indeed the weather was, unfortunately, so bad, nearly the whole of my short stay there, that no good opportunity was afforded for seeing it in its justly-admired beauty. The harbour is undoubtedly grand; but I like Port Jackson and Sydney as well, and the bay of New York has sufficient charms to stand, in my humble opinion, not far behind that of this capital of Brazil. But, as everything is lessened or increased in its value and estimation by comparison, I, who had been fortunate enough to see some of the most majestic of nature's masterpieces in the scenery of the North, and in other parts of the world, could not behold in the harbour of Rio Janeiro so much of that which my companions who had never before been away from home did. Even my wife was less attracted by it; and though this may augur but little for our judgment in such matters, I must confess the truth, and plead to the fact that I was somewhat disappointed. Probably the weather may have produced this, and perhaps at a finer season I should have beheld and appreciated, to their fullest extent, the many beauties and the magnificence around me, but which, owing to the almost constant mist and rain, I could only detect in the intervals of clear weather. Moreover, my disappointment was increased by the circumstance of our being detained here for a week, instead of only a couple of days. I had difficulties connected with our missionary character, difficulties with some of the members of the mission land party who had here gone on shore, and difficulties with the authorities respecting our having visited Fernando de Noronha. All these, however,

were at last got over; and on the 30th of December we were again ready for sea. The next morning I was strongly advised by the inspecting officer of the harbour to get under way and take advantage of a breeze that was blowing; but for many reasons I concluded not to do so.

As it was the last day of the year, and a Sunday, certain observances were attended to; and in the evening I addressed the men, and examined into their wants and comforts. I afterwards received a very pretty written reply from them, expressing many thanks and every desire to do their duty.

While at this place I had replenished my water, and got a few more things I deemed necessary for us; and with a re-stowage of the hold, and some attention to the rigging, we were in a better condition to enter upon the stormy southern sea than when we came into the harbour. Thus prepared, then, we awaited the coming morrow to proceed on our way; and the year 1854 closed upon us, ready and anxious to again go forth upon our voyage.

CHAP. IV.

Commencement of a New Year.—Departure from Rio Janeiro.—Thick Weather.—Rules of the Road at Sea.—Escape from a Collision with another Vessel.—Danger from a Whale.—Heavy Gale.—Speak a Spanish Brig.—Fine Weather off the River Plate.—Enormous Flocks of Birds.—Agitation of the Sea.—Fall in with an American Clipper Ship.—Soundings.—Arrival at Keppel Island, West Falklands.

THE commencement of another year was also the commencement of that part of our labours which might be considered as more properly belonging to us than any we had hitherto performed. Up to the present time we had been voyaging towards the scene of our future operations, and across a part of the sea very dissimilar in its general character to that turbulent and almost always tempestuous ocean we were henceforth to sail upon. Comparatively, our cruise thus far had been truly that of a yacht; but from this point we should now have to buffet against winds and waves and weather that few yachts care to venture upon. Accordingly, it was not without deep thought on my mind that on this, the 1st day of January 1855 I set myself anew to my task. The stay we had made in harbour enabled me to look to various matters about the vessel that required my own personal superintendence, and that could not be done at sea. In such cases I never left to my officers, alone, a knowledge of the state and condition of the ship, but in everything satisfied myself by minute inspection, as well as receiving their report. Consequently I always knew quite as well, and sometimes better than those whose more particular duty it was to

know, every fact in or about the vessel, her stores, gear, and crew, that I had now to take into one of the wildest and most dangerous portions of the great ocean.

I rose at an early hour and ascended to the deck, after a proper beginning of the year below. To my vexation, and as the inspecting officer had only yesterday told me, the fine breeze of the past twenty-four hours had now become light, fickle, and soon foul, right against us. I must confess that the sailor in me got the better of the missionary character, and made me regret that I had not taken advantage of yesterday's wind and gone to sea, though it was Sunday. But this regret was only for a moment or two, and feeling that I had done right by remaining at anchor on the Sabbath, as is always my custom if possible, both on account of the men as well as of the day, I gave the necessary orders, and at half-past five we were ready for a start, merely waiting the pass-word from the officer, whose boat I perceived visiting other vessels also outward-bound. Finding that he was some time coming towards me, and as I was anxious to avail myself of the tide out, I jumped in my boat and pulled up to him. A brief interview was all now necessary. Giving me some newspapers and the pass-word "Venus," which he wrote on an official document, I quickly returned to the ship, and in another quarter of an hour was making an effort to get clear of the harbour. In this, however, we had a difficulty. Though with all sail upon the ship, and a boat a-head to tow, we found the eddies so strong, and the wind so light and baffling, that at one time I thought I must drop the anchor in deep water to save going upon the rocks, to which we were unavoidably driven in too near proximity. A vessel following close upon us had to do so, until one of the large fishing boats, after promise of a handsome gratuity, came to her aid. Fortunately we saved both the danger and the gratuity, though similar aid was offered us; for, by practising one or two manœuvres to catch

the fleeting airs, and by a few vigorous strokes of the tow-boat's oars, we contrived to pass clear. To the hail from Fort Santa Cruz I replied by shouting at the top of my voice the word given to me, but I much doubt if they could have well understood me at that distance. For this, however, I did not care. A light and more steady breeze was springing up, and on it all my attention was now fixed. Trimming my vessel on the starboard tack, we passed sufficiently near, though to windward of the fort, to show we were not illegally going to sea, and then with a few more tacks, in another half hour we were well clear of the harbour of Rio Janeiro.

Two vessels passed us inward-bound—one a brig. This brig was afterwards wrecked at the Falklands; but little did we imagine, when she went by us so proudly under all sail, and looking so stout and grand as she did, that the next we should hear of her would be that her hull and good timbers were knocking to pieces on the rocks of those islands whither we ourselves were bound. Yet such was the case only two months after this date; and such is often the hap of the sea.

Through the day we made but little progress. The wind had again become light, variable, and principally against us. At noon the sun was vertical, and then it might be truly said that the shadow of a man was lost, as it could nowhere be seen. I was, however, agreeably disappointed in regard to the heat. This was not at all excessive, the thermometer at no time being more than 78°. Perhaps the state of the weather, which was moist and hazy, may have tempered the solar heat, and caused a cooler air to be felt; but I have often found at sea that the greatest degree of heat is not experienced when directly under the sun, but some degrees on the other side of it.

As the day advanced the weather became more thick and unpleasant, with a head sea that actually drove us back instead of our making any progress. Towards dusk

we could barely see a mile round us, when suddenly a large vessel was perceived looming out of the haze, and bearing down directly in our way. Of course a circumstance of this kind is one that every commander should be prepared to meet; for presence of mind and promptitude will alone at such times be of service in preventing possibly a serious disaster. The "Rules of the Road," as laid down for the guidance of all British seamen, may be well enough where British vessels are alone concerned; but here was a case where "Rules of the Road," and I might add, common sense, were wholly disregarded by the vessel coming down upon us. As she neared, I could see by the colours hoisted in answer to ours, that she was a Brazilian, and evidently standing in for Rio Janeiro. This perhaps explained her apparent ignorance of what I thought was generally understood when vessels suddenly meet at sea, and that is, the giving way on the part of the ship with a fair wind to the other having a foul wind. Deeming this to be the law everywhere among nautical men, I, being on a wind, held my own, expecting the stranger to go astern of us; when, greatly to my vexation, he all of a sudden, and at only a few ships' lengths off, changed his course to cross our bow. Collision I thought was inevitable; for, on the port tack as we were, and he crossing to starboard, to have put our helm a-port and run off the wind would not have saved us, as the distance was too small; but, though against the rule, I attempted the only thing that might help us. With my eye I measured the space between us, and saw that we must instantly arrest our own progress if collision was to be avoided. With a mental expression of anger at the unmannered Brazilian, I gave the necessary order:—"For'ard there!—quick!—let fly the head sheets! down with the helm!" this latter order being given to the man at the wheel; and the next instant we were pointing to the wind, with yards partly "a-box," and the large ship passing

on our starboard side, exceedingly close to us. A few words of question on his part, and answer on mine, as to the position of the ship, were exchanged; and in less than a quarter of an hour he was out of sight in the mist, and we again hammering on our way towards the south.

I might here say a few words on the subject of collisions and loss of life at sea, but such more properly belongs to a separate work, where I trust that I may yet have the opportunity of offering the friendly remarks I am desirous to give. Meanwhile it may not be amiss to say that I think many collisions might be avoided, and vessels saved from wreck, if a different system of nautical superintendence at home were adopted.

While on this matter, and while we allow our vessel to proceed on her voyage for a few days of disagreeable weather, without anything of interest occurring, it may not be amiss to relate one or two incidents somewhat akin to that I have mentioned, and which happened during my two years' cruise.

It was on a return trip from Monte Video to the Falkland islands, that, one fine, gentle, smooth-water, clear-weather morning about 11 o'clock, as I was engaged below working out some observations, I heard my wife, who had been enjoying herself on deck, hastily calling me. "Quick, — quick," she cried, "there are thousands of fish around us, and amongst them a large whale that the others appear to be thrashing." I rushed on deck, and on the instant saw one of the most extraordinary spectacles of the kind I had ever witnessed. The sea around us and away as far as the eye could take in, was literally broken up with swarms of porpoises, and others of the finny tribe, frolicking in the sun and playing innumerable antics in all directions; leaping, diving, swimming, darting, twirling, basking, — now this way, now that—straight forward, then suddenly at right angles —this moment away at a tangent, then on the instant

marking a swift curve towards us again—down to the depths below, then suddenly up on the bright waters above—now here, now there, now everywhere,—such was the picture displayed before me by the sportive gambols of the unusual large shoal of porpoises we had come amongst. But what attracted my attention most was a more than ordinary commotion in the waters, exhibited at about half a mile from us towards the north-west, and which had caused my wife to utter the exclamation she did. Taking my glass I could perceive, true enough, that it was a whale attacked by either a "thrasher" or the porpoises around it; but the progress of the ship and the direction the fish were taking had already increased the distance too much to enable me to distinguish accurately. Moreover, at the same moment an alarm was given that another whale was in sight, coming rapidly down upon us from the eastward, and would assuredly intercept our track, if both kept the same course. I jumped on a locker abaft, and saw our critical position at a glance; and even as I did so, another cry from a man on the starboard side of the deck informed me that a third whale was not far from us on our right.

Now, for the reader to understand our present position, and the danger of it, I will only refer to a fact that is related, with an engraving of the occurrence, in the "Illustrated News" of April 1855, where a fine schooner nearly twice our size was struck by a whale, and in less than half an hour foundered, the crew barely escaping in a small boat. In that case the captain and sailors were not far from a civilized land, and were fortunately picked up before many hours: in our case, should a similar accident occur, our nearest land was the abode of savages and wild beasts, consequently it may well be supposed that a thought of how poor would be the chances in our favour should a whale strike us, instantly flashed across the mind of all, as if produced by an electric spark; and not a

single countenance on deck but showed a sudden revulsion of blood to the heart, as the monster was seen coming direct towards us at a speed of some forty miles per hour. Several of the crew had turned in below, it being their watch off duty; but there is a magnetism in danger which I have invariably found to exist under all circumstances, and, by some mysterious providential influence, to awaken every one at moments of extreme peril. As if by magic the men rushed on deck; and I could *feel* as well as perceive that, from a first glance at the dreaded monster approaching us, the eye was next turned on me. It was a moment, I confess, of extreme anxiety. There were not *two* of those precious moments of time to spare; for we were speeding onward, and the whale was also speeding onward, and, as it seemed to us, right across our way, with no sufficient intervening distance to allow of any movement of the ship in a contrary direction with much hope of escape. But no time was to be lost; the monster was close-to; his huge back, like the hull of a ship turned up on her bilge, was in a right line with the extreme end of our outer spar, the jib-boom; the third whale was sporting on our right; while the first one we knew was among the porpoises behind us. All this I perceived as with a rapid movement of the eye I glanced ahead and around, and then with compressed lip, as the whale was less than our own length from us, gave the order, "Port, port! Hard-a-port the helm! Brace up the head-yards!" But, ere the words were barely out of my mouth, or the helmsman had time to execute the necessary movement, I perceived its inutility, and the almost certainty of instant destruction if attempted. With a shout, therefore, I swiftly countermanded the order by singing out at the top of my voice, "No! No! *Starboard! Hard-a-starboard! Up with the helm! Brace to port!*" and in a second the bows of our little vessel came round on the proper side just as the huge monster crossed our track and dipped exactly ahead of us, clearing the martin-

gale with the curve of his back by not more than a foot! You might have fancied that we were all turned into stone by Medusa's head; for, as we stood with gaping mouth and fascinated eye, so for the next moment, with—I am not ashamed to confess it—blanched cheek and beating heart, we remained. But speedily recovering myself, and perceiving that we were free, I issued certain orders with regard to the sails; and then turned to see what had become of our dreaded foe. There he was, up again to breathe, as the jet of water from his nostrils spouting in the air at a very small distance off denoted; and not far from him was whale No. 2, while the shoal of porpoises and the first whale were still about the same neighbourhood. However, I saw that we were now clear of the danger, unless the whale should turn about, even as the porpoises had done, and come back to us; but another quarter of an hour quieted our fears, for by that time we had greatly increased our distance, and soon afterwards lost sight of our finny companions.

One comical circumstance was connected with this affair. I say *comical,* for such it appeared after all was over; though at the time, and even now, when properly thinking of it, it was not so. We had on board a few sacks of excellent onions bought at Monte Video; and these had been brought on deck, and spread out in the sun to dry them. During the momentary alarm about the whale, and while several of the porpoises were gambolling around us, my wife in her sudden fright conceived the idea of trying to drive the sea-monsters away by attacking them with raw onions instead of cannon balls. Positively lost and confused in her mind by the unexpected peril—a peril not a soul on board but well understood, as it was intuitively felt—she took up these onions and vigorously pelted or tried to pelt the fish in the water to drive them away. Vain effort! Neither the frolicsome porpoise, nor the huge whale, nor the other habitants of the deep, heeded her

attack; and only the beautiful Cape pigeon,—the magnificent albatross, and the little stormy petrel, took the smallest notice of what she did. These, hovering about in great numbers, dipped to the water, probably expecting some fatty substance from the stranger as a treat, but, finding *that* to which they had no liking, were soon on the wing again and following us as before.

I may here mention that, had I not swiftly countermanded the first order about the ship's movement as the whale approached, we must inevitably have been right over him as he turned, and with the almost certain prospect of being struck by his tail even as the vessel was to which I have alluded. Seeing this, and giving the counter-order I did, which was to bring the vessel's head round *so as to come behind him when he passed*, just and only just saved us. It was, as I find noted in my log-book at the time, a merciful preservation! I believe there was not a man on board that did not afterwards feel he had been within an ace of his life; and it may be certain that we one and all duly expressed our gratitude to Him unto whom it was due.

For two or three days after leaving Rio Janeiro we made hardly any progress. Light winds and a perverse sea impeded us so much that we did not lose sight of the land we had left until the evening of the third day. The next twenty-four hours, however, brought about a different state of things. A strong fair breeze in the morning increased by night to a heavy gale, and this, with a very high sea following, made us for the first time heave-to. It was the commencement of what we might consider as belonging to us for the future.

During the time we were thus hove-to, I was frequently on deck to notice how the vessel behaved in the high sea that was running. I found her tolerably dry, and answering as well as, from her build and other peculiarities, I ought to have expected.

The next day, with the gale more moderate, sail was made on the ship, and away we went again to the southward; but we laboured heavily and took in much water, in consequence of the rough state of the ocean. Many *moths* on this day flew on board of us during a temporary cessation of the gale. They no doubt came from the Brazilian coast about Rio Grande, though the wind with us was from a point that would have carried them along and on the land instead of driving them out to sea. Perhaps there may have been a different current of air nearer in shore.

On the 9th we fell in with a Spanish brig called the "*Jesus Maria.*" She was bound to the north; but as none of us understood Spanish, we could exchange no conversation with her, except in figures. These figures were numerals that I had ordered to be *chalked* on the ship's side sufficiently large to be easily distinguished by a passing vessel at a mile off. It is a plan I myself always adopt; and I recommend it to be done, and done beforehand, whenever two vessels are approaching. The numbers give the longitude at the time; and as all nautical men know the meaning, it saves much trouble and bawling to have the ship's position thus readily notified and compared with some one else. In our case we found a great difference between the Spaniard and ourselves; nor could I understand, by calculating from any meridian, how he made his longitude what he marked it to be. Neither Madrid, Paris, or Ferro would put him in the position his figures notified. However, I supposed he knew what he was about; and therefore, with a parting compliment of our respective flags, we were soon out of sight of each other.

The next few days may be thus summed up. Light and sometimes fickle winds; beautiful weather and smooth sea; dews of an evening; brilliant starlight nights; and, of course, very pleasant though slow sailing. During this

interval of almost too fine weather, I occupied myself and the crew in everything likely to be of service to us when a rougher time came on. The boats were fitted with their sails, gear, &c., and such work was done now as could not, I foresaw, well be attempted by-and-bye. On the 15th during the afternoon it was nearly a calm. I therefore lowered a boat, and went off a little distance to try the current; but, as usual, one of the men, probably conceiving it was not the particular kind of work we were supposed to be engaged to do, carelessly damaged some of the material I had brought with me for the purpose. Consequently I had to return on board without effecting my object, and soon afterwards a fresh breeze sprang up in our favour. While in the boat I caught some jelly fish, and latterly we had noticed several patches of discoloured water, similar to what is left by a whale. Quantities of spawn, medusæ, and radiata, and myriads of small animals, with a few dolphins, were also seen. A small shell was found upon some of the radiata, and also some shrimps. Birds in great numbers flocked round us.

On the 16th we were on the edge of soundings off the south-east part of the famous Rio de la Plata. I had hitherto purposely kept well in with the continent of South America, for many nautical reasons; and now, at noon, in lat. 36° 42′ S., long. 53° 31′ W., the water a dark, dirty, olive-green colour, I struck for soundings, but was unable to obtain any at 50 fathoms. In the evening, when the water was considerably lighter, as if with a sandy bottom, I again tried, but failed at 60 fathoms. I was able, however, to detect a strong south-east current, the natural reflux of the great body of water in the Plata.

As we have now arrived at a part of the voyage each day's progress in which is over an all but little known locality, and which carries us along a coast so much dreaded as that of Patagonia, I shall proceed more in detail than I have yet done, and occasionally give our daily life and

history according to our experience, as I find it mentioned in my journal at the time.

On the 17th January, at 8 p.m., we were nearly abreast of Cape Corrientes in the Pampas, at a distance of about 100 miles off, and there I got good soundings at 45 fathoms. I had thus far stood right in on a slanting direction towards that cape, in accordance with the excellent sailing directions published by the Admiralty from Captain Fitzroy's journals; but now, having by soundings, as well as by various observations of sun, moon, and stars, well got my position, I changed the ship's direction and made all sail on a course more to the southward, so as to keep just within the edge of the bank of soundings nearly all the way. By this plan I should be able to keep good westing for the Falklands, obtaining more whenever the barometer indicated a wind from a south-west quarter, and having the additional advantage, in the event of thick weather, of always determining my position by running on and off the bank, and using the lead as required. I made this change in my course at sunset, and it was one of the loveliest and most clear sunsets I had ever witnessed. Indeed the weather was most extraordinarily beautiful. There are few days I can call to mind that have afforded me more intense delight than this one. I had previously arranged with the doctor what was first to be done on arriving at the Falklands; and on this subject it will be enough to say, that he by letter left everything to my own judgment, requesting me to superintend and take entire control, even of himself and all in his own department. I had also accurately determined my position, and again proved that my single chronometer (though with an accelerated and a daily increasing rate, which I had detected at Rio Janeiro) was to be depended upon; and I had talked to my crew and found them all earnest and hopeful. I had enjoyed a great pleasure throughout the day in witnessing the sportive gambols of flocks of aquatic birds quite innumerable. Sometimes

they were seen for miles lazily resting upon the water in uniform lines of great length but not very broad, perhaps not half a mile, and hardly moving out of the way as the ship passed through them. They then would appear as if powerless to take wing, and when driven up by our noise speedily alighted again at a few yards off. Sometimes, however, these and other birds were darting about in all directions, skimming through the air in the most fanciful and delightful manner; and again they would suddenly cease their gambols, and rest themselves upon the peaceful ocean. Another circumstance of pleasure to me was the continuous fair wind we now enjoyed. All this, and the feeling that we were now actually upon our cruising ground, made me particularly enjoy this especial day; and I still recall it to mind as one among many that it has been my good fortune to meet with, as well as—for such is the lot of man—some very ugly ones of quite a different description.

The following day was nearly a repetition of the one just mentioned, and so was the next and its successor. On the 19th the water, which had continued light in colour, presented such a remarkable appearance, somewhat similar to that created by shoals and breakers, that, as every one on board noticed it and cried out it was a reef to the eastward of us, I had the studding sails lowered, altered the ship's course by luffing up, and stood for the apparent danger. When near, and again when in the rippling agitated water, the vessel was hove-to, and soundings sought for; but nothing was touched at 70 fathoms. I therefore concluded it to be caused by the currents of the sea, which upon the edges and bights of deep soundings I have often noticed as producing this strange appearance. I was the more convinced of this on the morrow, when I found a strong current to the N.E.; and the sea agitated in even a more remarkable manner than the previous day. There could be seen ripples, hollows, smooths, short breaks, the water topping up abruptly into small sharp billows,

then falling backward sullenly as if meeting a rebuff in its usual progress. At night the small bright-crested waves, with the peculiar sound they made, as if we were actually among breakers, several times startled us, and made me come up from below to convince myself that it was not really so.

Seaweed was here passed in abundance for such a distance from the land. Some of the pieces were extraordinarily long, and had isolated bunches of barnacles clustered on them. I have still a piece that I preserved, and also a sketch in colours that I took at the time, of one of the prettiest pieces.

On the 20th I had a narrow escape of being lost overboard. It was on the following occasion.

Towards evening the wind had increased so much as to make me deem it advisable to prepare for a stormy night by making the vessel snug. Accordingly among other things, done one at a time, I ordered the jibboom to be run in, on account of the ship pitching so heavily. There was some difficulty in getting this done; why, I know not; but nevertheless I saw there was a difficulty, though both the mates were forward with all hands attending to it. Perhaps the old saying was here verified, that "too many cooks spoil the broth;" yet, whatever it was, I found, after waiting a very much longer time than needed, that I could not get my order executed. The jibboom was still out its full length, and now, with guys and gear all slackened up, stood a fair chance of being snapped off by the cap as the vessel kept heavily pitching in the sea; for I did not deem it necessary to run off our course for so small a matter as this. Accordingly losing patience, I foolishly, with my tarpaulin, sou'-wester, and heavy boots on, rushed out upon the bowsprit to see what was the matter. A trivial impediment alone was in the way of the spar coming in; and seeing it was so trivial, I could not help angrily taking the task in my own hands and doing

the work myself. I was nearly suffering heavily for it; for, cumbered as I was with what constituted merely my *deck* and not my *working* garments, I missed my footing, fell forward from outside the head, and, but for the dangling jib pendants and other gear, should have been precipitated into the seething ocean that bubbled in such close proximity to my face, and which instantly gave me, as the ship's bows descended, a plentiful ablution. Vigorous hands speedily laid hold of me; but I soon recovered myself, and in less than five minutes more had personally seen the jibboom snugly housed for the night.

I have mentioned this incident for the purpose of making the following remark. It is the height of imprudence and of injustice to every one for any captain of a vessel to put himself in unnecessary danger. Upon him everything must necessarily depend, especially in expeditions of a peculiar character, and he does a wrong to all, if he too freely risks his own life in aught that can be accomplished by his officers, whose especial duty it may be to perform it. I know there may be some who think a man should never set another to do what he will not do himself; and I am one that would myself much rather do what I want done, in cases of emergency, than trust to the negligence or dilatoriness, and perchance incapacity, of others; but he who is invested with a post of honour and command, should ever have the moral courage to *appear*, if need be, afraid, rather than, by ill-timed rashness in seeming or natural daring, ruin everything by destroying the sole directing power in his hands. Those who know me will, I am sure, attribute these remarks to anything on my part but timidity or over-prudence; and those who do not know me, will see, as we proceed, that, when a personal risk on my part becomes really necessary, I never hesitate to undergo it.

The following day was more unsettled, wind stronger, and, to our little ship, a heavy sea running. The weather

too was rather thick, and it was evident that we had lost all the great heat we had for so long been accustomed to. About noon a vessel was descried astern of us, and coming up very fast. In less than two hours more she was close to us. Our colours were hoisted, and in return she showed the American ensign. She was a beautiful American clipper ship, called the "Ocean Pearl," of Boston, and bound to Valparaiso. Her qualities for sailing speedily enabled her to pass us; but, during the short time we were near each other, a brief colloquy took place between us. Ladies were on board of her; and seeing my wife in what they no doubt considered, as compared with their own ship, a very small vessel, handkerchiefs were waved by way of salutation. The compliment was returned, and mutual adieus being given we soon parted company, and before dark she was nearly out of sight ahead, though we had all sail set but the flying jib. The pleasure of meeting this stranger was great for the moment, but I must confess to a general feeling of despondency amongst us all after she had left us. Why so I hardly know, except that it was owing to the knowledge that, according to present plans, our next few months would be passed almost wholly away from civilized beings like ourselves. The sight of *ladies* on board that passing vessel brought vividly before us home in our far-off native land; and, moreover, we could not help for a moment contrasting our lot in a small ship, having hardly ever a dry deck, with that gallant clipper flying by us with her roomy accommodation and powerful build. Nevertheless such thoughts were only for a few seconds. Confidence in One whose work it was in which we were engaged, regained possession of our heart; and even my wife soon smiled again, though I had detected, in her long and earnest gaze after the stranger, a moistened eye.

The next three days we had winds that were alternately fair and foul, light and strong. A current was

against us, and a heavy swell threw us back several miles during some hours of light airs that at sunset approached to a calm, and continued so for the night. On the 24th, at 8 a.m., in lat. 44°, long. 61′, we struck for soundings, and got bottom at 65 fathoms, brown sand. In the afternoon the breeze freshened up to a gale from the west, and at night from the N.W. Being desirous of getting to the Falklands before the summer had too far passed away, I determined to carry on all possible sail that the wind permitted, especially as the weather was clear. Accordingly I remained on deck all night, except for a few moments, and kept the vessel going at her greatest speed, dashing along under topsail, squaresail, and balance-reefed mainsail, with the wind on the quarter. Occasionally the sea came tumbling on as if to overwhelm us, but, except a spray now and then, we skimmed across the waters without accident, only subject to such a tossing and rolling as we had not before experienced. At noon of the next day the gale abated, and in the afternoon rapidly subsided to nearly a calm; but before another day had passed we were again in a hard gale, with a high sea running. The decks were deluged fore and aft, while solid waves come tumbling in over our gangway and quarter. These latter were not the ordinary seas, dashing at us with a blow, and sending a ton or two of spray on board, but they were large portions of the tops of masses of water lifting themselves above our small vessel and falling on deck. It was these lopping waves we had to guard against, and with proper precaution we escaped without any damage. Running as we were before it, we sometimes pointed downwards at an angle of more than 45 degrees, and at other times in a similar manner upwards. The weather, however, was beautiful and clear; and as at noon we were only 213 miles from the nearest Falklands, I took the opportunity of examining our anchors and cables, to see if everything about them

was in good order. Satisfied on this point, I hesitated not to stand on, intending to make for Port Egmont, in the West Falklands, and there commence an examination of the land most suitable for a mission station, as expressed in certain demi-official papers given us by the committee's secretary. What those papers were I will mention presently.

All the night of the 26th it was blowing very hard, with much lightning from N.W. to S.W. About midnight I found it necessary to still further reduce the small quantity of canvas on the vessel, and finally heave-to, till the gale moderated. In a few hours afterwards this occurred; and the 27th was as fine a day as the previous one had been stormy. On the 28th, at nine in the morning, the high land about Port Egmont was seen. The day was very beautiful, but the wind happened to be rather against us. Consequently, it was not until 3 p.m. we got up with the "Egmont Cays," (two low rocky islets away from the main islands,) which have to be passed before opening out the entrance to Port Egmont. The wind however was too foul, and the importance of being at anchor before dark was so great, that at 4 o'clock I abandoned the attempt to enter Port Egmont in that direction, and determined upon trying a place I saw on the charts, marked Keppel Sound, and which was under our lee. Accordingly we bore up, and with an *enlarged* chart and plan of this group of islands that I had made from the government survey, I went aloft and conned the ship through what was to every one of us quite a new locality. The chart, however, I found invaluable. An islet, covered with *tussack*, was, with its rocks and seaweed patches, passed in safety; and soon we came to a long reef that extended from the N.E. corner of the island called Keppel. It was my desire to get inside of this reef, and somewhat to the south of it, where the chart indicated a small unnamed bay, as there the vessel

could apparently lye safe at anchor. But to do this, I found we had to make a wide sweep to round the tail of the reef, and this threw us again somewhat to leeward. Nevertheless, by keeping the lead going to ascertain the depth of water, and by carefully watching for where any kelp displayed itself, we got safely inside of the reef, and speedily found ourselves in smooth water, with good anchorage in every direction. Casting my eye around, the aspect of the place was very singular. High hills, low mountain ranges, a number of islets, bare rocks, shoals of kelp, reefs, and shallows lay before me; while behind, shutting out the ocean, was a singular island, with three remarkable peaks, called the peaks of Pebble Island, and forming an excellent landmark to the mariner at sea. As the navigation was all new, none of us having been here before, I was particularly cautious; for, as we progressed to the south, with the wind now about west, I found there was not a great deal of room to spare for the ship to manœuvre in; but with such a good commanding breeze I did not hesitate. Accordingly, in a short time more, I was able to put the vessel in safety, by anchoring her at the entrance of what seemed a very fine bay; and thus, at last, to accomplish the first portion of my duties, by bringing the mission party to that part of the world henceforth to be the focus of their missionary labours.

I need not say how we spent the evening after everything was made secure, and I had regulated the necessary deck-watch for the night. It was a sabbath, and, consequently, that evening's service in the cabin, and at which all hands attended, was peculiarly impressive. After the rush of stormy waters by the side of our ship so lately on the deep, the stillness now perceptible, added to the sense of our being perfectly alone here, as none of these islands were inhabited by man (unless at any time by shipwrecked mariners), caused a more than ordinary

solemnity to attach itself to us; and when the prayers were ended, and the parting hymn sung, with the friendly "good night" uttered, varied were the emotions that assailed me. Gratitude, however, was predominant; and that night I retired to rest, though fatigued, yet thankful to God and happy.

CHAP. V.

Mission Plans.—History of the Falkland Islands.—Their Discovery.—Settlement of Port Louis by Bougainville.—Abandoned to Spain.—British Colony at Port Egmont.—Claimed by Spain.—Productions of the Falklands.—Mr. Dale's Letter.—Penal Settlement.—Keppel Island.

BEFORE I proceed any farther with my narrative, it will now be necessary, for the better understanding of what is to follow, that I give the reader an outline sketch of our plans, and make him familiar with the locality; while at the same time I cursorily run over the history of that remarkable group of islands to which we have arrived. For that purpose I will set aside this chapter; and should there be any who have no interest in this part of my subject, they can easily skip the next dozen pages, and continue the thread of the story according to their own inclination.

I have already, in the Introduction, given an account of the rise and progress of this missionary undertaking: I have now, therefore, only to lay a few more facts before the reader, in the shape of verbal and written directions given by the secretary to myself and the Doctor.

For myself, I was, when at Bristol, so occupied in seeing to the requirements of the expedition and equipment of the vessel, that I had little time to devote to aught that did not come before me positively and officially. I had my Instructions, and the knowledge of the general plans of the Society, which I understood to be an attempt to convert and civilize the Fuegians. This was enough for me to work upon; but, added to this, I soon found, when I had got to sea, that other work was also cut out for me,

if, as I really did, I desired to see success attend our efforts. Certain "Hints" (as four or five pages of manuscript was called), were given for our guidance upon arriving at the Falkland Islands. These hints referred to the selection of a mission station on one of the West Falklands, permission having been given by the Home Government to that effect. With regard to this permission, I must observe that it was only a grant to select unoccupied land, and to pay for it at the usual sum of 8*s.* per acre; but with the privilege—the only privilege in the matter—and justly so limited—of purchasing without its being first submitted to public competition by the usual course in all Crown lands, of advertising it for sale by auction. A letter from the Right Hon. the Secretary of State for the Colonies to his Excellency the Governor of the Falklands had been duly forwarded; and the Doctor, as manager of the land party, had either a duplicate of this letter or some other document, giving us the right to purchase, as I have mentioned. There was, however, a proviso to this effect, that the selection should be made on one of the *West* Falklands, and not on any part of the East island. The limits of our selection were still further narrowed by the Society itself, who appears to have been very doubtful where to select, and yet wanted a selection that combined many advantages not easily to be obtained within the small compass pointed out to us by the "Hints" placed in our hands. In public, the Committee leaned to a place called "White Rock Harbour;" but *privately* the matter was left to our own discretion. Their intention in forming a settlement here was *ostensibly* to make it a mission colony; and various plans were, I believe (for I did not see them), proposed for this; but as in the Appendix I shall enter upon a consideration of these plans, I need not here go into any more details.

I have already stated I knew but very little of these particular plans; my especial task being to watch over,

protect, and convey the missionaries about as they required, if such requirement was in accordance with my Instructions. The land party and its manager had to look after this department. Nevertheless, it so happened, as the letters sent to me will show, that it was really necessary for me at the outset to act in this case as well as in my own station as Nautical Superintendent; and therefore the "Hints" for our guidance had to be carefully studied. These, I found, gave us the names of certain places to examine, beginning with Saunders Island, and ending at White Rock Bay. There were some five or six localities mentioned, and certain facts connected with each locality were laid before us; these facts having been obtained from the Admiralty officers who surveyed the group. Such then being the case, and everything, upon our arrival at the Falklands, having, by request in a letter from the land manager, been left to me to decide upon, I at once determined upon beginning our examination at the westernmost of the localities named to us, and for this especial reason, viz., that it would be better for the ship in coming from the northward to make first for the most weatherly position (the wind nearly always blowing from the S.W. to N.W.), and then work from to windward, than to commence at the place most to leeward and have to battle to the other places against the wind. Time, too, was an object with us, as it was essential that the mission station should be fixed upon, and a house of some kind erected for the land party before the summer was too far advanced. These considerations, and many others that I find noted down at the time, influenced me in going direct, as I had intended, to Saunders Island, instead of first calling at the settlement of Port Stanley, and then afterwards making our cruise of inspection.

Such then were our plans; and such was the reason of my proceeding direct to one of the westernmost of the Falkland Islands.

I will now proceed to make the reader familiar with the topography and general history of these islands.

Situated in the same parallel of latitude *south*, that part of England and Ireland is in *north*, of the equator, the Falkland Islands seem to almost naturally come within our notice as a part of the world we should give our attention to. At a distance of about 300 miles from the main continent of South America, and in the direct route of vessels rounding the Horn, both on the outward and homeward voyages, they seem to be singularly well adapted for the formation of a government settlement, particularly on the part of those who now claim and hold possession—the British nation. As a writer in the Nautical Magazine has truly said, "it is very certain that the possession of these islands is and will be of the greatest advantage to Great Britain * * * a vast field for traffic lies in the southern hemisphere * * * and what better resting place for British ships could be found than the Falklands? * * * One thing is now certain, the possession of the islands is *un fait accompli*. They are secure beyond dispute; and if he (John Bull) uses his resources to good purpose, and sends out plenty of hardy colonists, there is very little doubt of the islands proving a valuable acquisition to him." And looking at the future, I venture to say the same.

Of their first discovery we have no positive data to go upon; but it is generally believed that Cowley was the one who had the honour of bringing them to our knowledge, he having seen them in the year 1584. The next voyager was John Davis, who in 1592 passed through the sound that divides the two main islands. After him followed Hawkins, and then Strong, who gave to the group the name it now bears in the English nomenclature, though it must be observed that such is not the name the islands are most known by abroad—the French calling them *Malouines;* and the Spanish, *Malvinas*. After Strong

came the celebrated circumnavigator Dampier, who however thought but little of them; nor were they considered as worth any notice until the publication of Anson's voyage, when the subject of their importance was discussed, and "in the year 1748, an expedition was fitted out with the view of seizing them, and likewise for discovery." This, however, drew upon our government the jealousy of Spain, who claimed a right to the possession of all newly-discovered land in the American continent and neighbouring seas; and accordingly, for certain state reasons, we abandoned the principal object of the expedition so far as the islands were concerned.

Meanwhile the French had found out these islands and given them the name already mentioned; but not until 1764 does it appear that anything like a permanent settlement was attempted upon them. This was made by *Bougainville*, who received from his government authority and protection. He selected, as the site of his young colony, the head of a secure and nearly land-locked anchorage at the end of a capacious sound on the eastern side of the main island. Giving the name of Port Louis to this locality, he did everything that experience and the knowledge of a practical man could suggest to make the new colony a thriving one. In this he was partly successful; a growing prosperity attended his well-directed efforts; and there is no doubt that under his wise and vigorous management the settlement of Port Louis would speedily have become of some importance. But Spain again interfered; and France, as England had done, withdrew from any contest on the subject, upon Bougainville being reimbursed his expenses; the which Spain consented to grant. The French accordingly withdrew on the 1st of April 1767, and the Spaniards took possession, changing the name from Port Louis to Port Solidad. Before this, however, the Earl of Egmont, who had the management of naval affairs in Great Britain, sent out on a voyage of

discovery Commodore Byron, who in January 1765, and probably from some private instructions given to him, took possession of the entire group of the Falkland Islands in the name of His Britannic Majesty. Byron examined some of the harbours, and considered them so excellent, that upon the whole he gave it as his opinion they were "no despicable acquisition." To the fine and secure anchorage he had first visited in the western group of islands he gave the name of *Port Egmont;* the island bordering it on the north, *Keppel;* that on the west, *Saunders;* and the other localities were christened after some of the notabilities of the day; thus stamping these hitherto despised islands with the seal of his own official authority and the prestige of high names. His "report" apparently was most favourable; for the next year Captain Macbride of the navy was sent out to form a British colony.

"The design of an establishment on or near the coast of Patagonia was not, however" (as the Annual Register of the day observes), "a new scheme: it had been eagerly entered into many years ago by Charles II., who, notwithstanding the continual distresses in which his profusion, and the ill terms on which he generally stood with his subjects, involved him, went to a very considerable expense in sending out Sir John Narborough for that purpose. This gentleman had directions to survey the Straits of Magellan and the neighbouring coasts of Patagonia; and if possible to procure an intercourse with the brave and unconquered Indians of Chili, and to establish a commerce and lasting correspondence with them."

Thus then the attempt to be made by Captain Macbride was only the carrying out of an old idea with regard to these islands; one that had evidently been strengthened by Commodore Byron, and no doubt materially brought into new existence by the noble Earl who had sent him out.

The settlement was fixed on the west side of Port Egmont, upon Saunders Island, where a small cove, with a

stream of fresh water running into it, seemed to promise an eligible site for the young colony. But evidently it was not very wisely chosen; for hilly land all around, and abruptly before it, so obstructed the action of the sun's rays that, from a personal examination, I do not see how they could have managed to make it at all successful. The consequence was that the new settlement *existed*, but did not flourish; and Captain Macbride was compelled to send home anything but encouraging statements. Meanwhile the settlement at Port Solidad, on the East Island, went quietly on under the Spanish control, until an affair occurred which brought about an *éclaircissement*, and produced that political stir about the Falklands which forms more a part of the general historian's task to dwell upon, in reference to this particular period, than to come within the province of my humbler pen. It is a subject, however, that requires some slight mention in the account I am now giving of the Falkland Islands; and consequently I shall here detail the particulars as found in the Annual Register for the day.

It appears that neither of the settlements on these islands knew of the existence of the other; nor are we certainly informed whether our government was acquainted with the purchase made by the Spaniards, or of their taking possession of the French settlement, previous to the period of which we are going to treat. However this was, we find that in the year 1769 we had a frigate and a sloop upon that station; and Captain Hunt, of the "Tamar" frigate, being on a cruise off the islands, fell in with a Spanish schooner belonging to Port Solidad, taking a survey of them, the captain of which, according to his orders, he warned to depart from that coast, as belonging to his Britannic Majesty. The schooner however returned in two days after, and brought on board a Spanish officer with letters and a present from Don Philip Ruez Puenta, governor of Port Solidad. These letters

were couched in terms of the greatest civility: the governor affected not to believe the account he had received from the captain of the schooner; to attribute Captain Hunt's being in those seas to chance or distress of weather; and upon that presumption to offer him every act of friendship and kindness in his power; but, if it should be otherwise, reminded him of the violation of treaties; asserted his master's dominion; charged him with an insult to his flag, and authorized the officer to warn him in form to depart; at the same time desired a written answer, and that he would also correspond with the officer.

Captain Hunt in answer asserted the sole dominion of his Britannic Majesty, as well by right of discovery as of settlement, and warned him in his name and by his orders to leave the islands; and in order to enable him the better to remove his effects, allowed him six months from the date of the letter to prepare for his departure. The Spaniard made a formal protest, which produced another letter, another answer, and another protest. About two months after this transaction (February 20), two Spanish frigates of considerable force, with troops on board for the new settlement, arrived at Port Egmont, under pretence of wanting water: the Commander-in-Chief wrote a letter to Captain Hunt, in which he expressed great astonishment at seeing an English flag flying, and a kind of settlement formed; charged him with a violation of the last peace, and protested against the act in all its parts; at the same time declared that he would abstain from any other manner of proceeding till he had acquainted his Catholic Majesty with this disagreeable transaction. Captain Hunt, as before, founded his possession on the claim of right, justified his conduct by the orders of his sovereign, and again warned the Spaniards to depart totally from those islands. The frigates continued eight days at Port Egmont, and were supplied by our people with water; the captains and officers behaved with civility, and declined going

on shore, though permission was offered by Captain Hunt."

After this, Captain Hunt thought it proper to depart for England and give an account of these transactions. He arrived June 3d, 1770, and sent an express to the Admiralty.

The "Tamar" was succeeded at Port Egmont by the "Favourite" sloop of war, under Captain Maltby, and with the "Swift," Captain Farmer, each of 16 guns, formed the whole force upon that station. The "Swift," however, was lost in the Straits of Magellan, and part of her crew "undertook a voyage of about three weeks in the most boisterous seas in the world, happily arriving at Port Egmont, where they found the 'Favourite,' and sent her to the relief of their distressed brethren."

It was soon after this loss that a large force came and compelled the feeble settlement to surrender. This led to an altercation between the two Courts of Great Britain and Spain; and finally to an act of restitution on the part of the latter, who gave over to British power all right and claim to the islands. They were evacuated by Spain, and again taken possession of by the English at Saunders Island, on the 16th September 1771. The small colony, however, remained there but for three years more; and then, by orders from home, abandoned the place, though not without leaving certain notices and public marks, to keep in existence the right and title of Great Britain to the islands. As, however, I shall have, in another place, to describe a visit to the spot where this settlement was formed, I will defer till then those particulars connected with the assault of the Spaniards, and the career of the colonists, that I should otherwise have introduced here.

After the departure of the British from Port Egmont, no great attention was paid to the islands until 1820, when the Buenos Ayreans claimed them as part of the old Spanish territories. Previous to that, Spaniards, French,

English, and other foreigners formed a sort of irregular colony at the eastern settlement of Port Solidad ; but when the Buenos Ayreans came on the field, something like order was established in 1823, by the attempt of Mr. Vernet to bring the place into good repute. Under the sanction of the Buenos Ayrean Government he succeeded in bringing the colony into a creditable position, though, I believe, with much discomfort and expense to himself. Some unpleasantness, however, ultimately arose between him and the Americans, owing to what he considered as an infringement of his territorial rights ; and, finally, he had to proceed to Buenos Ayres concerning it.

During his absence he had left Mr. Brisbane, a daring and adventurous sealing captain, in charge ; but a mutiny took place, and that gentleman was murdered; his murderers being afterwards captured and taken to Buenos Ayres for trial. It was about this time that Captain Fitzroy visited the place; and as his excellent narrative gives a graphic account of all these particulars, derived from personal knowledge and information, I refer the reader to it.

In 1833, Great Britain again asserted her right to the Falkland Islands; and, upon the flag of England being hoisted by H. M. B. "Clio," the remnants of the Buenos Ayrean colonists withdrew, and a British officer took possession. A lieutenant-governor was appointed; and, finally, upon the recommendation of Sir James Clark Ross, who commanded Her Majesty's Antarctic exploring expedition, and who called here in 1842, the settlement was changed from Port Louis to its present site in Stanley Harbour.

Of the productions and capabilities of these islands, I cannot do better than give, almost entire, the following account from one* whose personal knowledge enables him

* William Dale, Esq., who has kindly permitted me to make this use of his letter. In the Appendix I shall again refer to it, as also to Mr. Eddy's letters.

to speak with confidence, and whose accuracy, to a great extent, I can confirm and endorse.

He says:—

"The position of these islands in a commercial point of view cannot be too highly rated. Placed by nature in the great highway from Australia, and to and from the west coast of America, they require but the impetus and importance that would be given to them by a government undertaking of the proposed nature, to be placed at once upon their proper footing. At present, notwithstanding the excellent Admiralty charts published, the magnificent and safe harbours with which the islands abound, and the facilities for obtaining refreshment and repairs which, even in its present infant state, the colony affords, sailors approach with fear and trembling, often ignorant of the existence of a settlement, oftener of its situation. Many vessels, battered off Cape Horn, bear up for the River Plate or Rio Janeiro, ignorant of, or doubtful about the desired haven lying close under their lee.

"I will now take a cursory glance at the natural capabilities of the Falklands as a means of giving profitable employment to a labouring population. My opinions are founded upon the experiences of a residence of nearly four years, during which time I was actively engaged in business, which made me intimately acquainted with the whole of the East Falkland, especially as regards pastoral pursuits. The climate, as is well known, is remarkably healthy, and suited to the English constitution; exposure to all weathers seems to be borne without a retributive rheumatism.

"The winters are about as cold as those in England; the summer cooler than ours, and very boisterous. The constant wind, combined with want of heat, would be an obstacle, except in a few favoured spots, to the growing and ripening of grain crops. Vegetables and roots, especially turnips, even in the present rude state of agri-

culture, and the exceedingly unfavourable situation of the settlement as regards quality of land, do very well.

"But the great riches of the islands would be reaped from a combined pastoral and agricultural system of farming. Cattle are abundant, and by a judicious system of management, which in the present scarcity and dearness of labour is not practicable, might be made a source of large profit. Sheep have been introduced, and the climate and pasture are well adapted for them — I may mention the Cheviot breed as particularly suitable, those imported a few years ago having increased rapidly, and the quality rather improving than deteriorating. The complete absence of burr, or any substance injurious to the fleece, is an important fact in a wool-growing country, which this will eventually become. Here, again, cheap labour is indispensable, and might be advantageously employed in fencing, draining, raising winter food, &c.; for neither country nor climate, be it remembered, is suited to the primitive and unlaborious methods of stock farming practised in Australia and the River Plate. Disease is scarcely known among any description of stock. Horses thrive well.

"Stone for fencing and building purposes is obtainable with little labour almost everywhere, and is of excellent quality. There is no clearing required, as the land is free from wood, and lies wholly in pasture.

"The facilities for making large enclosures for farming purposes are great, as the island is cut up into various sized peninsulas by the numerous inlets. Among minor comforts I may mention the complete absence of all noxious insects and reptiles.

"The tussack grass (indigenous, I believe, to these islands) is an important production. Its fattening qualities for all sorts of stock are very great. It is perennial, green, and growing in winter as well as summer. It flourishes well in any situation, on any soil; it may be cut, after about eight inches growth, certainly twice, perhaps thrice

a year, and it improves with cutting. Enclosed plantations of tussack might easily be made, as the ground would not require any preparation; they would require a few years to arrive at a state of perfection, but would then prove an inexhaustible and invaluable resource.

"Mr. Eddy notices the whale and seal fisheries. At certain seasons immense quantities of large mullet may be caught in the tidal creeks. These fish salt and dry well, and always find a ready market in Brazil, whence might be imported timber and provisions, as sugar, coffee, &c.

"The construction of a patent slip, dry dock, roads, and the various government and dockyard works, would give constant employment to a number of convicts who might require to be kept under particular surveillance.

"West Falkland, which I believe to be the finer of the two principal islands, is uninhabited; and these natural divisions of land may be made available for the complete subdivision and classification of convicts, if required.

"In addition to the mere fresh food supplied to shipping, a preserved meat trade might be carried on, probably for export as well as local supply. The climate is very favourable for salting, and there is no reason why mess beef and pork (under the farming system I mention) should not make a valuable article of commerce. Hides and wool have always a certain and ready market in England.

"I have omitted to mention peat, which is excellent and plentiful, and might become an article of commerce."

The preceding account, with what I shall add as I enter upon a description of various parts of these islands, will probably be enough for the general reader; and I might now here very aptly introduce a subject connected with the Falklands, to which I have already, through the Press, ventured to draw the public attention, viz., the formation of a penal settlement in that part of the world; but as this is to be a book of travel and of incident, not a work

on political economy, I leave for the Appendix all that I wish to say respecting it, and turn to the island which we selected for the Mission Station.

Coming from the North direct towards the Port Egmont of Commodore Byron, some very conspicuous high land is seen before one, and extending, when the observer is at a distance of some 30 miles at sea, from S.W. to S.E. This high land is composed of the Saunder's Island mountains, the Keppel range, and the Pebble Peaks, with the Hornby Hills in the left background. The former of these, with an adjoining one of Keppel, may be known by their rounded appearance; the next, by its platform look, and remarkable abrupt termination on its eastern extremity; the other by the three conical hills easily distinguished under the name given them; and the last, by their more shadowy aspect. As the land is neared, it presents a lofty and imposing appearance, though without one solitary tree, that could be called such, to be seen. If Port Egmont is the harbour to be entered, no passage to it can be discovered until well up to the entrance, for both this, and Keppel Sound on the left, are all but hidden from the sea by intervening land, Port Egmont particularly so. Indeed this latter, like many other excellent anchorages in the Falklands, especially Port Purvis (if it were more easy of access through Tamar Pass), may be well called an inland harbour. But if, as in our case, Keppel Sound has to be entered from the northward, it is necessary to pass close round some low rocky islets, lying out from and to the N.W. of Pebble Island, from which these islets appear to have been separated by water channels, and also from which they take in their direction an ugly curve. Rounding these islets as close as possible, at certain periods of the tide, and at others at a short distance off, on account of the "tide rips" and eddies here, the vessel works up to the eastward, with Keppel Island on her right, and soon a small tussack-covered islet on her left. Keppel Island

now looks different to what it did in the distance. The flat-topped range is not so well distinguished; while, in addition, is perceived in the front ground a lofty conical hill, called "Cove Hill," which hill, sloping down on the east for a couple of miles from the summit, forms at its base, in that direction, a low and narrow isthmus leading to an inner harbour, and at the sea-side some pleasant sandy beach walks, fringed with tussack, fachinal, and bog-balsam, etc. To the right of this hill, which here slopes down in rather an abrupt manner, and is, moreover, backed by another conical hill, is a fine sandy beach at the head of a shallow bay, which I called North-west Bay. Beyond it, to the west, the rocks rise abruptly, terminating in what is called "Gull Point." It is in the neighbourhood of Gull Point that hundreds of delicious eggs are to be obtained; and on *this* side of North-west Bay, on a projecting rocky ledge, seals are often found in numbers.

Proceeding towards Keppel Sound, it is necessary, after passing the tussack-covered islet, to be very cautious, for Keppel Island has a remarkable humpy neck of land forming the north-east portion of the island, and from which runs off to some distance an ugly reef of rocks. When once round this reef, which I called "North-east Reef," you are in Keppel Sound, and can anchor anywhere in safety.

CHAP. VI.

Missionary Character.—Committee Bay.—Aquatic Birds.—Wild Game.—Falkland Weather.—Nearly swamped in the Boat.—Heavy Gale.—Attempt to visit Saunder's Island fails.—Selection of the Mission Station.

I HAVE often thought that the life of a missionary, I mean a *sincere* and *honest* missionary, must be a very happy one; a life of peculiar bliss and inward enjoyment, no matter what may be the bodily ills and privations he encounters. To a pure-minded man—one who enters upon missionary work with the real desire to serve God, and benefit his fellow man—there must be a calm within, a holy joy more than can be experienced in other occupations; for he has that particular feeling about him that, come what may, happen what will,—be he considered quixotic, foolish, or wise — the good intent, the heart's devotion, will be accepted by Him who knoweth aright every secret thought and device of man. But, even apart from what may be called the *spiritual* happiness to be enjoyed by a true missionary, there is, in such a life, much that, to the mind of many, cannot fail to give constant enjoyment, if that mind be at all constituted aright. The duty of a missionary is to create, not to destroy; to revivify, not to deaden; to improve, not to deteriorate; it is of active principle, and not passive, making all grow up beneath the influence of his mind, and turning the parched and barren wilderness into a well-watered and fertile valley. In all this he is akin to the hardy pioneers of colonization in far-off lands; and what constitutes the charm in the latter, is equally so in the former, with the addition of that peculiar feeling I have already alluded to.

Now, it must not be supposed for one moment that I lay claim to, or ever did think of laying claim to, so honourable an office as that of missionary. On the contrary, I always especially objected to ever being considered as such in any capacity (unless under the mere general acceptation of the term, as being connected with a missionary work); and my simple reason was, that I felt myself quite unfit, by natural infirmities of temper, habits, and disposition, for so important, and, as I considered, *holy* a character as that of a missionary. My standard of what a missionary should be —particularly one who ventured in the face of thousands of other good men, and against the opinions of long-established missionary societies, to put himself forward in an entirely new field—was, I must confess, a very high one. Such a man as I thought fit for a missionary in a new, an important, and so peculiar a work as ours, was one to whom I felt that I could ever bend in something like reverential admiration. But then his character must indeed be vastly different to some of those who often *lay* claim to the title of missionary. "By your deeds shall ye be judged," was the saying of One who knew man well, and who perfectly understood the hollowness of those "whited sepulchres" that appeared so beautiful to men's eyes. A missionary, therefore, such as I thought would be for us, was of infinitely too high a standard for aught I could honestly ever lay claim to. I was but, what I trust I shall be considered, a well-meaning sailor, and with something of one of those pioneer-colonists in my disposition, having and acknowledging to many faults and errors, but never professing to be what I was not. It is thus, then, reader, I would have you think of me, as I now proceed to narrate what follows; for, unless you have some such idea of me as I have given you, it may be difficult to rightly understand many of the motives that influenced me in several occurrences I shall have to relate.

The morning after our arrival at the Falkland Islands

proved to be very wet and unsettled. But I knew that nothing would enable us to succeed in our undertaking if we were to be deterred by either wind or weather, whenever there was a chance to get on. Moreover it was important that some decision should be arrived at with regard to the place we intended to have as our mission station. I had slept well during the night—a very desirable thing, if you have much headwork to do on the following day;—and now refreshed, went to a consideration of the first steps to be taken. These I determined should be an immediate examination of this island, with reference to its eligibility for what we wanted. Accordingly I ordered the boats to be got out and made ready, and then after breakfast prepared to go on shore.

As the knowledge we had of this and other of the Falkland Islands was very imperfect, our only information being gathered from Captain Fitzroy's voyage of the "Beagle," I took with me material for trying the soil, for examining the rocks, for ascertaining the depth of water, &c. &c., besides my rifle, a fowling piece, and of course a note-book. Accompanied by the doctor, the carpenter, and mason, with an ordinary boat's crew, I left the ship in my gig under sail for a cove about 1½ miles to the westward of us, at the head of the bay in which we had anchored. The wind, not very strong, was right down, consequently against us. This compelled us to "beat up," and I did this in preference to pulling, for the purpose of enabling me to get a correct knowledge of the depth of water in the bay, which I called "Committee Bay."

I must observe that, at this time, and *not until I had sent home a plan I had made of this island*, was there any enlarged map to enable me to judge of the place. In the general chart of the Falklands (and an excellent chart it is) I could perceive that this bay had, apparently, a narrow channel of sufficient depth of water for my schooner up to the head of the harbour; and it was this narrow

channel I was particularly desirous to well examine. From the ship I had observed much kelp nearly all over the bay, except in a line of clear water that led from our anchorage to the cove I have mentioned. As we proceeded; running to the edge of the kelp and sometimes well in it, on each tack; this channel gradually narrowed in width to not much more than the ship's breadth, while I found it shoaling, in one place, to *nine feet;* but, as it was then at a certain time of the tide which made the water lower, I felt convinced that at *high water* the difficulty there could be overcome. In some places, where the kelp looked thick, I found three and four fathoms; but this was in the neighbourhood of our anchorage, and more especially towards the north-east peninsula bluffs. *Behind* our anchorage, and towards the south part of the bay, it was shallow; and with an ugly reef running out from a low point. As we passed up the bay, considerable amusement was afforded to all of us by witnessing the singular movements of the various aquatic birds that in numbers covered the water. Some of them would hardly move out of the way as we neared; and one or two were easily touched with the oars. As they were uneatable, I would not allow any to be killed. Amongst them was that extraordinary water-bird the "loggerhead duck,"* sometimes called the "racer," "steamer," &c., on account of its peculiar motion when on the move. In its flight, if flight it can be called, it waddles along the surface of the water, at a swifter rate than would be supposed; flapping its wings all the time as if with a gyratory motion, and leaving behind him a strongly-marked track showing by the ripple the course he has taken. Suddenly coming upon them as we did, and being unaware of this peculiarity, they astonished while they amused us. Invariably in pairs, even in their clumsy attempts to get away from us, as I have described it, they

* Darwin's *Anas brachyptera.*

were to myself and wife always objects of our especial notice. There was something so homely—shall I say so matrimonial—about them. Fat, too, and evidently local in their attachments, these "loggerhead ducks, with their peep-peep" and plaintive call to each other at sunset, soon after our arrival here got to be our particular favourites, a portion of our water farmyard; but on this our first visit to them they only served to create a hearty laugh at their absurd and clumsy-like mode of escaping from us.

At the head of the bay I found the channel narrowed at one place to but barely our ship's breadth; but almost immediately opened out again to what struck me as exactly the spot where I could moor the vessel, and also tolerably close to the shore for discharging the house, &c. Upon examining and sounding, I found a considerable increase in the depth of water. Three fathoms was obtained in a space not far from a line exactly between two projecting terminations of the land on either side of us, and where these two points were not more than about a furlong apart. Beyond this, and evidently by its appearance full at high-water, was the cove I had previously noticed from the ship, and to which these two points of land seemed to serve as entrance posts whereupon gates could be hung, or a bridge placed hereafter. This then was the place for me to bring up the schooner to discharge, supposing we should select the island.

We passed between the two points of land, which to distinguish them I shall call West and East Point; and, in a few moments more, run the boat on shore in a secure place and landed. The moment we had all stepped foot, on shore I summoned my little band around me, and after my own fashion, and I must confess with great joy in my heart at being permitted by a gracious Providence to thus land in safety where the Society so earnestly wished us, offered up our thanks on high for the goodness vouchsafed

to our party. This done, I gave to each man his task, and then set about to examine the island.

From the rocky place where we had landed, birds in every direction were perceptible. Tame in an extraordinary degree, it was but a mere effort of the arm to knock down as many as we chose. Indeed the pleasure of finding ourselves for a run on shore; the novelty of being in a place uninhabited by man, and yet with such good sport before our eyes, made us for a time act like school-boys. Right and left, hither and thither, did all hands scamper away in chase of the wild-fowl, now, poor things, in a flutter of amazement at the sudden attack made upon them. Powder and shot would have been wasted, for stones were all that was requisite to use in the slaughter. Speedily we had a supply of various kinds collected at our feet; but not being acquainted with the qualities of each class of bird, it was afterwards found that many had been killed that were unfit for food, as being too gross and fishy. Experience, however, ultimately enabled us to get many choice dainties from the flocks of wild upland geese that wandered over the plains. It was only on this first attempt that we failed in obtaining a supply of the right sort, one or two alone being fit for food.

The birds we found were of many kinds: two sorts of geese, always in pairs or threes, even when in a flock; three or four species of duck; the teal, the snipe, oyster-catcher, beautiful pink breasted gull, rooks, shags, grebes, &c., &c.

Thousands would not be too expressive a term to apply to the numbers scattered about before our eyes in all directions. As we walked up the banks of the now partly dried-up cove, we were surprised and delighted at the better appearance of everything than, from the accounts we had read of the Falklands, we had anticipated. We found some tolerably good soil; numerous wild flowers, some

of great beauty; springs and pools; a stream of good water; wild bushes; the balsam bog; and several other things to be described when I mention a walk afterwards taken over all the island. Returning to the cove, we walked round its northern edge, and upon a suitable place took our cold dinner, which we had brought with us from the ship. Afterwards continuing our walk on the south part of the cove, we ran down a fine goose and captured him alive; killed another that seemed equal to it; and a third was shot by a ball from my rifle. This latter apparently came to see what had become of his two mates, for he came back and advanced towards us as we crouched down not far from him. Directly he got on the rise of a small hill he stood quietly looking about him, and for a second I hesitated to fire; but the opportunity was so good that I could not resist it — perhaps, however, more for trying my mark than aught else. I fired, and the ball went right through his neck and out of the breast, as he sprang up and then the next instant fell dead on the spot where he had been standing. I merely mention it to show some of those peculiar traits of affection evidently displayed in these wild birds. I shall have occasion to name many instances of this that came under my observation; but, observing it now for the first time, I could not help being greatly struck with the circumstance.

We wandered about for an hour or two, and then recrossing the head of the cove, which we did up to our knees in mud and water in order to save a long detour, we got back to the boat. Here I found that the two men I had left in charge had well employed themselves in gathering mussels and limpets, there being abundance of them all over the cove.

The examination we had made, though but cursory, convinced me that for a mere depôt station, a domestic mission colony, this place seemed to meet our wants; but there were many points to be considered before deciding

upon any particular spot; consequently the Doctor and I determined upon another visit on the following day, and then to proceed and examine the other localities mentioned in the papers given to us.

Before leaving the cove the tide had nearly filled it, and my nautical predilections, added to other considerations, led me strongly towards the hope that this might be found best suited to us. I saw many advantages in the place, and my colonial experience pointed out many more that could be derived from occupying it.

During the time we were in the cove we had felt hardly any wind, owing to the great shelter afforded by the high hills and mountains on the bleakest and most windy side; but after embarking on our return to the ship it gave us much surprise on getting outside the two points to find quite a gale blowing, with a short lop of a sea in the bay. It was with difficulty I could keep the boat before the wind under small sail; she travelled quickly, however, towards the ship, and before I could round her to, when as I thought at the proper distance, the tide and sea sent her flying past the vessel out towards Keppel Sound. The suddenness and unexpected change from the calm state we had experienced when in the cove, to this heavy gale was almost like a dream; and now behold we were drifting fast to sea, the lowered sail much in the way of pulling, the boat half full of water, with too many of us in her, and for the moment everything in confusion. On board the schooner they had seen us flying towards them and had got a line ready to throw to us, but missed as we dropped astern. Now we were too far off to reach, and the howling of the wind, the jumping of the sea, and the proximity of the reef of rocks that ran out from the point astern of us, made some of my land companions rather nervous. It was the very thing I wanted them not to be, for I saw that it was really but a mere chance whether we should not have to get on board by swimming, even if we could at all in

that way, owing to the boat shipping so much water as she was now being pulled head to wind towards the ship. I therefore bade every one crouch down as low as possible, baling away at the same time, while the men at the oars put forth all their strength, I steering as tenderly as I could to avoid the ugly little seas that we jumped into. Fortunately, after a few moments of anxiety, we succeeded in making some headway; and finally got near enough to lay hold of a rope that had been attached to a piece of plank, as suggested by my wife on board, and veered away astern towards us. By this aid we got sufficiently near the vessel to have a bucket lowered to us in a similar manner; for the boat had now taken in so much water that to have gone alongside with the chance of another sea breaking into her until we had cleared some portion of what we had, would have been most dangerous. Accordingly we set to work for a moment or so, and then having relieved her a little, I watched the opportunity when the yaw of the vessel gave me a lee, and running up alongside fortunately got on board without accident, though all of us soaked through and through. I was told that it had been blowing hard for some time, and the mate had given the vessel additional cable; I now found it necessary to let go the second anchor, and before dark to veer away still more chain, also sending down the lofty sails and yards. It was the first taste of the Falkland weather, and this sample, though comparatively nothing to what we afterwards experienced, gave me a pretty good idea of the sort of life we should have to lead for the future, and of the necessary care and precaution I should myself have to always exercise.

In the evening I had an official complaint made to me by the mate concerning the insolence, as he reported it, of the men towards him. I was not surprised at it; for the strange mode of religious teaching that was adopted, against my repeated warnings and remonstrances, was enough to bring the best disciplined ship into disorder. However,

I soon put a stop to any further show of insolence in this particular case, and made my men well understand that improper behaviour to either of my officers would be considered as equally the same to me.

All that night it was blowing a furious gale of wind from the south-west, and most grateful was I to think we were in such good shelter. I was glad that I had brought the vessel in on *Sunday*, instead of, as really was hinted, to keep outside, boxing off and on till the Monday. Had I done this, why a precious tossing we should have had of it, if not blown off for days; for from Sunday night till now the wind was against our getting in. I was glad, therefore, that I had paid attention to no hints about its being Sunday, &c., but secured the vessel in safety whilst I had the wind and the chance to let me.

During the night I was up several times to see that the vessel did not drag; and also to be sure the proper watch was maintained. The next morning it was still blowing hard, and withal rather cold. The doctor read the service, in consequence of a decision he and I had arrived at concerning the necessity for immediately stopping the serious evil produced by the unwise teaching I have already spoken of. Indeed from beginning to end it was the great misfortune to the mission. It disturbed all peace, harmony, and order; and produced confusion, distrust, and occasional insubordination; needing, on my part, more firmness and discretion to quell it. An instance of this occurred, as I find in my journal, on the afternoon of this day, and immediately recorded after I had made my morning entries, and wrote the words I have copied out as above. It was as follows: —After breakfast, as we could not land on account of the gale, I set the men to work on various necessary jobs, myself working up the observations I had taken on Sunday to test the chronometer, which I found tolerably correct. The geese we had shot, and those brought on board alive (but now killed) were cooked for dinner and

greatly relished; the mussels also by those who ate them. After dinner, as the wind somewhat abated, I had the cutter lowered, and taking the doctor with me, again went to examine the land at the point astern of us. Pulling to a secure place we landed, and I gave orders to two of the men not to leave the boat or move her from where she was, as probably it would be dangerous. We then walked along and examined the reef; then a part of the shore south of it, finding the same immense number of birds noticed on the previous day, and having the same facility in running them down, catching them alive, or killing them with stones; and finally, with two live geese and three live ducks we were returning towards where the boat had been left, when to my vexation I saw it with the two men coming towards us from round the point, and consequently to seaward of the land. I quietly, but firmly taxed the principal man with wilful disobedience of my orders; but, as usual, for it was the same misguided sailor I have before spoken of, he opened out with the customary tirade of, to me, abominable nonsense. Expressions of religious ascendancy, of godly superiority, &c., came volubly from his tongue; until at length, when I got on board, I ordered him off duty, intending when I went round to Stanley to take him before the authorities for repeated insolence and insubordination. I knew not, however, what I afterwards became acquainted with in reference to this poor man, else I might have forgiven him even oftener than I did. As it was, his many good qualities caused me frequently, as in this case, to overlook the one very serious evil he was guilty of, and which led him ever to set all human power and authority at defiance whenever he got a notion in his head that he was right, or whenever aught was promulgated by the catechist from the quarter-deck that struck his wayward fancies. Under other teaching than he had received on the passage out he might have been different. As it was he often gave me much trouble.

The following day the wind was light in the morning, and apparently favourable for proceeding with our examination of the other places necessary to visit. Accordingly, having now had a sufficient inspection of Keppel Island to enable us to know what it was like, I got under weigh after breakfast, intending to take the inner passages, and visit Saunder's Island, the next place mentioned in our list. As the ground was new to us, and I could perceive many rocks, spits, and patches of kelp marked upon the chart in this direction, I was of course very cautious. Under easy working sail I rounded the south-reef point; and then luffed up close under the land of Keppel Island to avoid some dark-looking rocks on our left. Fortunately the wind enabled me to do this; for had it been foul I must have gone back, in consequence of the very narrow channel we were in, not permitting a ship to tack there with safety. Taking my post aloft at the mast-head, where I could see all dangers before us, and with a good leadsman in the chains to try the depth of water, we swiftly passed two or three dangerous places, and came to the south-east corner of Keppel. Here it was necessary to lose ground — that is, fall off a little — to avoid a shoal-spit running out from this point. I had observed it both on the chart and from the mast-head; but the suction of the indraught tide took us nearer than I could at all have supposed, and we crossed it with only a foot or two of water to spare under our keel. No sooner had we got clear, and opened out the splendid sheet of water christened Port Egmont, than we found another heavy gale blowing, quite as hard as that of the other day, but which, owing to our being hitherto under the lee of the land, we had not felt till now. Two reefs were instantly put in our sails, and everything made ready to let go anchor if need be; for, with the wind as now, we had quite enough of danger under our lee not to play with it too long. Some scores of rocks and rugged little islands

lay ahead of us and all along upon our left, with the wind blowing right upon them; and, puzzling me for the time, I could not comprehend, what I afterwards had to find out, the nature of the tides here. They seemed to me irregular in every mile I took, and every turn of the island I made, for I did not then know that not far from this spot the tides meet and cause counter currents, numerous eddies, and apparent contrarieties. However, at that time I only saw and understood by the set of the vessel, that though she might stand a good breeze, and work to windward very well in such smooth water as we enjoyed, compared to what it would be in a similar gale upon the ocean, yet, at present, we must give in, as every moment the wind increased in strength. Accordingly, I worked the ship up as close as possible to the land for a good shelter, and then took in sail and dropped anchor under the protection of Mount Keppel, where a small indentation of the coast formed a little bay. Scarcely had we done so when the gale hardened up from the N.W. to a perfect hurricane in strength; and at noon it was so heavy as to compel me to drop the second anchor and veer away to sixty fathoms of chain. I also had the topgallant yard and studding-sail booms sent down, considering that, from what we had experienced since our arrival, there would not be much need for our lighter canvas. "Truly," said I to myself, as I paced the deck in the howling blasts that came so hard upon us, "truly this is a strange place! For two hours this morning, and not long ago, there was nearly a calm; now there is a gale fierce enough to blow us out of the water!" Yet so it was; and equally strange did it end; for about 4 p.m. the gale as suddenly abated, and by 5 o'clock there was nothing but a light wind. It was now, however, too late to think of visiting any other place that day; accordingly, not wishing to remain in our present unsafe anchorage, should the breeze get round to the south, I got under way again, and went back to the spot from whence

we had started in the morning. The evening was most beautiful, and nearly calm—a perfect contrast to the noon-day gale; but I afterwards found that such was one of the peculiarities of these islands; often blowing a hurricane in the day, with a clear, calm, and gentle night following it.

The failure of the effort I had made to get round to Saunders' Island that day, made me on the same evening again seriously consider the expediency of our selecting Keppel Island for the Mission station;—at all events, temporarily. I am not over hasty in coming to conclusions in such matters of importance as the present was; nor am I at all given to aught of a superstitious feeling; but, I certainly did think, and still do consider, that we were singularly led to this very place for the purpose of making it our home. It had struck me at the first as being most suitable. We had been driven to it by the wind on the Sunday of our arrival, and we were prevented from going away from it on the day I had proposed to examine elsewhere. But above every other consideration was that of the importance of time to us. It was now the last day of January; and soon, according to my books of information, the rains would set in. It was highly necessary, therefore, that shelter for the land party should be immediately prepared, if I intended them to be out of the ship that coming winter; and such, for many reasons connected with the ship herself as well as with the Mission, was imperative. Accordingly, that night I passed in much anxious thought and consideration of the best plan to pursue. It was useless, I knew, to consult my colleague any more on the subject. He had, as I have mentioned, given over to me the responsibility and the care. His admitted want of experience in these matters; his ambiguous position as land superintendent, with directions to choose a Mission site, while I could at any time render useless all his plans on the subject by selecting for the vessel what harbour I chose; made it almost absurd, as he said, to interfere. This

made me ponder long and deeply. I read and re-read my Instructions. There was not a word to me about myself personally having aught to do with the responsibility of the present matter; and I could very justly have sat down with folded hands, and let the land superintendent have acted as he chose. What that would have been, can be evidenced by his own words to me in writing—nor do I blame him. His position was most awkward; for the Committee had so instructed him as to make him either powerless to carry out their Instructions, or else to be in almost constant opposition to me. It appears to have been a part of the then Secretary's policy to throw around each and all of us a coil, out of which we could only get by following the trend of the rope as he might lay it; but, to attempt it in any other straightforward way would be to insure mishap or destruction to us. This will be seen farther on; but I have always had the conviction that no man is worthy a post of distinction or trust, especially in aught that is new or difficult, if he has not the moral courage to act with firmness and decision in moments of necessity, even though there may be a doubt at the time as to whether he will be doing right. Now, as far as I could understand the plans of the Committee, it was their desire to have a Mission station where a stock of domestic animals could be reared and maintained for our general use; and therefore it appeared to me, taking into consideration several advantages we had noticed on Keppel Island, that this place would well suit us. It was easy of access; away from what the Secretary dreaded so much,—the colony of Stanley (a colony he had, in a letter to Government, stigmatised in very bad terms);—and it seemed to be about the size we required. Suffice it to say that I determined to fix the station here, at all events, for a temporary period; and while we got ready everything for a permanent location if the Committee approved of the choice, nothing need be done that would require much labour to undo, if that approval was not

accorded. Nevertheless,—as I argued with the Doctor when he seemed nervous about it,—what was the use of powers granted to him or to me if we were unable to exercise those powers? Indecision would be absurd whenever the wisdom of a certain course was perceptible; and if *he* did not now think so, all I could say was, that *I* did; and, as the matter was in my hands, there was an end of it.*

* That I was perfectly right, and that my whole proceeding was "strongly approved of by the Committee," could be seen by reference to the numerous letters I possess.

CHAP. VII.

Attempt to moor the Vessel near a suitable Spot for landing the Stores. —Get aground; but after some severe Labour float off, and secure the Ship in safety.—West Point Plains described.—Religious Services on board.—Sailors, in general, better than they seem.—Taking Possession of the Island as permitted by Government Grant.—Extraordinary Carelessness. —The Island set on Fire. —Duplicity connected with it.

THE decision being formed in my mind as to what should be done, I went to work immediately. At daylight I gave the necessary orders for the purpose of taking the vessel higher up the bay; and, if possible, getting her into the "Hole" or deep basin I had found near the two points at the entrance of the cove. It was important that we should get the ship as near the land as could be done with safety, in order to give us an opportunity of quickly discharging the house and stores; for to do this we had only pulling boats, and not one fit to bring or receive cargo. Consequently, taking advantage of a light breeze from a point of the compass fair for us—N.E.—I got under way, and the tide being suitable, stood up the harbour, along the narrow channel I had previously sounded. Quite unknown as it was, except the casual notice of it given in the general chart; and ignorant as I was of whatever dangers there might possibly be; I was of course very careful in our progress up this channel. I conned the vessel from my post aloft; and an officer watched the soundings as the lead was hove as fast as the man could throw it. Presently, however, and before we had got more than half-way, the wind baffled,

38260

then came against us, and soon afterwards began to freshen up as on the previous day. This was most vexatious! To go back, I did not like: to stop where we then were would not do (for there was barely room to swing at single anchor); and to beat up against the increasing breeze was out of the question. Moreover we should lose the tide, if not taken advantage of at its young flood; I therefore determined to *warp* up, and for that purpose dropped an anchor under foot while the men went to breakfast, and afterwards got out the kedge, &c., to do what was required. Some distance was thus gained; but at ten o'clock we had again to cease, owing to some strong puffs of wind, and the difficulty of keeping the vessel exactly in the channel, which now curved at its shoalest and narrowest part. However, I went ahead in the boat, and tried the depth of water in every direction; and then once more lifting the anchor, succeeded in hauling the little vessel within a few yards of the spot I wanted to put her in. But now all our efforts were rendered abortive by one of those provoking "accidents" which I cannot help thinking sometimes occur on purpose. It was thus:—Fastened to rocks on the two points of land ahead of us were stout lines and hawsers to haul by; attached to a small anchor (a kedge) away on the larboard quarter, was another good line as a "*check;*" and at the other side, or rather nearly right astern in the fairway of the channel, at some small distance off, was a second anchor, with a hawser attached, for us to hold on by or pull out again as required; my intention being to moor ship from each bow and quarter, exactly in the spot where I had found the deepest water. It was a task requiring great care and nicety; for there was not room to ride at single anchor without trailing on the ground; and to swing to moorings was almost equally bad; inasmuch as the place to lay in was more oblong than square, and would only permit the ship to be in one particular position. That position would be a good one for us if I

could get exactly into it; and this was my endeavour when, standing on the bow, I gave an order to "ease away abaft,—pull gently, port line forward,—slack up the starboard line." Strange to say, the reverse of all this was done! Those abaft *let go!* The tide, coming swiftly in, caught the vessel's stern, and, before anything could be done to stop her, she was swung round, and in an instant went broadside on the ground just within the Eastern Point! To say anything of my anger and vexation would now be useless; but I must confess that I spoke sharply, as the occasion deserved. But talking was in vain. It was absolutely necessary to try and haul off before the tide began to ebb; and it was now close upon high water. Accordingly everything was done to try and effect this; but unfortunately without avail. The wind, which had veered round to the S.W., freshened up in strong puffs; one of our lines broke; and instead of being able to get off, I found she was getting farther on, owing to the strong gusts that now came against her. The tide by this time had turned and was ebbing fast; consequently there was nothing to do but wait patiently till it flowed again, which, however, would not be till after midnight. All I could now do was, to see what bottom she was on; and to use such precautions as would prevent her from tumbling over when it became dead low water; as I soon found that there would then be not more than a few feet in depth, and, consequently, not enough to support her. Accordingly as the tide ebbed and the water fell, causing the ship to list over on her port side, I got out spars and put them as shores to prop her up; but even this did not much avail; for the weight in the vessel forced them into the soft sand and mud that we had grounded upon; and, to my vexation, we kept heeling over to such a degree that I thought we must have entirely gone. To assist the shores, I got up masthead tackles; and laying out the two bower anchors abeam to windward, with a preventer purchase to ease the strain on

each mast, thus managed to save her from falling on her side. But by this time it was night; and when low water approached, and, in spite of all we had done, I perceived the vessel still inclining more and more, I naturally became very anxious. Had all the stores and land party's effects been on shore, I should not have felt so seriously alarmed about it; but with everything on board, and, evidently what is technically called too fine a hull,—that is, not full and round enough to stand almost by itself, as some vessels will, even when aground,—I could not flatter myself that there would be much chance if the water fell any lower. Accordingly I had the hatches and companion well fastened down; everything heavy put over on the highest side of the deck; and my wife and the Catechist put on shore out of harm's way. A suitable spot within hail was selected for her to remain until matters improved on board; and thus I left her to pass the first night on shore in the Falklands. And a wretched night she had of it, owing to the cold and fright, and utter inability to get sleep or rest in such a position upon the bare ground. That long, dark, windy night will ever be remembered. How we watched,—she from her place on shore, I from mine on board—to see whether it was going to be the one thing or the other as concerned the vessel; but after ten p.m. I began to have some hope; and at midnight, though the danger for many reasons was not over (for she might not come upright enough as the water came in), yet I felt, relieved of the principal fear; and after giving my wife the assurance of our safety, I sent all hands below, and myself kept watch till about four a.m., when the tide having righted the vessel she was again so far secure. Just before this I called up the men, and had everything on deck moved back to its proper place; and then setting a watch, and bringing the Catechist and my wife on board, I left the chief mate in charge and went below to get some sleep. This, however, I could enjoy for only an hour; for at five

o'clock the mate informed me that he thought the vessel would soon float again. Accordingly I proceeded on deck; set all hands to work; and at high water managed to haul off, intending to get into mid-channel. At half-past seven this was effected; and having so far succeeded I sent the men to breakfast before doing anything more. Some hard work, smartly done, would have to be required of them for the next two or three hours. Therefore it was advisable that they should not attempt it on an empty stomach; but, directly we had finished a substantial meal, our labours recommenced. My object was, to get the schooner fore and aft, or in a line with the entrance, and not across it; for she was now swung by the tide different to what I wished; and to do this lines were carried out as required. But again misfortune awaited us. The tide was ebbing fast, and in this spot, somewhat strong; the wind, too, was freshening in the usual sharp puffs we had daily experienced; and added to these drawbacks, our anchors were out in wrong places for our present movements, not yet having had time to recover them from where they had been laid during the past night. The consequence of all this was, that great difficulty existed in moving the vessel about; and, during a rather severe strain upon one of the ropes, it broke, and away we went again right upon another sand-spit, opposite to that whereon we had last grounded. Before fresh lines could be got out the tide had so much ebbed, that all our efforts to move her now were useless. Nothing could be done, but supporting her as before, and, as it was day-time, clearing the decks by taking all heavy things on shore. This occupied us for several hours; and by the evening, when the high water arrived, we were quite ready to once more haul off; which was now effected without any farther mishap. At eight o'clock, the schooner was safely anchored and secured in the position I had marked out for her.

The next morning before the wind got up to its daily

strength we prepared for mooring ship at *low water*, so as to ascertain the shallowest depth of water. At the proper time I went on shore, taking spare topsail sheets and hawsers; and to the rocks on each point attached one of the chains, doubled. To the chain was fastened a stout hawser, also doubled; and to each hawser another one of similar size; the latter being carried to either quarter of the vessel and taken on board. Under the doubled hawsers, as well as additional ones afterwards placed there as "preventers," or for a stand-by in case of any accident to the main ones, I had pieces of wood fastened cross-wise to keep the rope from chafing on the rock. Ahead, on either bow, and at a proper distance off, were the heaviest anchors, with about twenty fathoms of chain on each, while more away on the starboard bow, from whence came the heaviest blows of wind (S.W. to S.S.W.,) I had the stream anchor laid out, with a stout hawser attached; and again, on the starboard quarter, another line fastened to the rocks. All these having been properly placed and then hove tight in due proportion with each other, we succeeded in thus mooring the schooner in perfect safety, at about a biscuit's throw from the shore, and in the deep hole of water I have mentioned. It was not done, however, without some trouble, owing to the great quantity of kelp in the harbour, which catching our lines made it very inconvenient to haul them tight when once let down in the water, if an end was fast to an anchor or on the shore. It was the same with our chains; and often during the two years did we experience great difficulty in getting the ship under way owing to being entangled with the kelp. Undoubtedly it is wise to keep clear of this kelp; but there are some places where you must go into it, or remain in such deep water where it would be folly for a small vessel to drop anchor. This will be seen as I proceed with my narrative. At present we have only to do with Keppel Harbour, which was everywhere covered

with kelp, except in the channel I have described, and the immediate spot where I had moored the schooner; and also except adjoining a sandy beach.

Previous to our getting off the second patch of sand we had grounded upon, I had, at low water, well examined the hull of the vessel; and, from a careful inspection, it was found that not even a piece of copper had been ripped off or indented. Now that she was well moored and quiet, I tried the pumps, to see if she made any more water than usual; but her customary leak had not at all increased. Thus satisfied, my mind was so far relieved; and I was able to turn to other matters. The first thing was, to fix upon a place on shore for the house; then one for the stores from the vessel; and, finally, consider as to the best mode of landing them; whether by boat or raft, and pulled by oars or as a ferry. These were points I had now to reflect upon; consequently, after giving orders to the mate for washing decks and making all snug, it being Saturday, I went on shore with the Doctor, to once more have a look at the land, and decide upon a suitable site.

The bluff point west of us was a flat tongue of land with abrupt rocky cliffs on that side next the bay; and with a beach of sand, mud, and stones on the side next the cove. The cliffs rose to the height of about twelve feet; and the tongue of land was about a mile and a half long, by three quarters broad at its base near the valley between the principal mountains. This place seemed to offer several advantages for temporary, if not permanent occupation. In a business point of view it was well situated, being in a central position, and close to where the ship could come. Accordingly ground was at once marked off, and pegs put in, to indicate the site of the house. Taking measurements to enable me to form my plans upon paper, that when begun the work might thenceforth proceed in order and with each of us having our allotted task, I returned on board; and then together the Doctor and I

drew up certain resolutions as the first official act in connection with our proceedings at the Mission station. I say the *doctor* and I, because he joined in them; but I must take the responsibility of framing and inditing them, be they right or wrong, he merely subscribing to each as a matter of form. These resolutions expressed in writing what were our plans and the *modus operandi* of carrying them out. When finished, and everything settled as to the commencement of our work on shore, I next began upon my paper, and laid out a course of future proceeding, apportioning to every one a certain task. I would here suggest a similar course in all undertakings where much has to be done with small means and but little time to do it in. If an hour or two be previously devoted to a consideration and planning upon paper, then when the work is begun, nothing need hinder its direct progress; but, if this forethought and laying down a system to be adopted be not attended to, the labour is much increased, and the labourers are impeded by alterations or errors that often arise from a want of due arrangement at the beginning.

The next day, being Sunday, was of course a day of rest; that is, as far as we ourselves were concerned; as for the elements, the case was different. It was blowing very heavy from the N.W. I was, however, not sorry for this, as it enabled me to test the security of our present position, and the strength of our fastenings to the rocks. Everything held on admirably. There was, of course, a great strain upon the hawsers on our starboard quarter; but it was a *steady* strain, not a *jerking* pull; for the water was as smooth as a mill-pond. To ease the pressure upon one quarter of the ship, I attached to the hawser a stout guy from the other quarter; and, bracing it in, thus divided the strain upon the timbers.

The services this day on board were conducted by the Doctor and myself. I adapted a portion of the Church

service to our especial case; and read a prayer for the Society at home as well as abroad.

It may be that some would think I was going out of my especial calling; but not so. As the head of the little family on board it was my duty, as it always is my pleasure, to see the offices of public worship properly attended to, and the worship itself invariably maintained. Perhaps there are no class of men in the world more *truly* religious than sailors. As a direct proof of this, I might refer to the late Arctic expeditions, and to many of our most noted naval commanders. It is not, however, easily understood. For, to a landsman, the careless, rollicking, light-talking sailor, or the dashing, brave, and perchance *stern* commander, has little about him of the more sober and strongly marked frequenter of his church at home; yet, it is nevertheless true, that inwardly he is a sincere and stedfast believer in the beauties and consolations of religious faith. I hesitate not to say that our sailors, despite all their outward seeming, and their apparent disregard of well-meant pulpit teaching (often of too high a tone, or too cramped a spirit), are, as a whole, anything but the irreligious class many make them out to be. Where will you find more earnest and attentive hearers when a discourse is given them that they can understand? Where men more ready, by their sympathy, their manly aid, their rough but kind attention, and their ever-open purse, to practically illustrate the heavenly doctrines of the blessed Founder of our faith? But their very nature, and their occupation, are against the appearance of what persons of quieter pursuits alone conceive religion to be; and the same remarks apply, I imagine, to our soldiers, and to many on shore who cannot take up with, or admit the superficialities that unfortunately are too often exhibited by even real followers of religion. For myself, I must confess that, latterly, I more and more dislike the mere outward profession, and the talk about it There seems

to be too much of making, as it were, a trade or worldly occupation of that which should in reality be a solemn affair between a man's own heart and his Maker. But we have all our duties, in this matter, to perform, according as we feel that within bidding us to act. Some can do it better than others; yet all, when placed in certain positions, should try. My position at this time was one that called upon me not to forget this important subject. He whose particular calling,—whose occupation it was, had failed in doing aught but spreading—perhaps with good intent—erroneous ideas in the minds of some of his hearers who were not educated enough to know better. It was my duty, therefore, as captain of the ship, to remedy this as far as I could; and, like the parent in a house, strive to bring us all together as one little band of brothers entirely by ourselves, and, therefore, perhaps more keenly alive to the necessity for a watchful Providence to guard and protect us. What course I pursued would be too long here to dwell upon; but as some of my readers interested in this Mission may like to know what were my habits in this respect on board the mission ship, I will briefly give an account of one day's religious services.

At breakfast hour, on deck if possible, there was a portion of the psalm for the day; a sentence or two from the Gospel; sometimes a hymn; and then one of the prayers from a little book of my own, called "Daily Service in the Cottage." Occasionally this would be varied by something extempore, if the weather was too rough or circumstances required it. In the evening at eight a similar course was pursued; and, from our arrival at Keppel Island until events occurred that prevented me, I personally carried on this duty. At times when the vessel was at anchor, and the work of the day was over, I would have all hands down in the cabin, and from some useful or entertaining book give the men an hour's reading;

and I believe this was a real good to all of us. I never kept too much to one subject; but whenever I found a particular subject hang heavy, or that my hearers were being too much led away by any light tale that I indulged them with, I immediately, after finishing that work, took up another of a different tendency. This was the case, also, with whatever we fell in with that was new or interesting on shore. If it served to illustrate or at all explain any portion of the day's Scripture, I called their attention to it; as for instance when we first fell in with the herds of wild cattle on the hills of East Falkland, this served to explain Ps. l. 10, which was the lesson for the day; and so with many other things. On Sundays, in addition to this I performed the morning and evening service, slightly abridged and altered to suit us. But it so happened that no prayer books had been put on board, and had it not been for four or five of my own that fortunately were among my books, we should have been at a loss. However, some months after our arrival at the Falklands, and when on a visit to Stanley, the colonial chaplain, the Rev. Mr. Faulkner, kindly supplied this want. Hymns, according to occasion, and selected from the "Cottage Hymn Book," were sung on the Sundays; and at morning service I read a short sermon from another book of my own, one I had had on several voyages, and called "Sea Sermons." These I had also to slightly alter or omit in some parts; and when anything particular required it, I gave either a written or extempore discourse of my own. That no mistake may arise as to what I *did say* on such occasions I have thus explained my usual course, and can refer to my papers still by me; and it is also right to say that I was mainly indebted to the useful little publication by Captain F. Harding for the Arctic expeditions, and "A Prayer" for the same expeditions, given me by Lady Franklin.

The day following (Monday, February 5th) was a great

day for our little community, and, as I believe it has since been considered also for the friends of the Society at home. It was the day of the formal occupation of, and officially taking possession of, Keppel Island for the purposes of the Mission. But, lest it be thought that in this I was acting presumptuously, I must inform the reader that it was no more than I, or rather the land superintendent, was authorised to do by the permission granted to our Society by the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for the Colonies, which gave us a right (so said our papers from the Committee) to choose any place we liked, and then, as I have before mentioned, purchase it. Moreover, one of the Committee, a naval officer of note, had expressly told us "to choose and *take possession* even before going to the seat of Government to notify our arrival, or what we intended to do." Accordingly, for that and other reasons of a private nature, as mentioned in our papers, I on this day in the name of, and for, the Mission took formal possession of this island. To dwellers at home, always accustomed to sights and shows, and glittering pageants, it may appear ridiculous that we should have made any ceremony or parade about this simple act of taking possession; nay, that there was not even the need to go through any formal act; but, to us, away from every one else—out of the busy hum of the world—lost for a time to the society of our fellow creatures—the case was different. It was quite an event; and also to my mind necessary, if I may use the word, in a political point of view, as well as a social one. To make it something of a gala day was desirable. It would serve to impress us who were present at the ceremony, as well as those afar off at home. At all events, I determined that the taking possession should be done in style; not from mere vanity (for before whom could we be vain?), but that, if this were to be the future home of the Mission, there might

be nothing on our part omitted that should positively affix our mark of right and title to the place, as the first lawful claimants under the grant of the Crown. Accordingly, at an early hour, preparations were made; and, the morning being very fine and auspicious, the vessel was dressed in colours from top to toe, while all hands were directed to equip themselves in their best attire. One man alone, and he, strange to say, the Hindoo cook, was unable to attend, from an attack of cramp in the stomach; but the thought of our dinner did not trouble us, though no one else could be spared to cook it. After breakfast I summoned the entire land and sea party to the quarter deck, and after telling them what was about to be done, gave the necessary orders for every one to proceed on shore.

Myself and the doctor dressed for the occasion, and accompanied by my wife we left the ship, and walked up to the tongue of land whereon I had marked the site of the house. Here a flagstaff (a spare top-gallant mast) had been erected, and seats and tables arranged around it. Immediately upon my arrival, the national colours, a silk flag of my own, given me a year or two previously by a friend of Arctic enterprise, the Honourable Mrs. C——, were hoisted to denote that the land was British property belonging to the Crown. This done, and all hands arranged in order, the proceedings commenced with certain prayers and necessary forms.

When the more religious part of the proceedings had terminated, the doctor and I each addressed the men, impressing upon them the necessity of care and attention, and a faithful performance of their duties. The doctor was very impressive, and evidently felt desirous at that time to relieve me of some trouble by himself setting the example of ready obedience, and publicly pledging himself to follow my directions and attend to my orders, until the house was erected and the land party properly established on shore. All promised a similar line of conduct, and, accordingly,

when I had done addressing them, I closed the entire proceedings by giving the remainder of the day as a general holiday, telling the men to run about where they chose, but to be back by sunset, and to be particularly careful that nought was done to mar the general happiness of the party. Strange to say, in less than two hours more, an injury had been done that had nearly put an end to the Mission, while it threw upon me such an amount of anxiety and distress, besides heavy personal labour, that for a long time afterwards I felt its ill effects. It arose in this way.

After the ceremony of taking possession was over, we all returned on board for some cold food; and then the men went away, some in one direction and some in another. Later in the day I was on shore again, sketching from the site of the house, when I saw three of the men coming up the cliffs rather hurriedly towards me. One of them was W——, the man whom I have repeatedly mentioned as being so insubordinate; another was the mason; and a third I forget. Little supposing that aught was wrong, I merely glanced at them, and continued with my pencil sketching the bay. In this position my back was towards the main valley, and therefore I could see nothing in that direction, though, on once glancing round, about half an hour previously, I fancied there was smoke in the hollow between the hills. This, however, gave me no concern beyond a moment's shadow of vexation, fearing that the men might have lit a bonfire, against my repeated warnings not to do so, on account of the grass being so parched; when I was startled by W—— saying to me, in his usual independent way, "Oh, please Sir, I am sorry to tell you, spite of all what you said to us, we've had an accident, and we tried to put it out, and we couldn't; so we thought it best to come and tell you as it's already near half a mile wide, and we ran all the way." Never shall I forget his words, nor

the amazement I was in, on hearing him utter what was to me, who knew something of these wild-fires in Australia, such a terrible tale, and so abruptly. "A what?" said I, throwing down my book and pencil, and springing to my feet. "A what?"

"Yes, true enough, and sorrow enough it is, Sir," said the mason coming up; "but the fact is, Sir, the place is a-fire, and unless it be put out soon 'twill burn up everything!"

"And whose doing, pray, was this?" said I, in that sharp and angry manner I could not help displaying. Now, what was the answer of the man who set himself up as the best, if not the only good man in the ship, and yet, who was, as I found out months afterwards, the guilty party? Why, he told me it was the mason, and allowed that noble-minded fellow to take the blame, he having previously arranged, as stated in the evidence that ultimately had to be collected, to let me think he did it rather than that W——, whom only that very morning I had forgiven for insolence to the mate, should suffer punishment. I say noble-minded fellow, for, though throughout, by one and all, there was great deception practised utterly unworthy of any body of men calling themselves better than other men, yet, as he for a long period unflinchingly bore my anger, and sometimes passionate observations, without betraying the other man, I consider him deserving this encomium. Meanwhile, let us turn to the moment when I first received the information.

CHAP. VIII.

Abundance of Wild Game.—Seals and Porpoises.—Dismantle the Ship.—Get the Stores and Material for the House on Shore.—Contrivances to land the Things.—Shears erected against the Cliffs.—Pigs, Sheep, and Poultry landed; also the Oils, Powder, and various similar Stores.—A Raft made.—Bricks conveyed on Shore.—Find the Fire increasing.—The Valley one complete Mass of burning Flame.—Fears in connection with it.—Rapid Spread of the Flames.—West Point Plains covered.—Hasty and exciting Removal of the Stores and combustible Materials.

THE first expressions of anger over, I lost no time in ascertaining from the rest of the men, who had now arrived, what was the extent of the fire and the probability of it increasing. This they assured me was comparatively trifling; and, as the locality was some distance off, I apprehended no present danger, especially upon the tongue of land we were on, which could be reached from the fire only by its taking a circuitous route, and crossing a rugged patch of what I thought was incombustible scrub. I therefore took all hands on board with me, and left the fire to itself, hoping that it would not spread much farther. That evening I commented strongly upon the careless conduct that had been displayed in spite of my exhortations, and of promises made me to the contrary. Most of the men admitted the force of my remarks, and said it was not properly requiting the kindness shown to them, nor remembering the circumstances connected with the day.

The foraging parties had in their walks come across numbers of freshwater ducks and teal. Some of these

were brought on board, and, with six fine geese, we had a good supply of game. Indeed all the time we were here the ship was plentifully supplied with wild game, by either myself or the doctor using our guns.

This evening we observed some seals playing about near us. They seemed to have no fear, and, like the birds, to come and go without any dread of being captured. Porpoises also came up to the head of the bay, and sometimes at high water quite into the cove; but we never caught one, not being sufficiently expert with the harpoon.

The next morning it was foggy, but calm, till 10 a.m., when the breeze got up from N.N.W., freshening and drawing round to S.W., where it was blowing a heavy gale until evening, when, as usual, it went down again. As the wind was against our easily landing the material for the house without getting it wetted, I devised a plan to send on shore all the tar, pitch, rough timber, &c.; and while the carpenter and mason were at work running up temporary sheds made of scantling to receive the sails, the mates and part of the crew set to work and got them unbent, and the yards and topmasts on deck, stripping the ship entirely to her lower masts and rigging. These topmasts, yards, and the gear belonging to them were immediately taken on shore and placed against the cliffs and on top. Some of the rough timber was immediately laid, triangle fashion, for a pigsty; and into this our Fernando pig, which had been christened Dennis, was removed out of our way on board. All hands, except —— and Ali, were as busy as bees, moving about with such order and such a perfect understanding and cheerfulness that it was a pleasure to see them. The doctor and I were dragging heavy pieces of timber up the cliffs and on to the level ground; my wife was superintending the culinary department on account of the cook still complaining; the mates were—one in the hold at a particular duty, with two men to help him—the other, with two more men, transporting the things from the ship to the

shore, where the doctor and I received them. Even the dogs were busy chasing the wild fowl; though, after a run to do them good, we soon put a stop to that work as being injudicious. No one was idle except the two I have alluded to, and these were the one, as I have said, sick, the other acting in a way that finally compelled me to give him twenty-four hours to decide as to one of two alternatives: a total disseverance from us as a party, or a ready co-operation in the work, and that necessary obedience to my authority as captain of the vessel which the nature of the case demanded, and which every one else admitted and cheerfully yielded.

Through the day we all worked hard; for time was an object with us. Casks of tar, pitch, cans of turpentine, our powder, shot, spare planking, heavy spars, and almost everything except the provisions and house, were landed; our plan being to *buoy* a line from the shore to the ship, so as to keep it up *on* the water and free from getting under the kelp, and by the aid of this to haul our boat-loads on shore, round the rocky point west of us, into the cove and upon the sandy beach under the cliffs. The doctor and I were as often in the water as out of it, dragging the timber up above-water mark, and getting everything in secure places; for, owing to the present period being spring-tides, we found hardly any room under the cliffs at high water.

It must not be thought I had forgotten the fire. This had occupied my mind early in the morning, and I had sent to see about it; but, though still burning, it was at such a distance off, and apparently going away from us, that I did not at that time fear any danger. However, before leaving the shore for the day, the doctor and I went to have a look at it. It was raging fiercely, and would have defied our utmost efforts to put it out. At about two miles up the valley, and on the southern slope of Cove Hill, it extended in one grand blaze for more than a mile in length, by perhaps a quarter of a mile broad. It was a

strange and thrilling spectacle! but, as at this time it was absolutely nothing to what it afterwards became, I shall merely say now that, perceiving it useless to attempt checking it, and seeing that it was spreading in a direction away from us, I saw no reason to alter any of my plans; and therefore returned to the ship, not, however, without some misgiving on my mind concerning it.

At night we could see the fire in the distance looking very grand; and thinking it well to be prepared for any change in its direction, I gave orders to the watch on deck to report anything concerning it that would seem to denote this change. Night passed on, however, without any alarm; and we went to work again on the following morning as we had done on the previous day.

Amongst other tasks that I had performed this day was the necessary one of lifting our starboard anchor and carrying it farther out to the south-west with a greater length of chain, for I found that the wind was so heavy from that point that it would make us more secure if such was accomplished. But, owing to the kelp, this was no easy job; for boats, oars, lines, and buoys, got so entangled in the weed that it not only doubled our labour, but often frustrated some movement we wished to make. However, it was accomplished before the daily gale got up, and by ten o'clock we were at work on the cliffs again.

As we were now about to send on shore some wet provisions, that is, meats, &c. (for all dry goods I kept on board until a proper storehouse was ready to receive them), I thought it well to rig shears against the cliffs, with a stage and tackles to more easily get things hoisted to the top. This done, we next cut steps in the earth to run up and down by, and quickly got most of our heavy things and provisions on shore. At high water we were saved much trouble by being able to carry everything nearly under the shears, and hoist them up from the boats; but at low water the labour was very severe, on account of the greater

distance we had to carry things. My wife, as was her kindly custom, looked to see that every one's food was properly attended to. The wild birds made us an excellent seapie; and, as a treat, and to help the work, I occasionally gave some of my beer. The fire, however, now began to get troublesome in the quantity of smoke it sent down upon us, the wind on this day being more along the valley; yet not for one moment did I conceive there was any necessity for my stopping the work on account of it. There was too much to do before the rains set in; and it was necessary to get these stores and other things on shore to reach the house; hence, stoppage of any kind could not be thought of. One thing that I did, as a measure of precaution, was to keep the ship's sails, rigging, &c., on the opposite, or East Point, so that they should not be mixed up with the house materials; and it was well I did so, as will be soon seen, for it helped to save us very much trouble.

We landed our pig to-day, and also the dogs, poultry, and sheep. The pig began to burrow most lustily; but we had to fasten up the dogs, for fear of their worrying the geese and wild fowl.

Some of us, myself among the number, did not escape without severe bruises; but fortunately, no accident to need the surgical skill of our doctor. The working hours I had fixed from six to six; and though it would have been to our advantage had we worked later in the often calm evenings, yet I could not tax the men any more, especially as they had each to keep a watch of two hours at night. On Saturdays my general rule was to wind up work and clear decks in the forenoon; giving the men the rest of the day to wash clothes, mend, and do what they required for themselves. This kept the Sunday free from all unnecessary labour.

The next day, all the morning was occupied in making a raft, and in towing the timber and framework of the

house on shore. This was done at high water, which now occurred at a good time for us, before noon. We well loaded the raft alongside, and then, hauling it on shore as far as we could towards the cliffs, left it to ground on the sandy part of the beach as the water receded. When this first raft load was gone, the next task was to get out the bricks and send them on shore in the long boat. These bricks were in the lazaret; and I therefore myself got them out of that place, fearing the men might jar against the barometer in the cabin, unless I were with them, as we passed them on deck, and thence over the ship's side, through the gangway port.

But we were now doomed to have a sudden cessation put to all our labours. Working in the hold, I had not paid that minute attention to the fire that perhaps I ought to have done. I had felt the smoke becoming more and more intolerable; but, seeing the flames *ascending* Cove Hill, away from us, I little imagined that the destroying element was also travelling fast towards the very spot we had occupied with our stores and timber, and was, indeed, right down upon us. In fact, I could hardly have conceived it possible; the distance, and the circuitous course it would have to come, seemed to negative such an idea. Yet it actually was so, and that too before I was well aware of it; for not until the increasing heat after dinner warned me that all was not right did I conceive it necessary to go and again examine. With the doctor I walked up the tongue of land towards a rise it took, at about half a mile from West Point; and no sooner had we reached that part than the full extent of danger burst upon our startled senses. Before us, the whole valley was one awful mass of flame; and burning bushes, with thousands of little dancing fires, were coming with remarkable rapidity towards us. At our feet,—for we had advanced as well as the suffocating smoke and the intense heat would permit us to come near the edge of the burning ground,

—scores of the globular bog-balsams were glowing with livid fire, while the fachinal and other shrubs crackled in the flames as they became readily ignited at the first touch of the burning element. The parched-up grass was speedily devoured; and, like magic, did the fire spread in every direction, but especially so toward us. Even before we could recover our nearly stupefied faculties (which were all but enchained in admiration and awe), the surface fire had got around, and made us hastily retreat. Moreover, no time was to be lost; and the moment I recovered myself, and took in at a glance the extent of danger, perceiving that nothing, not even the trying to cut it off, could stop its progress to the point, we hastened at our utmost speed to the working party on the cliffs. With rapid utterance, I gave orders to cease everything but getting the powder and inflammable materials away from their present dangerous position, across the water to the other point. That was our only chance: to get them on board was impossible in the time: for I calculated that not more than an hour, or at most an hour and a half, would elapse, before the main body of fire would be upon us.

Summoning every one to the task, and, I must confess, with bitter reproaches levelled at him who had, as I was informed, caused this lamentable fire, I issued directions what to do. And surely did we one and all work and do, as perhaps none of us had ever worked or done before, or shall do again. Things were lifted and carried about that I am certain no man amongst us could have touched for the same purpose at any other time; but such was the excitement and the danger, that we seemed endowed with double strength. Certain it was, that in remarkably quick time, we cleared the cliffs of all the large quantity of stores, timber, plank, and other material we had been placing there during the last three days. It was, however, but barely in time; and even before we had done, it was necessary to try and deaden the

progress of the flames towards us, by saturating the grass with water. Vain, however, the scores of buckets of water we scattered about, as they were passed by hand from the water side and over the cliffs to the fire. Vain, also, an attempt to beat and trample it down by bushes, and even by our feet; and strange, almost mad, would we have appeared to any one who could have seen us jumping upon and kicking about the fire, and dashing in amongst the flames regardless of all else but to try and extinguish some of the most dangerous patches. Wet sacks were tried, by dragging them over the advanced portion of the flames; and more like inhabitants of a lower region did we all appear—begrimed with dust and smoke, and clothes and boots singed by the hot embers we had to tread upon—than staid missionaries.

It was a time of intense excitement, and somewhat agonizing to the feeling. All of us were alarmed, for had the fire caught our stores, where could we have got more? I knew the state of funds at home; I knew that *all* was with us; and many amongst us knew the same. Were our present supply, or even the timber, to be consumed by this terrible conflagration, there would then be an entire stop to the work. Dispirited at hearing nothing but disasters, the public would not come forward to assist any more. Hence the necessity for the great exertions shown at this time to save the property; and I must here express myself in high terms of the conduct of my crew as well as of the land party. At such a moment it was necessary, and I did not hesitate about it, to give every one a good dram, my wife kindly officiating as caterer. She was also most active in aiding us by wetting the sacks, and throwing about the water. Indeed, so eager for the general good, and yet so regardless of personal danger was she, that once or twice I had to caution her, and finally get her to desist. I dreaded her clothes igniting; for, before one was aware of it, the grass would, by a kind of electric

touch from the heated currents of air, become on fire around where we stood. Thus, then, I got her to go on board, and to give directions to the cook and the boy to clear the vessel's decks, close the hatches, and pump ship; but even on board it was almost unbearable. So close as we were to the cliffs, the heat was terrible, while the dense smoke proved all but suffocating. This, amongst other thoughts, flashed across my mind; and directly I had got the top of the cliffs cleared, and everything placed on the beach and upon the raft, I went on board to see if it would be necessary to at once move the schooner down the bay. But I fancied we could yet hold on; at all events until the stores were moved across the water to East Point. Accordingly we went to work at this; and, by eight o'clock, effectually secured everything in safety. The pig, poultry, and dogs, were properly attended to; and our sails, some dry stores, and whatsoever might be damaged in case it rained, were well covered over with planks and tarpaulins. We then went back to West Point, and unrigged the shears, leaving them under the cliffs, but fastened to the rocks so that they should not float away. Thus, in less than four hours did we, by an effort that I really believe could never be made again, transplant across the water the whole of that material which it had taken us three days to put on shore.

When we got on board, every one was dead beat and exhausted. I therefore sent the men to their sleep, myself keeping on deck, and once again visiting the shore; until, at about 11 o'clock, I set a watch and then went below. To sleep, however, was nearly impossible, on account of the heat and smoke. We were enveloped in a dark gray canopy, that effectually prevented our seeing, even so far as the cliffs, except by the strange and lurid glare of forked flames that occasionally became conspicuous through this belt of dreadful smoke. Overhead, I could perceive that the night was clear and fine; but around us, it was a demon-like habitation.

I was unable to sleep; for my mind was full of the occurrences of the last few hours. It was occupied with considerations as to what should next be done. Foiled in our effort to fix the house upon West Point, I turned my attention to the opposite side, where we had been obliged to carry our effects. I would not be discouraged: another trial should be made: and, if upon the morrow I found East Point at all suitable, we would go to work there, as, on account of the formation of the land, I did not think it at all likely the fire would get so far. Nevertheless, we would guard against it, by clearing a space right across the peninsula, and thus effectually stopping the progress of the flames, should they chance to fly round in that direction. To delay long, considering and re-considering, would never do. Therefore, as far as I was personally concerned, I determined that we would go to work again; and, as we had now been through fire and water in attempting to establish ourselves, we might reasonably feel that our initiation was over, and that we could henceforth battle with any difficulties. Arriving at this conclusion in my own mind, I at length succeeded in getting to sleep, and thus becoming refreshed for the labours of the ensuing day.

CHAP. IX.

Reconsideration of Plans.—Temporary House erected.—Live Penguin on board.—Hawks very troublesome.—Awful Magnificence of the Fire.—Miles of burning Ground.—Hill-tops covered with Flames.—A grand and startling Spectacle.—Walk across the Island.—Discover Fragments of a Wreck.—Sea-bird Cave.—Description of the Seals and Sea Lion.—Penguin and Albatross Rookery.—Wrecks of the "George Butts" and the "Glaucus."

THE next morning I allowed all hands an hour longer in their berths before turning out to the day's labours. The smoke was still most intolerable; but, upon examination, I found that the fire on West Cliff was considerably less, and now only in isolated patches. Beyond it, however, and at the head of the cove, it was evidently burning fiercely, and spreading up the hills and along the valleys and ravines in every direction. It was a truly wonderful sight; and though I had seen bush fires more terrible in Australia, yet in the present conflagration there was a marked peculiarity which distinguished it from all others. It seemed as if the *earth* itself was burning, and that one huge crater of volcanic matter was before us. Some of the old paintings of the bottomless pit, and the flames never to be quenched, might have aptly had their original in the present picture However, neither our time nor the circumstances of the case would permit any long contemplation of the scene before us. The doctor and I had a consultation as to what now was best to be done. I did not tell him what plan I had myself formed; but asked him, as the land-superintendent, what he suggested.

I found, as I had expected, much indecision; but at last he came to the conclusion that "we should abandon Keppel Island as unsuited for us."

Now, in regard to this fire, though at present most annoying, yet I knew that, by and by, it would prove beneficial to the soil, if it did not become too destructive by also injuring the crops of tussack. It occurred to me, therefore, if we could but hold on for awhile, especially as we had got so many things out of the vessel, all would be well. The doctor as readily acquiesced in this view as in everything else that left the responsibility to me; and, accordingly, we determined to walk over the north-east peninsula, and see what it was like before finally deciding.

We found this peninsula to possess several advantages that would suit us if the mission were located here. It was, as I have already stated, divided from the main island by a narrow isthmus, and possessed some good soil, abundance of tussack, and plenty of water; though the latter was rather far from the Point. Geese were in great numbers; and many seals lay about the rocks, bellowing lustily like a bull. Near Reef Point there was some very fine sand, that hereafter would prove useful; and not far from there, towards the west, was a splendid hard sandy beach, curving inward, and extending for nearly a mile. This beach I called upon my map the Esplanade, for it was here that we often took our walk looking for shells, and enjoying the sunny weather from the north, which quarter it faced. Upon our return from this inspection, the matter was decided. We were to make another trial, and to build a temporary house on the extremity of East Cliff. As the day was now too far advanced to begin upon it at once, I allowed the men to attend to their own affairs, after some necessary duty done on board. The following day being Saturday, and the fire still burning upon West plains and up to the Point, I sent parties out to make an inspection as to the

extent of the conflagration. While they were away, I again marked out a site for the house; which, according to a plan I had made, was to have six rooms; and then began digging holes for the posts and uprights. We were greatly annoyed, however, by the dust and fine dry earth, which flew up into our eyes and nearly blinded us. The rooks, too, were very troublesome. Once, in company with some hawks, they actually attacked me, and would have taken my cap had I not well defended myself. The hawks were particularly savage, and I frequently noticed them darting down to try and seize some unlucky water fowl; but these latter generally escaped by remaining for a long time under water.

At evening the crew returned, bringing with them a great number of geese, ducks, teal, &c., and a live penguin. They informed me that the fire was over a large portion of the island, and burning very fiercely. They reported coming across portions of a wreck on the beach in North-west Bay; and that signs of persons having apparently resided there were perceptible. This determined me to take an early opportunity of personally visiting that part of the island; but to do so now was out of question. Moreover, had there been any persons in distress on the island, they would have known, by the fire, that others besides themselves were not far off, and would have sought us out.

The following day, being Sunday, was of course kept quiet; though, in the afternoon, I had to go on shore, on account of the fire upon West plains, which kept burning to the very edge of the cliffs. I was afraid some of the flakes might fly on board; but fortunately nothing of any size or that was dangerous came near us. Perhaps one of the most interesting sights connected with the fire was the burning bog-balsams. Many of them were quite hollowed out; the round green raspberry-like surface remaining untouched, even while the fire would

be raging within. I saw several of these in this form; and for months after the fire was extinguished they showed this peculiarity.

The following week was occupied in building the house and getting the land party on shore. The carpenter, mason, and I put up the timbers; the two mates and crew got the material from the ship; while the doctor and P—— cleared the grass entirely across the point, and at about half a mile from the house, leaving nothing but the bare earth, so as to prevent the fire coming beyond a certain limit. In four days we had the roofing on, and the inferior made perfectly watertight. Flooring was put down; doors hung; windows of oiled calico fixed up; and altogether it was anything but a poor habitation. One of the rooms was for the doctor; one for P——; a third for the clergyman if he came before the large house was erected; another one was for the two landsmen; a fifth as a kitchen; and the other for a store-room. Between the whole of the rooms was a middling-sized hall, in which the party dined. Everything was strong and secure; and as a proof, it may be stated that for more than nine months it was occupied with comfort by the shore party. On the fifth day the doctor and his detachment took possession of the building; stoves having been properly fixed, and the piping carried up through the roof.

As it was necessary that none of the planking or timber belonging to the proper house should be cut, if it could be avoided, I made this building principally from the posts and rails and lining of the store house, and the corral and spare material. I kept to one plan; though the carpenter, who in this acted under my directions, often wished to alter something. I told him that my fashion might not be the exactly correct one, nor in accordance with his more workmanlike way; but, as it was only to be temporary, and speed in erecting it was essential, I must let him this time follow my ideas, and not work upon his own. I had

seen and assisted in putting up colonial homes before; and accordingly, where comfort only was concerned, in addition of course to strength and security, I preferred my own way, leaving to him the more elegant and superior building that was to be permanent. We got on very well together. He was, in many respects, a good man, and excellent in his trade; and so was the mason. We all worked with a will; and on the Saturday of the week in which we had commenced our task, the land party received into their house all the stores and material for a twelvemonth that belonged to them.

While the house was building, I had some English potatoes set; not with any hope, at that time of year, of their coming to perfection, but merely as a trial. However, they never came to any account, beyond just showing a little green. The pig and poultry got on tolerably; but the latter were much worried by the hawks and rooks. The two dogs* were in their glory, dashing after the water fowl whenever allowed; and the cat was also doing well. Thus then at the return of our next Sabbath day our otherwise uninhabited island presented somewhat of the aspect of an embryo colony. There was the house, with its door, facing the north-east, on account of there being less wind from that quarter, while everything was close and secure at the part that looked to the S.W. whence came the heaviest gales;—there was a pigsty, a fowl bin, a carpenter's shed, and a miniature garden. For food, geese and snipes were hopping about close to the door, and we had an abundance of everything in eatables necessary for the remaining portion of the year. Penguins were cooked and tried, but found too fishy. Seal were daily playing about the waters; blackfish and porpoises occasionally gave us a

* These fine animals—a present from some friend of the Mission at home—were poisoned by the Missionary Superintendent directly he arrived, on the plea that they worried the wild game!

look; and innumerable aquatic and land birds surrounded our station.

The weather hitherto had been so far favourable to us. Though there was always plenty of wind, and once or twice a hailstorm, and thunder and lightning, yet the rain had kept off. This was a great benefit, as we were thus able to get everything under shelter in time.

On Sunday the 18th, we had service on board in the morning, all hands except P—— attending; and, as it was the last occasion of our being together officially as one band, I gave the men an extra dinner, and afterwards let them go on shore; the only place, however, where we could obtain a walk clear of the fire, being on the peninsula, or at the S.E. part of the bay. All the rest of the island that was in view appeared in flames.

As the afternoon was fine, the doctor and I, with my wife, walked across the isthmus to Esplanade beach. There we found several sea shells; the remains of a whale's ribs; bunches of kelp like tough old leather; birds wandering about in pairs, quite regardless of us; and a great number of "oyster catchers," besides a variety of smaller birds. Some of the men who had taken the same journey as ourselves fell in with a large seal which gave chase to our dogs, and would probably have injured them but for very prompt intervention. The seal was described as being ferocious, and when first seen was lazily reclining in a crevice of the rocks, but took to the water directly strangers approached. The dogs went in after him, but they found more than their match; and, if I remember rightly, one of them was rather hurt in the mouth.

Upon our return to the ship we found it blowing stronger; and at night it increased to a gale. This fanned the flames, and caused the fire to spread in every direction; and for a long time we remained on deck watching its magnificent appearance. Miles of burning ground—beds

of livid fire—rows of bushes blazing away right and left; on tops of mountains, over plains, across valleys, here, there, and everywhere, in one grand display. It was wonderful to see how it spread; how snake-like and subtle it wound its way round hills and over every obstacle that would have appeared capable of arresting it. The island, as viewed at night from the ship, looked like a large city, with its castles, and towers, and walls, sacked and set on fire by the enemy. Seddon's picture of Titus before Jerusalem, as I had seen it in the Great Exhibition, constantly came before my imagination whenever the burning element took a particular form in its direction; for sometimes it was like thousands of signal fires; at others, from a dark blank there would suddenly arise a brilliant illumination! From top to bottom of the Keppel range of mountain was there this continuous display for about a month; and on Cove hill, and to its very summit, the picture was equally brilliant. It was, in fact, beyond anything I could have conceived, and the grandeur of it at night thrilled the soul and enchained the mind. What surprised me was, that from so simple a thing as throwing a piece of lighted paper on the grass, such a terrible conflagration, now covering a space of several miles wide and broad, should have been produced. Often did I think of the words of the Apostle James, "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Fortunately, by the precautions we had taken about the house, it did not come too near, though it speedily traversed the whole of the north-east peninsula, and everywhere destroyed the tussack; and its devastations were afterwards found on the other side of the Keppel range, which it must have crossed, even to the limits of the island. One or two places alone escaped; probably owing to some shift of wind. Many weeks after it had commenced it went out from want of something more to feed upon. The ashes left by it were singular. As fine as dust, some patches were black,

others gray, and a third lot red. On taking this ash in the hand it felt smooth and tender, softening under the pressure of the fingers as a paste would. Heaps of it lay about wherever you walked; and the earth itself, charred and hardened, presented many curious-looking fissures. These probably were caused by the nature of the peaty soil, which, having been thus denuded of its grassy covering, now exposed to view the little hollows that existed. Where the fire had not thus stripped the grass, these hollows were exceedingly dangerous; for in walking upon what one might fancy was level ground, very often the foot went into a hole up to the knee; and, by the suddenness, make it only a chance as to the bone snapping. We frequently had a good laugh at some of these mishaps, though they might have been serious ones.

After getting the house finished and the party properly settled on shore, I resigned my authority over the land; and, formally installing the doctor as director of the mission station, only visited him afterwards as a guest. I delivered to him everything, except a small portion of the house and some bricks not easily come at, that had been put on board for himself and men, and also left with them a ship's boat, until one could be bought for them. The next thing to do was ballasting the ship preparatory to our going round to Stanley, the seat of Government. This ballasting, however, proved very tedious, and took up much time, on account of our boats being too light and good for such work, and also the weather becoming bad, and often putting a stoppage to our crossing the water. The rains came on heavily only two or three days after the party on shore were housed; and on Friday the 23rd we had heavy hailstorms, with the worst gale we had yet met with. It was blowing in terrific squalls, with sharp hail, and very cold. Even the quiet place where we had moored was worked up into a little sea; greatly agitating the ship, and causing her to strain her moorings. All

Saturday, until towards night, it was the same; and, though at such a little distance off, we could not venture on shore with the boats. At nine in the evening, however, it suddenly abated, and soon became nearly calm, with a fine clear night, and a young moon.

The following afternoon the doctor and I, with one or two of the men, walked up the valley towards the fresh-water lakes, the fire now having vacated this part, and gone more away on either side. The lakes were covered with wild fowl; and the geese up here were as plentiful as at our station. The men, however, were already getting tired of them, and had asked for salt meat again; consequently, I would allow none to be unnecessarily killed. The valley appeared to be very fine, and well watered with several good springs, besides three lakes, only one of which was of much depth. Passing these we soon came to a ridge of small hills, through a gorge of which a dried-up creek made its way. Down this we proceeded, and immediately got in to North-west Bay. The beach was, I found, something like Esplanade beach, a fine hard sand, until at the terminating points of the bay it became rocky. In the bay, and up amongst the tussack, here very plentiful, a quantity of planking, driftwood, and timber was found, evidently a portion of it belonging to some wreck. I was convinced of this on walking a little farther and finding a large block, like a butcher's block, smoothed and ready for use; also a preserved meat tin, and a case marked (M) San Francisco. This I immediately opened to try and discover something concerning the wreck; and it was found to contain four large cans of spirits of turpentine labelled "from Wentz and Co., North Thirteenth Street, Philadelphia." These for security, as I thought, and until we could convey them to the ship for delivery to whomsoever might claim them, were taken higher up the beach in amongst the tussack; and with them was deposited a board labelled with the names of various fruits. Con-

tinuing our walk to the right, we came across more timber and planking, and many ribs of a whale.

While thus sauntering along, and little expecting anything but ourselves near, a terrific noise like the bellowing of a bull was heard close upon us; and glancing round from whence it proceeded, I was somewhat startled at seeing a large seal almost at my elbow amidst the tussack roots. It was reclining in a sort of nest, and made no attempt to move, but bellowed lustily all the time. With one blow from an ordinary stick, across the nose, it was soon stunned; and in a few moments more was despatched by the knife of one of our party. As it was too heavy to carry, I had it covered over with plank and stones to keep it from the carrion birds, and left it there until we could make a party on purpose to come here for all we had collected.

Continuing my walk, I next noticed some remarkable cuttings in the rocks, exactly like artificial docks, and with a depth of water enough to float a ship. Beyond these the cliffs became very rugged and abrupt, suddenly terminating in a dark looking, steep, and craggy point. Here I found a deep and singular cavern, evidently extending some distance inland, but how far, I could not determine, on account of the sea rushing within it. It was a most gloomy looking place, having all the horrors of Tartarus about it; yet it was one of those places worth visiting on account of the extraordinary reverberations to be heard, and the curious formation of the rocks, with the abundance of lichens upon them. At some risk I descended to near the water's edge, and also to a little distance within the cavern; but the seaweed and greasy substances under my foot made it too dangerous to venture any farther. The shags and divers were here in countless numbers; and their exudations whitened the rocks in some parts like a coat of paint. To knock down a dozen, or push them with your foot into the water, was an easy,

but a fruitless task; for, being uneatable, it was useless to kill them for the mere sport of doing it.

Turning back from this cave, to which I gave the name of Seabird cave, I cut through the thickly planted tussack and tried to skirt Cove Hill on my way back. But I found that going through tussack heaps was no light task. The stalks and leaves were higher than my head; and the intricacies were so great that I could hardly find a way in any direction. However, I at last succeeded in getting to a spot of ground that I knew, and thence, by crossing to the lakes, ultimately got on board, all of us much tired.

The following day we finished ballasting the ship; and on the next I took all hands with me to where we had discovered the remains of wreck. We started after breakfast, my wife accompanying me. The walk was necessarily tiresome on account of the numerous little hillocks in our path, and the holes I have already spoken of. On arriving at the lakes I saw that the fire, which on our previous visit was more on Cove Hill, had turned and was now in one grand blaze amongst the tussack I had tried to get through. However, with some necessary care, we managed to get clear of all this, and emerged upon the beach near about where we had been before. To my vexation I found the spirits of turpentine all burnt up; and hardly a vestige left of all that quantity of green verdure I had so much noticed. The destroying element had in one day done this, and converted a perfect grove of excellent tussack into heaps of blackened and stunted excrescences. All the way to Seabird cave was this painfully conspicuous; and consequently I lost much of the pleasure in revisiting the place that I should otherwise have experienced.

It was low water when we got to the cave; and this time I managed to get in a little farther. I noticed that the bottom was of a very red colour, and far in it appeared to branch off to the left. The birds here were taking great

care of their young, and evidently did not like my intrusion so far within their haunts.

Returning back to where I had left the dead seal, our party suddenly came upon several that were basking in the sun, while many more were playing in the water close by.

What some of these seals are may be gathered from the following description given by one of the old settlers at Port Egmont. He is speaking of the sea lion, which he states to be of fierce aspect, and of great agility, with long bushy air on his head and neck, and very ferocious. Some of them, he says, are 14 feet long, though I have *measured* none more than 10 feet; but I have seen others that would be quite the length named." "They are," to use the writer's own words, "big as middle-sized bullocks in the foreparts, but decrease towards the tail, where it is divided into two large flippers, having five nails on each; and by the help of these, which they move sideways, and with their two forward ones, these creatures scramble along the rocks as fast as a man can walk, but are soon tired on account of their excessive fatness. We never ate any of their flesh; but the heart and liver of the young cubs were thought by us to be a savoury dish. Of the blubber, which is spread over the whole body to the thickness of six inches, we occasionally made most excellent train oil for our lamps; and might soon have freighted a large vessel, if we had occasion for it. The countenance of this lion is short and broad, like that of a bulldog, but infinitely more savage; the mane hangs very thick and rough about its ears, and its mouth is armed with two long and crooked teeth in each jaw, so strong that they have not unfrequently snapped a large club in two. An unhappy instance of their ferocity a man belonging to the 'Hound' sloop experienced, as he was attacking a very large one with a handspike, for that was the weapon we generally used to engage them with; the poor fellow's

foot slipped in discharging his stroke; upon which the lion immediately seized him, and tore his right leg entirely off just below the knee; the man was brought near 20 miles home to the settlement, but only lived to undergo an amputation. It was observed by a marine who was of the party, that as soon as the animal had tasted the blood, he set up a most hideous roar, and retired to the sea. The lioness is considerably less than the male, and always whelps her cubs on the shore, of which she generally brings forth two at a birth. They are very fierce in defence of their young, but at other times are quite gentle and timid.* The monstrous species of seal, with the trunk nose, is so well described in Lord Anson's voyage, that it requires little or no addition; it has been called by the Port Egmont colonists the clap-match, and we ought in justice to declare, that we found it a truly inoffensive creature. Some of our people used to ride upon its tail when it would be waddling from the tussack to the water; and if it did not move quick enough they would give it a stir with the point of their knife. It is of astonishing bulk, and 26 feet long. Its stomach is very peculiar. The whole of this organ in those we dissected was a cartilaginous substance about as hard as bone, and resisted the edge of the knife."

The seals we now encountered were not so large as those above described; but deeming it a good opportunity for getting some oil, the word was given, and in a short time we had killed four or five of them, merely by a blow from a stick. I did not much like doing it, nor have I since been

* The following extract from an American writer confirms this. He says:—"As a proof of their docility, I may mention that I have taken two young pups, of two or three weeks old, taught them to feed, and kept them with me as pets for two or three months; in which time they became so tame that they would eat out of my hand, expressing for me a great degree of fondness and affection, and soliciting my caresses in the bleating voice of a young lamb."—*Captain Morrell's South Sea Voyage.*

personally present when any were killed; for to my fancy, there is something almost human in their head and eye. Indeed, when those that escaped to the water lifted their heads and roared, I must confess that I felt grieved we should have destroyed any of their number. However, speedily skinning those we had killed, they were put altogether in a place where I could send for them on the morrow, and we then continued our walk back to the sandy beach. There, as my wife was tired, I left her seated upon some of the wreck-timber, and by myself went along the other arm of this bay towards Gull point. On the way I could not but admire the beautiful manner in which kelp grows. Firmly attached to the rocks, the roots and long leaves, when lying on the shore, appear like so many pieces of well-worn leather, but when the tide catches them they stream gracefully away to an immense length. Some kelp has been known to shoot up from a depth of thirty fathoms, and it is always a sure sign of a rocky or stony bottom.*

As I advanced towards Gull point, the cliffs became more abrupt, and hardly left a passage at their base. Several delicious springs of water oozed out from the crevices; and in one place there was a small stream. Near this, and covering the cliffs by thousands, was a rookery or establishment of birds; and close to this rookery, but per-

* "The masses of seaweed are gigantic in form, some being 300 feet in length—some of singular strength and sturdy stems, and becoming as it were oaks in the sea; others, again, spread their tough and leathery substance, like hides, so that buckets, bowls, and cups may readily be made of it.[1] Some form ropes and cables to moor boats with; some yield a jelly pure and tasteless, like isinglass, far exceeding that of the *fucus crispus*, or carrageen moss of our shores; and one pretty tinted green fucus was very acid, being the only species, I am aware of, that has the property."—*Webster's Notes.*

[1] I have known a piece of seaweed to be made into a knife handle by merely sticking the blade in while it was wet, and when dry nothing could pull it out.

fectly by itself, was a regular breeding encampment of young albatrosses or mollimauks, and penguins. As this latter was a sight worth seeing, I ascended the almost perpendicular rocks for the purpose, and then a gratifying spectacle met my eye. The encampment was a cleared oblong space of perhaps some hundred yards in length, by an irregular breadth of not more than a dozen or twenty yards. In this place, and quietly maintaining their dignity, were numerous penguins and mollimauks attending to and taking care of their young; the latter being squatted upon cup-like nests about a foot high. Those upon the nests were young mollimauks, with their feathers just beginning to take the change from a previous down. As I approached them they spouted at me, ejecting some oily substance from their beak, and babbled loudly; but otherwise did not attempt to move. The parents were flying about in all directions—now one to sea—now another back to feed the young. These old ones made no noise; but calmly passed and repassed as if perfectly indifferent to me. The young penguins were upon another kind of nest, and allowed me to pass them without any active notice. They appeared to be divided into certain classes, for some looked more full-grown than others; and, where such was the case, they were clustered together. I was particularly struck with the evident attachment shown by two of the mollimauks to each other; and had my time not been so valuable, I could have stood and watched this colony of birds and penguins for an hour. But I was soon obliged to leave them and complete the examination I had marked out for myself; and which now led me through the encampment, up some rugged steeps, and then to the summit of "Look-out Hill," at the western extremity of Keppel range. This was, in the time of the old colonists, a favourite resort of theirs when watching for the expected storeship. It appears, by the account given, that they here erected a hut and signal station; but though there is a singular platform and

stone beacon, which serves as a mark from the sea, no other indications are now to be found. This beacon is a huge cairn of stones, piled up to about 10 or 11 feet from a large and flat rock, projecting out from the summit of the hill. The height of this cairn from the level of the sea is estimated at 755 feet. It was, I believe, a surveying mark when the last survey of these islands was made. From it an excellent view is obtained out to sea, and over Saunders Island and Port Egmont. Leaving this mountain, I then descended into a high valley, in which was gathered a wild raspberry; and then crossing one of those wondrous "streams of stones," a description of which will be given by and by, I went up another lofty hill, the top of which had nothing upon it but brushwood. After this I returned to the beach, and on the way down, and near high-water mark, some more of the small tins were discovered. Desirous of seeing what they contained, I had one opened; when, to our astonishment excellent preserved peaches met our view. The labels having been washed off had prevented our knowing this before, but now we ate away with a relish that can be imagined. Some were carried to the party left on the sandy beach, and, as we had previously partaken of a cold dinner brought with us, this now served us for dessert.

Several of these tins were afterwards found, and I ultimately ascertained that they, and the other things we had picked up, had formed part of the cargo belonging to a fine American schooner called the "George Butts," wrecked on the Jasons about three months previous. The account of her disaster may be briefly given.

Bound to California, she had sighted the north part of the Falklands, and stood away to the west, intending to go round the islands, and thence through the straits of Le Maire. Unfortunately, due allowance, as I was informed, had not been made for the tide when passing the Jasons, and the result was that before they could

clear themselves they got carried by the current right upon the Grand Jason, and struck heavily, soon becoming a total wreck. Her cargo, consisting of sundries for the Californian market, preserves, fruits, &c., was scattered about in various directions, some, as I have related, being found at Keppel Island, some at other places which I visited, and picked up remnants of the wreck. The news having reached Stanley by means of a sealing schooner that had fallen in with the crew in a boat, Lloyd's agent took the matter in hand and bought up, as he does in nearly every case, the remains of cargo and hull. He was, however, rather tricked this time, for, after or just previous to the customary legal sale by auction, an American whaler that had put in to Stanley for provisions suddenly left, and it is supposed went direct away for the wreck, and partly cleared her. Certain it is that, when Mr. —— sent a little vessel to bring back the prize that he imagined had been secured to him, he found only a portion of what he had expected, and even of that he could only get a moiety, for the wind, sea, and tides made the risk too great to remain there long. Nevertheless, what he did obtain was no bad return for his outlay. The tins of peaches were sold in his store at 2*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.* 6*d.* each, and the bottled fruits (common enough they were) at 11*s.* per dozen; the preserved oysters at 4*s.* 6*d.* per tin; and lobsters in tins at 40*s.* the case of two dozen, each tin being about a half pint. These latter were certainly most excellent, retaining a delicious flavour, and not in the least injured by being wrecked. I bought one case, and still retain a sample for the novelty of the thing, and to be able to testify to their good qualities.

About the time that the "George Butts" was lost, another vessel, called the "Glaucus," a brig, was wrecked on the West Falklands, not far from the same locality. It appears that she got into some of the passages about Governor's Island; anchored, and either drove on shore, or

in getting under way dropped upon the rocks. I do not remember the particulars; for there occurred so many wrecks at the Falklands, that I soon began to look upon them as mere ordinary events, hardly worth inquiring into, *though I could not help wondering how somebody else at home did not make that inquiry.* In the case of the "Glaucus," her cargo in part still lies embedded in the sand and water. Two persons joined this time in buying it and her remains,—Lloyd's agent and a Mr. B——; but here, I believe, there turned out to be a loss, not of material, but from inability to get at it all. Mr. B—— told me that he had equipped a stout little ketch he possesses—or *did* possess, for the other party succeeds in getting hold of everything, as I shall have occasion by and by to show—and, with a crew to be paid at so much per week, away he went towards the scene of the wreck. Being on the other side of the islands, he had to go half way round them; and his crew, not wishing to make too hurried a job of it, kept him at anchor in one place for, I believe, three weeks, pretending it was too rough and dangerous to proceed. The result was, that what with the delay and the wages to be paid—for men there *will* be paid well—this wrecking affair turned out a loss, or something like it. Whether Lloyd's agent suffered as well, I am not competent to say.

CHAP. X.

Description of the Mission Schooner. — Advantage of Order and System.—Internal Fittings arranged to suit the Mission Purposes. —Roomy Accommodation. — Home and its Remembrances. — Domestic Firesides.—Valuable Canary Bird.—Australian Cockatoo. — Cardinal Grosbeak.—Live Pets useful when visiting Savages. — Prepare to visit Stanley.—Make a Plan of the Island.—Departure from Keppel. — Port Egmont. — Visit the Old Settlement. — The former claim of Spain to the Falklands.

HAVING now well examined this part of the island, I gave directions to the officer who had accompanied me from the ship, what he was to do in reference to the things we had collected, and then we set about returning home. *Home*, I say! True, I could *properly* call it so, for it was our only home;—our island home for the one party, our floating home for the other;—both prized, both valued for their comforts and for the hopes connected with each. Both had been made a home—and I speak of homes as, I believe, only the English know them to be—both had been made a home under my own direction, and partly by the labour of my own hands. The ship I had now fitted up so as to give, as much as possible, the comforts and conveniences of home to myself and wife, and whosoever might come with us at any time as a missionary passenger. Putting the Society to no expense; injuring nothing; paying for all myself; and personally doing the work; I had a neatly furnished bed-room; a private sitting-room, which was my library; and our general dining-room; besides four good-sized cabins of 4ft. 2in. by 5ft. 10in. each, for

missionaries. These latter cabins, however, were always occupied with stores and sundries, when not required for visitors. But, as I am now on this subject, and while my wife and I are supposed to be fighting our way, and scrambling through burning patches of tussack and brush-wood towards the harbour, it may not be amiss if I give a short description of this floating home of ours,—one that we occupied for two years and a half, enjoying many comforts (though of our own making) that are rarely met with in vessels of her size, even while we experienced very many inconveniences and discomforts.

Looking at her, as she now lies peacefully on the water, and moored stem and stern, she is seen to be a rather pretty vessel, with black hull, bright masts, and varnished yards, afterwards painted black. Her length is 64 ft., her breadth 15½ ft., her draught of water when only in ballast trim 10 feet 6 inches, and her tonnage 88 by register measurement. In the waist are seen, when hoisted, two fine boats of a peculiar build, something similar to those of the whalers, viz. both ends alike; and over her stern another but smaller boat hangs. Her bulwarks appear higher than many vessels of treble her size, and they are made so for protection and comfort. Glancing at her bow it is seen to be sharp,—too sharp, for it is almost a perfect wedge, straight up and down, with no bearings to lift her by in a sea-way, nor any of that upper fulness so highly important, as I conceive, in all ships. But if this is wanting forward, it is more than compensated for, even to the lessening of her sailing qualities, by what can be noticed aft. There, she is as bulky and large as some of your timber vessels. Proceeding on deck by a quarter gang-way ladder with brass stanchions, and on especial occasions baize manropes, it is at once perceived that the vessel is short, too sharp forward, and too much as if suddenly cut off at the stern, with her masts too close to each other. Apart from this, however, she has the look of

what she really is—a stout, and, in some respects, handsome little craft. When her decks are clear there is good room upon them for moving about, and the height of the bulwarks generally gives a shelter to the crew from the ordinary sprays at sea; though it is very rare, unless in light winds and calms, that a single plank inboard is dry when the ship is under sail.

Beginning our inspection forward, we find all the usual nautical appliances and material in reference to anchors, chains, windlass, &c., all of which are of good quality. Abaft the windlass is a small sliding hatchway with a plate-glass window on each side, and a ladder leading to the department of the crew. This place, called the forecastle, is or was one of the most roomy and comfortable that any sailors could meet with. Eight sleeping berths of the usual dimensions, as ordered by the maritime law; shelves for crockery and books; a table with large bread-locker underneath; and space for chests; give considerably more than the usual accommodation to seamen; and I have reason to know my men were well satisfied with *their* home while in it; the only discomfort being one *I* could not remedy, and that was leaks, and an occasional sea dashing down. Upon deck on the larboard side of the forecastle hatch, is a boxed-in cooking apparatus exceedingly inconvenient, and often causing us to go without a pot meal; but it was the only thing of the kind we could have in so small a vessel, until finally, and at the expense of disarranging the stowage of my boats, I built up another more in amidships. Opposite to the cooking apparatus, and made also box-like with a trap and elevating flaps, so as to match with the other, and make a uniform appearance on deck, was a rather unusual luxury but a very necessary one for the men. Abaft this on both sides of the waist our spare spars were lashed—not projecting out, but one above the other, for neatness and for security, the heaviest of course being lowermost. In amidships on top

of the main-hatch were stowed, when at sea, our two boats, one alongside of the other; the third boat, a small dhingey, being lifted in from over the stern, and lashed inboard upon the taffrail and davits. Next beyond the two boats, was the winch and gallows with crutch for the foreboom; then the hatchway; a ladder to the half deck, where the mates slept and lived; and just behind it the pumps, and on either side our two little signal guns. Then came the mainmast; and upon a spare place next to it the two "harness" or meat casks, painted and fitted to match. After this came a large double-flapped skylight, with windows, shutters, and guards. This belonged to the main cabin; and a little abaft it was the companion or principal entrance to that cabin. Near it, the stove pipe of copper ran up to some height; and attached to it abaft, was the place for the compasses and binnacle light. Directly in front of this was the wheel, &c., and behind that, a fine platform which spread over all the iron work, wheel chains, and rudder gear. On the starboard side of the wheel, and large enough for any one to have taken shelter in, was a well-covered-in flap locker, with pigeon-holes for our flags, and other compartments for the various articles most required on deck, always excepting iron, which, though to my annoyance there was plenty about the rudder, I did not here choose to have so near the compass. On the opposite of the vessel, and exactly to match, was another locker entirely closed in, and only entered from below, for the use of the cabin.

Going down the companion ladder, which was steep and awkward, we find at the bottom, and opposite to us, a small berth with a sliding door. This is for the boy, whose pantry, a tolerably roomy one, is on the left of the ladder, under the binnacle and that part of the deck leading to the wheel. It receives good light from a "bull's-eye" let in to the deck. Shelves, crockery, and all necessary material are to be found here in ample supply. On the right of the

pantry outside is a good cupboard, and near it a door leading to the aforesaid locker for cabin use. On the right of the companion ladder is the door leading into the main cabin. This cabin is nine feet long by seven feet broad. It has an oblong table in the centre, upon which the skylight above throws an excellent, and sometimes in sunny weather superabundant light. At the sides of this main cabin are the four sleeping cabins I have already mentioned; and another one leading out of it on the starboard side astern, and on the right-hand side of the ladder. This latter sleeping cabin has many cupboards and contrivances in it, built to economize space and to give convenience; but the whole is, unavoidably, too awkwardly situated to be of much use. At the after part of the main cabin is a brass stove, let into an iron casing fixed in the partition, so as to be even with a small cupboard alongside of it. It has a good fire-guard; and, save that it had bad ventilation, it was a great boon to us, when after some wearisome work we could sit down for the evening, and with that little *homely* fire before us, enjoy this our present home, and at the same time think of the other far-off home some thousands of miles away.

At the fore part of the cabin, above the table, was a portrait of Captain Gardiner; and swinging from a secure place in another part, was the ship's barometer, my own being in my private cabin. Against the side of the skylight combings was an excellent timepiece of my own, and suspended from proper places was a glass lamp and a tell-tale compass. From the main cabin, two doors, one on either side of the table, led into my private apartments. Both of these rooms opened into each other, were carpeted, and lined with chintz imitating wall-paper. In the right-hand one, many shelves were filled with my books, a collection of my own, and amounting to more than 450 volumes, some of them rather expensive; my nautical instruments; drawing utensils, tools, and a

few pictures, besides my rifle*, revolver, double-barrelled pistol*, fowling-piece, and sword; the ship's fire-arms, in an oblong chest, turned into a good seat; an Harmonium, one of Alexandré's best, a fine musical-box of large size, a concertina, one or two spyglasses, microscope, lenses, &c. &c.; a two-flap Pembroke table, arm-chair, and a sofa, made of another locker or chest, in which I kept the ship's tobacco and other sundries. The bed-room had various conveniences, manufactured and adapted by myself. The berth was lined inside with calico, outside with chintz hangings, and was guarded from wet by oil-cloth, though not always secure from a little dropping through the deck-light. A door from the fore part of the bed-room opened into a small place where a washing apparatus was fixed. From this an opening led into the principal store-room, which was thus always under my own care, as it could only be entered through my place, except when fresh stores were required to be put there from the hold. At that time, and on serving-out days (and I generally served out stores with my own hands, unless too busy), a large door was opened. This door led into the main hold, where, on top of the ballast, our casks of water were stowed, and where I could easily communicate with my two mates, whose cabin, on the starboard side, opposite to the store-room, and next to my library, was built and adapted, also by myself and with my own hands, in every way to make them comfortable. Twelve feet long by six broad, they had in it two good sleeping berths, a table, shelves, crockery, &c.; and with a deck-light, and a good door to shut themselves in when required, I believe that very few officers in vessels of much larger size would find such good accommodation. The hold of the ship was filled principally with ballast,

* These two, given me by a valued friend, were of course not parted with in the general sale that had ultimately to take place at Stanley.

it having been intended, when the agreement was made with me, that she was never to carry cargo; indeed she was never built for it, inasmuch as she required too much ballast on account of the dead wood in her. Entirely for accommodation, and carrying the mission stores to various places, I was to keep her, and indeed joined her, and took command of her, only as a yacht, or not engaged in trading. It was in this capacity we were free in some places from certain dues; and, therefore, had I been inclined to trade, it would have been a deception upon those who, receiving the word of the Committee that she was not for trading, exempted her from payment of all dues.

In my enumeration of various articles in the cabin, all of which I should observe were my own, except what I have named as belonging to the ship, I have forgotten to mention our live pets. One of these was a beautiful and valuable long-tailed canary, a splendid songster. He had been with us since 1849, when I first had him a gift in New York, the cage he was born in being that in which he now was, and from which he had never been taken, except at intervals for a short time to clean the woodwork. From New York we brought him to England, where he travelled by rail, and road, and steam to several places;—he then went a voyage to Australia, sojourned with us in our tent, hut, cottage, and amongst the natives there, charming them with his notes as, it will be found, he also did in Fuegia;—was with us in our vessel on that Australian coast during a fearful gale, when hope was gone and death momentarily expected; returned to England round Cape Horn;—reposed awhile in London;—went to Bristol;—left our home once more;—visited the wild seas I am now taking the reader to;—lived through every change, through every danger, only to return once more to England, and then to die! He was moulting at the proper time according to the Antarctic

seasons, but here, as I suppose, being in winter, it was too cold, and I expect he must have suffered much by the change, though, as may be inferred from our carrying him about so long, we took great care of him.

The other pet was of a much larger size, a cockatoo, brought with us from the wilds of Australia. As a tame bird, and a very fine one of her kind, going loose about the ship and about the house, walking up stairs of a morning to come into my bed-room, and often perching upon my chair, and soliciting my notice while I write, she could not, I am sure, be surpassed. A splendid cardinal grosbeak, obtained at Monte Video, is also to be mentioned. His notes, as he sings most beautifully in my garden, are even now in my ear. Perhaps we may be over partial; but our attachment to these and other pets we afterwards obtained, may not be thought too ridiculous, when it is remembered we often had no other living things to amuse us.*

After the visit we had paid to the western part of Keppel Island I began to get the ship ready for sea, intending forthwith to go round to Stanley and communicate with the authorities. I was now anxious to do this for many reasons, not the least of which was the approach of winter, and the state of the weather, a gale of wind blowing almost incessantly during the day, and also occasionally at night. My instructions told me to visit the natives as early as possible; the verbal and written "hints for my guidance" cautioned me not to go yet; and though at that time I had not received letters from home, there were several that came to hand afterwards to the same effect. With this contradictory intimation of the Society's

* I have given the above description of the mission vessel for the purpose of imparting a few hints to any one fitting out a *small* ship, as I can assure them such a plan as that I have mentioned will be found very comfortable; and, also for those of the Mission friends who, never having seen their little yacht, have expressed a wish to know all about her.

wishes I determined to throw overboard all vacillation upon the subject; and, following my instructions, do in all things as I was directed to do, that which I "justly considered most likely to promote the interests of the objects in view." Accordingly, my present intention was to communicate with the authorities, then proceed to Monte Video for the clergyman whom I had been requested to meet there, if I possibly could, in February or March, and, finding him, be then guided in some measure by circumstances and his desire to visit the Patagonians or Fuegians. Should he not have arrived, then I would return to the station, and perhaps proceed to the Coast by myself. This settled in my mind, I gave orders to the mates, who soon had yards and topmasts up, sails bent, and everything in order; and then arranging every necessary matter connected with the land party for their safety, and to be prepared for mishaps, we unmoored on the 6th of March, hauled down Gardiner Channel, and once more rode at single anchor in Committee Bay. I should have mentioned that during one of my more leisure days, and feeling the importance to the Committee of a correct topographical knowledge of the mission home we had selected, I made a plan of the entire island, taking the points from the summits of the hills I had ascended, and the valleys, bays, &c., according as I visited them. The general chart of the Falklands, as will be seen by those who may examine that very excellent survey, could not aid me much; still it has produced, though not by me, a published plan of Keppel Island and the adjacent group.

As the doctor, in his capacity of land superintendent, wished to visit the authorities at Stanley, and with myself settle about the occupation of Keppel Island, it was arranged for him to go with me now. He therefore came on board, leaving in the house the catechist, carpenter, and mason; and on the following day, at 9 a.m., we got under weigh; and, proceeding round the land as before,

entered Port Egmont, and stood across towards Saunders Island.

Port Egmont is a most capacious and secure harbour, having everywhere good holding ground, but its waters are occasionally ruffled to a great degree by the heavy winds so common to these parts. It is something in the form of a *trapezium*, with the acute angle—supposing it to be topped off—forming the entrance at the north from the sea; the shortest side, in a broken and irregular curve, being opposite, with a narrow and dangerous passage in it called Reef Passage, which leads by tortuous channels through many rocks into Byron Sound, hereafter to be spoken of; the next shortest side being that on the west, forming Saunders Island; that on the N.E. is Keppel; and the remaining side—more bent than any, and broken up by numerous small islands, rocks, and channels—is to the east and south-east.

Approaching Saunders Island by the way I came, it is seen to be very mountainous; the hills facing us approaching nearly close to the water's edge, and only falling back to the south-west, where some low land is seen. There are two anchorages, viz., the old Settlement Cove, about the middle of the west side of Port Egmont; and Sealer's Cove, a mile farther on to the southward, and where the hills begin to fall back. The former is not quickly made out, owing to the apparently unbroken line of the mountain range and cliffs at its base; but, on coming near, a small cove is seen running in between two of the lower hills in front, and on the left some ruins in the shape of stone foundations and fallen walls. Even these latter are barely distinguishable from the rocks, being not unlike a number of stones and hillocks accidentally thrown together, until the glass enables a keen observer to detect their true character. The other cove being more sheltered from southerly winds, is the better place to anchor in; and accordingly, after coming well up to and looking at

the one I have mentioned, I put the helm a-weather, the wind being north-west, and stood along the dark, and in some parts high, rocky cliffs to the southward. The water was deep enough to skirt the kelp, which does not run out far, until we came to a bluff; and in a moment or two afterwards short soundings were obtained as we entered Sealer's Cove. At noon we dropped anchor in five fathoms water. Unfortunately it now began to rain, and though this did not interfere with going on shore to examine, yet it necessarily took away much of the pleasure we might otherwise have experienced in visiting this once *important* place; at least *important* if we attach importance to anything that nearly causes a war between two powerful nations. The very recollection of this, and the political hubbub it created at the time, made me scan the place with a curious eye; and the first impression produced by the sight of such a rugged, barren, and *apparently* unproductive island was one of amazement that it could ever have been so regarded as to be a bone of contention to any civilized states. Nor was this impression lessened by a more intimate knowledge of the locality whereon was enacted that Spanish comedy, (certainly not one of Calderon or Lope de Vega,) which took 1,600 men to perform it upon a stage of five frigates moored head and stern to each other, and aided, for the necessary effect, by 134 pieces of cannon; the audience being some fifty or sixty laughing British seamen, who with their characteristic fearlessness and impudence actually faced the gallant Dons without blinking, until their leaders found the comedy likely to end in tragedy, and wisely left the stage.

At the time the old settlement at Port Egmont in the Falklands was established, there had been hopes, as I have before said, of its being a thriving one. Whether there was ground or not for those hopes may be judged from the following description of the settlement given by one who was there for two years during that period.

As this description is but confirming what I myself partly should have said, I here offer it instead of my own, considering that it will better serve to convey to the reader a picture of what follows, than an account by one who only visited the scene eighty years after the events took place that will be mentioned.

CHAP. XI.

Description of the Old Settlement of Port Egmont.—Gardens and Productions.—Abundance of Vegetables.—The Bog-balsam, Fachinal, and Tussack.—A Spanish Force of 1,600 men attacks the feeble Settlement.—Five Frigates moored Head and Stern to bombard the Place.—Means of Defence taken.—Landing of the Spanish Troops and Artillery.—Firing commenced.—Capitulation of the British.—Ultimate Restitution made by Spain.—Revival of the Settlement, and final Evacuation in 1774.—Present Condition of the Place.—Solitary Grave of a Sailor.—Remains of a Wreck.—Departure for Stanley.—Approach of Bad Weather.—Enter White-Rock Harbour.—Timely anchor before a Gale.

THE writer from whom I quote says:—"The settlement was situated on the south side of an island named Saunders, from whence there was a view of the whole harbour, called Port Egmont. Its ornament and defence was a large timber blockhouse, which had been framed in England, and carried out in pieces. It could mount four guns, and had a good command of the landing-place; but if attacked with any considerable force it was incapable of making much resistance, but must capitulate upon any terms; for on the enemy firing a tar-barrel under it, they might soon reduce it to ashes. This fort we found converted into a storehouse on account of its capaciousness and security, and as such we used it during our continuance on the island. Besides this there were some other buildings of an inferior construction, erected by the unskilful hands of marine architects out of what materials the shore afforded, such as stones and sods, and thatched for the most part with penguin grass. In the

most splendid of these, which was covered with tarred canvass, the captain of the 'Hound' had taken up his residence while he was governor of the place; and in this dwelling he was succeeded by our commander, Lieutenant Clayton, who had the area in the front inclosed, for distinction's sake, with a small parapet wall, on which the shallop's swivels were mounted, and which we fired on every occasion of rejoicing. Not far from hence was a house of somewhat less elegance appropriated to the use of the petty officers, whose inferiority of rank might be discovered at a distance by another circumstance besides that of the battery; for whereas the chimney of the chief officer's mansion was made out of an old ship's funnel, that of the others was composed of a cask clapped on the roof. The habitation of the private men was a long building, which Captain Burr had raised as an additional store, and it is easy to conceive it did not excel the rest in magnificence. I must here take notice that the crew of the 'Penguin' were the only people who lived wholly on shore; all the other ships' companies, who had been here, remained on board their respective vessels; only the inclination of the commander of the 'Hound' led him to prefer a residence on land for himself and boatmen. But it must not be imagined that these hastily erected edifices were in the best repair; we found, at our taking possession of them, that they required much attention, in order to make them weather-proof, which we effected by giving them an additional wall of sods, and binding on new thatch upon the rafters, which were mostly ribs of whales that had been cast on the beach. We had likewise two sheds, one for the carpenters, and another for the smiths; and at the distance of a musket-shot from the block-house was an inclosure, with a slight hovel in it, occupied by the people who took care of the little live stock we had among us. But the glory of our colony was the gardens, which we cultivated with the greatest care, as being fully convinced

how much the comforts of our situation depended upon our being plentifully supplied with vegetables. The greatest number of these gardens lay about a mile from the settlement, at the bottom of a bay, sheltered on each side by two large hills, and exceedingly well watered. The soil was fine black earth, rather shallow; but this was remedied by bringing in large quantities from other places, and forming it into beds. The manure we made use of was decayed seaweed, and this we found for the time we had to stay answered our purpose very effectually. We were well paid for our trouble; for we were plentifully supplied with potatoes, cabbages, broccoli, carrots, turnips, borecole, spinach, parsley, lettuce, English celery, mustard, cresses, and some few but very fine cauliflowers. Onions, however, so necessary to our geese, were wanting; they grew up, but the roots were never of any size. Of cucumbers we can say we did cut some; but beets and radishes quite baffled our utmost art. The peas we set were totally destroyed by the mice; nor could we get wheat to come to any perfection. Of the natural productions of the island the most useful was the wild celery, which grows in vast quantities in any swampy place, and was eaten by us all the year round, being very palatable. Scurvy grass is to be found in great abundance, and is equal in goodness to any seen in England. These were the only medicinal plants, except the maiden hair, which species of the adianth grows very plentifully on the sides of the hills, bearing in the month a fragrant white berry of the size of a sloe; the leaves being infused in boiling water make a very agreeable tea, and as such we frequently used it for breakfast.

"There was also a kind of excrescence on the surface of the earth to be found on all the islands indiscriminately, so exceedingly different from anything ever seen by us in other places, that we could only guess it at first to be the work of a mole, or some such subterraneous operator; but

upon examination it was found to belong to the vegetable world. The size was various according to the different age of the plant; and the outward appearance was like that of a round hillock, sometimes two feet in height, and near nine in circumference, covered with a kind of velvet crust similar to those clumps of moss which grow on the roofs of houses. This coat was an inch and a half in thickness, and would bear a man to sit on it; but, when broken through, it exhibited to us a sight that at first was surprising; for the whole cavity was filled with an infinite number of small stalks, edged with very diminutive leaves, exactly like those of the fir, to which it bore a near resemblance in another respect, viz., that the juice of it appeared very resinous, and the top of each hillock was spangled with numberless exudations of various magnitudes, from the size of a large pin's head to that of a hazel nut, brown on the outside, but white within; these drops seemed analogous both in taste and smell to the *Gum Ammoniacum;* but we could not discover, by repeated experiments, that they had any medicinal virtue. Sometimes a few of the internal branches would push through the surface, and then the leaves being more expanded, they looked like myrtles in miniature. There are no trees of any kind to be met with here, not even such as are natives of the most inhospitable climates; owing I believe to this, that the soil, though good, is seldom deeper than a foot, below which we always found either rocks, stiff clay, or an absolute bog. Most of these islands are covered with heath about a foot high, which in the spring produces red berries in great quantities (? arbutus). On these the land geese feed at that season, and we ourselves thought them by no means disagreeable. Intermixed with the heath, fern grows very abundantly; but near the shores no vegetable is to be found except penguin grass, which is a very coarse species, rising to the height of six or seven, and sometimes ten feet,

from a large hillock formed of the decayed leaves and adventitious earth. Many acres within the beach are overrun with these clumps, which at a distance have very much the appearance of a coppice of underwood. The roots of this grass, when freed from the outer coats, tasted sweetish, and were reckoned very palatable by some of our marooning parties, who were not unfrequently obliged to have recourse to them. Amidst the penguin grass the sea lions made their haunts whenever they retreated to any distance from the water."

This description, which is applicable in some of its parts to all the Falklands, I have given in preference to words of my own. My note book, however, is full of nearly everything the same as here related, and as given by other writers of later date; but as it must necessarily occur that men writing on the same subject, and truthfully giving an account of all they see, will almost echo each other's words, and appear to be copying verbatim from those who have gone before them, whereas they are but faithful narrators, I have deemed it advisable to quote as I have done. I now proceed to an account of the events that I have referred to as occurring here when the Spanish force took possession of the settlement.

It was not long after the loss of the "Swift," as related in a previous page, when, on June 4th, a Spanish frigate put into Port Egmont, under pretence that she had been 53 days from Buenos Ayres, and was distressed for water; but three days after her consorts, consisting of four other frigates, also arrived, and it soon appeared that they had been only 26 days at sea, had parted from the first in a gale of wind, and, instead of being on their way to Solidad, were now arrived at the place of their destination. "These five frigates carried 134 pieces of cannon, and had between 1,600 and 1,700 men, including soldiers and marines, on board; besides which they had brought with them a train

of artillery and other materials sufficient to have invested a regular fortification instead of a wooden blockhouse which had not a port-hole cut in it, and only four pieces of cannon which were sunk in the mud, to defend it.

"A Spanish broad pendant was immediately hoisted, on the arrival of the four last frigates; and, as no doubt of their intentions now remained, Captain Farmer ordered most of the officers and men who had belonged to the 'Swift' to come on shore to the defence of the settlement, and Captain Maltby to bring the 'Favourite' nearer into the cove. Upon the first motions of the 'Favourite,' one of the Spanish frigates sent an officer on board to acquaint Captain Maltby that if he weighed they would fire into him; he, however, got under sail regardless of this menace; and the frigate fired two shots, which fell to leeward of him; and three of the Spaniards got under weigh, and worked to windward as he did. In the meantime Captain Maltby sent an officer on board the Spanish commodore to know the reason why one of his ships had fired at him; to which he answered that the shots were only fired as signals.

"From the first appearance of the ships, Captain Farmer had been active in clearing the stores out of the block-house, and endeavouring to make it as defensible as its nature would permit. Their four pieces of cannon, which were 12-pounders, were planted on a battery that covered the landing-place, but were so swallowed up, as we have already observed, in water and mud, as to be rendered entirely useless; these he had removed to the block-house, and had the platform cleared, and port-holes cut out for them. In the meantime, on June 8th, both the captains wrote to the Spanish commodore, that as he had received the refreshments which he stood in need of, they desired, in the name and authority of the King their master, that he would immediately depart from that port, and

totally evacuate all the islands known by the name of the Falklands.

"Letters were written from the Spanish commodore about the same time to both the captains separately, requesting them in the tenderest terms to consider his great power, and their own defenceless situation; and that they would, by quitting the place, prevent his being under a necessity of proceeding to hostilities, the consequence of which would render them incapable of pursuing their voyage home. The next day another attempt was made by the Spaniard to induce the British captains to quietly abandon the place; but to this and another letter, our officers returned for answer, that words are not always deemed hostilities, and that they could not think he would, in a time of peace, put his threats into execution. Fifteen minutes had been given the British to surrender; but this made no alteration in the determination arrived at by Captains Farmer and Maltby, nor did an inspection (by request of the Spaniards, to show the folly of resistance) of the troops and artillery ready to be landed. The Spanish frigates then warped in close to the shore, and moored head and stern opposite the block-house and battery. At night Captain Maltby, with fifty of the 'Favourite's' men came on shore, and brought with them two 6-pounders, ten swivels, and a quantity of small arms and ammunition. The next morning a party of the Spanish troops and artillery landed about half a mile to the northward of our people; and when they had advanced about halfway from the place they had landed at, the rest of the boats, with the remainder of the troops and artillery, put off from one of the Spanish frigates, and rowed right in for the cove, being covered by the fire of the frigates, whose shot went over the block-house.

"Our people fired some shot, but seeing the impossibility of defending the settlement, and the Spaniards having now

broke through all the limits of peace and amity, even to the actual commencement of hostilities, so that their conduct was neither capable of being denied nor explained away, our officers having done all they honourably could do, and now desirous of saving the lives of their people, hung out a flag of truce and demanded articles of capitulation."

These were granted; the English settlers returned home, leaving the Spaniards in possession, until, as I have already stated, restitution having been demanded and made, Captain Burr of the "Hound" sloop-of-war came and resided here as governor of the revived British settlement. In February 1772, the "Endeavour" store-ship arrived from England, bringing with her a new governor and force. In her hold she had also brought in pieces an armed shallop of 36 tons, and mounting ten swivels. She was built for the purpose, and called the "Penguin," being intended to remain out in the colony for general use. As soon as Lieutenant Clayton, the new governor, had read his commission and relieved Captain Burr, the "Penguin's" keel was laid by the carpenters, and on the 9th of April she was launched. On the 17th Captain Burr, in the "Hound," accompanied by the "Endeavour," left for England. The new governor had with him one master's mate, two midshipmen, two surgeon's mates, and 18 seamen, besides 23 marines under a lieutenant.

Nothing of any importance occurred for the next two years, at the end of which period the "Endeavour" again visited them; and, instead of bringing, as was expected, additional stores, orders came to evacuate the settlement. No time was lost in doing this. The "Penguin" was taken to pieces, and what was useful of her transferred again into the hold of the store-ship; all the remaining stores were shipped, and preparations made for abandoning the island, though not without leaving marks of Britain still holding claim. This was done as follows:—"On May

20th, the day appointed, the seamen being ranged in order, and the marines drawn up under arms, the following inscription was engraved on a piece of lead, which was affixed to the door of the block-house :—

"Be it known to all nations,

"That Falkland's Island, with this fort, the storehouses, wharfs, harbours, bays, and creeks thereunto belonging, are the sole right and property of His most Sacred Majesty George the Third, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. In witness whereof this plate is set up, and his Britannic Majesty's colours left flying, as a mark of possession, by S. W. Clayton, commanding officer at Falkland's island. A.D. 1774."

The union jack being then hoisted, the people gave three cheers, and they all immediately embarked.

Previous to this, a whaler, called the "King George," Captain Greenwood, from Rhode Island, had arrived, having lost her anchors in a heavy gale of wind. She asked for a fresh supply ; but as none could be spared her, the captain determined to winter here, and accordingly, such things as were not intended to be taken away were turned over for his use. The gardens, thirty-eight in number, were well stocked with vegetables ; and many articles that could be spared were likewise given to him. On the day following the formal evacuation, the "Endeavour" sailed ; and the settlement since then has never been re-occupied. Occasionally, sealers have visited the place, and remained here awhile, amongst them a well-known American captain named Smyley, whose exploits I shall have to allude to by and by ; and in 1832, H.B.M. sloop "Clio" called and left her name, by inscribing it on a large slab of stone. One whaling vessel that had, when near the Falklands caught fire, came here for the crew to escape; and, in Sealer's Cove, where she was purposely run aground, the remains of her hull are now to be seen at low water.

Having thus given a description and brief history of all relating to this place, I will now proceed with my personal narrative.

Despite the wet weather, the doctor and I landed at the head of the cove. A fine pebbly beach on a gradual ascent led up to a space of ground under the cliffs, and open to the south, and which, by its being marked off in squares, with sundry paths between, and edged with slates, I at at once inferred to have been the gardens spoken of. They were to appearance artificially elevated above the highest water mark or spray, and even now had some luxuriant grass upon them. A fine stream of water ran close by, and various remains of previous occupation by Europeans were to be seen; daffodils, wild flowers, house foundations, stone marks, imported shrubs, such as the heather or furze, met the eye; and, besides the geese and other birds in abundance, rabbits every now and then darted past us.

Ascending the cliff by means of steps cut in the soil, we traversed a well-beaten path, amidst a quantity of furze in bloom, and took our way towards the old settlement. As I walked on, it was impossible to prevent the mind running back to the scenes enacted here eighty years ago. From my elevated position at the edge of these cliffs, I could, in imagination, see the Spanish fleet at anchor in the waters beneath me, and just preparing to bombard that heap of ruins (then not very much better) now in sight before us. I could even fancy the same soldiers and artillerymen were on their march along the hill facing me, and opposite the settlement, to destroy the little colony they were advancing against. I might have gone further in the mental phantasy, and have allowed the gusts of wind to have become the echoing reports of the booming cannon; but the whole affair seemed so preposterous, even in the past reality, that I could not help a hearty laugh, as, after an up-and

down-hill walk of better than a mile, we arrived at the ruins, and I exclaimed, "So this is the mighty settlement the Spaniard envied us!" There, true enough, in its remains it lay. One or two remnants of stone buildings and walls, with some bricks scattered about, and various mounds of earth in rectilineal, square, and oblong form, denoted the place where once had stood the British settlement of Port Egmont. An excellent little boat harbour, made with some surprisingly large blocks of hard stone, was at the bottom of the hill leading to the cove, into which, at its head, ran a fine stream of water, that had previously meandered through coppices of heather, wild scrub, and some good grass. The cove itself is, at low water, so shallow that, in after visits, I often had a difficulty in getting my boat out when allowing her to come up too high; and at no time have I found enough water to get the schooner in, as I had supposed could be done. Near the summit of the hill on which the settlement had stood, I found a head-board, marking the grave of a poor sailor. I have always lingered for a moment or two over these solitary graves met with in far-off resting-places; some in the Arctic lands, some in the Eastern isles, some in the wilds of Australia, and some in the West; and with an inward prayer for the departed one, have asked myself,—Will that too be my last resting-place, a grave in a distant, barren, and rarely-visited land? God only knows! A sailor's hap!—a wanderer's life!—it is very probable! And, if it be so, let it be. The ocean bed, or six feet in solid ground, at home or abroad, makes little difference to the frail body after the spirit which alone sustains it has departed. And though we naturally love the thought that, when the time to leave this world has come, our cold remains will lie where the sympathizing tear of a friend, or even the sigh of a stranger, can be offered over us; yet, if the heart be right, and we have striven honestly

to do our duty, and be of some small good in the trifling portion of the world's creation we ourselves may fill, then can the sailor or the traveller be content to have his grave dug, if need be, even as this was, far away from home. The following inscription I copied at the time :—

In Memory
of
SAMUEL MOTT,
Who died on board the sch:
"Hope," of New York, Decr. 11th, 1831.
"Stranger, whene'er you cross this heath,
Tread lightly, for you tread on death:
Pause and reflect, for you, as well as I,
Must pay the debt of nature: you must die."

After giving a tolerably good examination to the place, we returned by the same path to Sealer's Cove, where we passed, on the edge of the cliffs, another grave-mark—a stone, but the inscription so obliterated by time that we could not trace it. As the rain and wind still continued, I thought it hardly worth while to examine any more, especially as the doctor said he was satisfied nothing he had to-day seen was so good as Keppel. Yet, only a short time before, that island was to have been deserted!

The following day, with a wind from the west and a beautiful morning, I got under way and beat out through the channel between Saunders and Keppel Island, and stood to sea. There was a heavy swell on; and though the weather was then remarkably fine and the breeze steady, except in *backing* to the N.W., I had some doubts of its continuance. I was now taking my first coasting trip in those wild seas; and I soon saw enough, even had not the excellent Admiralty Sailing Directions told me, to be on my guard against being caught in gales from the northward while going or coming along the route I was now proceeding. Still there was nothing to particularly alarm me at present, and we passed Pebble Islets and kept close in along the land, narrowly examining every portion of it

as if merely on a day's boating excursion. A lone rocky isle, with a smaller one at its tail, was passed so close that, but for the vast numbers, we could have counted the seals that were so thickly studded upon it. Their bellowing and singular appearance made them very remarkable to us novices. One or two indentations of the coast, forming bights where no shelter for a ship could be obtained, except in Elephant bay, and *there* only in S.W. winds, were noticed as we slowly sailed along, the breeze having greatly failed us in strength; and when abreast of Tamar pass, hereafter to be described, I could perceive the openings leading to many other parts of the inland waters of these broken-up islands.

As evening approached, and the breeze began to freshen with a falling barometer, I determined to go into White Rock Harbour for the night; particularly as the wind was becoming more northerly and evidently brewing up for a gale. I had on this morning purposed, with so gentle a wind, going on to Stanley, and calling at White Rock on our return; but at dusk, when it began to threaten with lightning, and that peculiar appearance in the sky which sailors intuitively accept as a warning even when they cannot well explain what it is, I found that it would not do to try it, especially as, after White Rock Harbour and Falkland Sound, there was no other shelter to run for if caught in a gale on that rocky coast, where the seas fairly *jump* upon the land in terrible fury. I therefore made all sail for White Rock Harbour. It was, however, dark before we got near it; and as there was dangerous navigation here on account of the tides and some sunken rocks, between which and the main land we had to pass, I had to exercise great caution. Many things made me more than ordinarily careful. It was my first trip along the coast; the vessel was uninsured; though even had she been insured, I should have exercised great caution, as in honesty bound. I knew that

whatsoever I did would be liable to blame and misconstruction if it failed; and if it succeeded, I should perhaps be lauded for a time, and then treated as I have been. Therefore I did what I considered to be best, regardless of what might be said about it, if the reasons I should at any time give were not thought sufficiently strong. In the present instance, I obtained all the information I could from the Sailing Directions. These Directions told me as follows: "White Rock Bay, north entrance of Falkland Sound, is an excellent port. Falkland Sound is a narrow strait which separates the two main islands from each other. It extends 45 miles in a northerly and southerly direction, and varying in breadth from 18 to 2½ miles. In its southern end there are many flat islands, clothed with tussack, and some shoals; the dangers are, however, generally visible. It ought not to be navigated by night . . the tides in both entrances are strong, and between the islands, but in the main stream they are moderate . . . avoid Tide Rock, Awash Rock, and Sunk Rock—the two latter are lurking dangers . . . stand for the White Rock, close to the margin of kelp which surrounds it, and which is not in less than 10 or 11 fathoms water: must not stand to eastward more than half a mile; current sets strongly past the White Rock—care must be taken to avoid the rocks off the entrance." Thus then I was warned; but the alternative of keeping out to sea and on a lee shore upon such a night as I felt morally certain was coming, would never do; therefore I determined to run in here though it was already dark. I had, during the daylight, caught sight of the White Rock, which is readily conspicuous; and had there been more wind before this, we should not now have had the darkness to contend with. However, calculating the proper state of the tide, and with a freshening breeze, I took my post aloft, and, ordering all lights to be extinguished that threw any reflection outward, I conned the ship.

The White Rock is at the extremity of a long point of land, forming the northern side of the harbour so called. It receives its name of White Rock from, I believe, the always white appearance it bears, caused by the guano deposited there by multitudes of birds. As we approached it, this whiteness was of great service to me in the dark, for it answered well as a beacon, and enabled me to steer close up to it, and, keeping the lead going, pass so near that we could easily have thrown something on shore. I did not round it too suddenly for fear of inner dangers which I could not see, the darkness being intense, and the sight in that darkness made more dazzling by the occasional flashes of lightning; but now smell came to my aid, for presently there came a stench quite intolerable; and by this I knew we were round the outer point of the rock, and exactly to leeward of it. A glance of the eye gave the distance from it at some 30 yards, and this enabled me to steer so as to keep for the centre of the harbour, at the head of which, three or four miles up, where it is necessary to anchor, are some rocks, shoal patches, and small islands, to be guarded against. Here I had to go entirely by the bearings on the chart, and by guess; and now I greatly regretted, as I afterwards often did, the loss of my patent log, which would have accurately measured for me my distance run, so important to be known when sailing up a place you have never before entered, and right on towards marked dangers. However, as it was, I could, as I have said, only guess; for the ordinary log would have been useless with the unsteady wind we had; and by quick soundings, not obtained for some time, owing to very deep water, I finally came to about the spot I imagined it was proper for us to anchor. A cast of the lead showed ten fathoms water; and therefore, having previously begun to shorten sail, I now had all taken in, and the anchor dropped. It was then nine o'clock; and as soon as I had descended from

aloft I went to look at my barometer. It was still falling; and; as the weather looked, to my mind, even worse than at dusk, I ordered forty-five fathoms of chain to be at once given to the ship, for I could not tell what holding ground I had got, nor in the dark exactly how near or how far off of danger I had anchored; and in my opinion it is not well to be surging upon an anchor after it has once got a good hold, by jerking out chain at intervals, and by a few fathoms at a time. Better give enough at once, especially if, as now, there chances to be a heavy sea rolling in.

The vessel thus secured, the watch set, and everything snug, I gave directions for the night, and went below; and most thankful was I when at midnight, upon waking up, I could hear the gale I had expected, howling fiercely around us. It had come on about half-past ten, blowing hard from the northward, and it gradually increased through the night until, towards daylight, it was exceedingly heavy. My meteorological tables and the ship's log would show that this is no exaggeration; for, on the morning and noon of the previous day, we had been sailing along Pebble Island with beautiful weather and gentle breezes; and the morning and noon of this day we were lying in White Rock Harbour with *both* anchors now let go, and sixty fathoms of chain out, a heavy gale blowing from the northward, and such a sea rolling in as to make us all feel sick. Fortunately, therefore, I say, was it that we got in just previous to its commencement. Had we continued on, we should have been caught on the north coast, and, in my then newness to the Falklands, we might have suffered severely. I may, humanly speaking, thank the dependence I always place on a good barometer for this.

CHAP. XII.

Examination of White Rock Harbour.—Geological Features.—Enter Port San Carlos.—Go up the River.—Beautiful Scenery, and similar to Parts of the Rhine.—A Herd of wild Bulls.—Have to run from them.—Leave San Carlos and clear the Sound.—The Eddystone Rock and Cape Dolphin.—Tide Race.—Night Run along the Coast. —Squally Weather.—Enter Port William.—Description of the Land. —Port Salvador and its Reefs.—Macbride's Head. — Dutchman's Head.—Cape Carysfort.—Account of a Wreck there.—Volunteer Reef.—The Uranie Rock.—Loss of a French Frigate.—Berkeley Sound.—Cochon Island, and another Wreck with Loss of Life.— Kidney Island.—The Lighthouse.—Seal Rocks.—Port William, and Entrance to Stanley Harbour.

At daylight on the morning after anchoring in White Rock Harbour, I found that the ship was up quite as far as she could have gone with safety. Close to us, on both sides, were the islets, and a kelp patch right ahead; beyond these and further up was a creek, the entrance to which appeared to be by a passage inside of the southern islet. It was, however, blowing too heavy to attempt visiting the shore until about 3 p.m., when the gale rapidly abated, and I took the opportunity to inspect the place.

Landing at a rocky point, the doctor and I walked along a beaten path towards the head of the creek, where we found some excellent fresh water, a few wild birds, and the soil, from what I could judge, better than at Keppel or Saunders, but everything else, suited to our purposes, far inferior. The geological character of the rocks here struck me as most remarkable. Unfortunately I am so ignorant of the technical or scientific terms in either geology, botany, or natural history, that I am

unable to give a proper idea of any remarkable features connected with these subjects that arrest my attention when wandering about the world. Perhaps to others they would not be at all remarkable; nevertheless, I will endeavour to give some sort of notion as to what came before me. In the present case, I observed that the rocks in many places jutted up from the earth in sharp angular points; in singular looking lines; in irregular segments; and in some parts forming upon the ground, in beautiful precision, mathematical figures of several denominations. These rocks were stratified, as I had noticed some at Keppel Island, and each layer almost as thin as slate, and as sharp to the tread; but, as many came up nearly perpendicular, a few almost quite so, and only a few on a greater incline, I could not see much of their formation, except of the larger masses which made a portion of the cliffs. These latter appeared like so many irregular slabs laid smoothly upon one another, and pointing sometimes upward to the sky at an angle of 60 degrees from the horizon, at other times taking a sudden turn in another direction, then in another place the whole mass abruptly breaking off and reversing the order, and a little further on it would assume a horizontal position. The former, which most attracted my attention, seemed to be the projecting edges of such stratified rocks capsised, and imbedded in the soil, merely showing above the surface the little I have mentioned; though how they should assume the forms of such regular figures as I have stated, puzzles me. However, I can only plead my ignorance in these matters; and, by calling attention to what may have been perhaps noticed before by others, merely claim credit for the desire to impart information that may lead to inquiry if needful.

A couple of hours convinced us that, as far as this place was concerned, the Society could not do so well for a mission station as at Keppel; unless, as I now believe, other

objects were in view, and that the eventual occupation of all the West Falklands, in opposition to the settlement on the East Falklands and the Falkland Island Company there established, was intended. Accordingly we returned on board fully satisfied with the island home already established, though but temporarily, until directions came from Bristol.

The following day, with light winds from the northward, and fine clear weather, I thought of pursuing my voyage round to Stanley; and, for that purpose, hove up the anchor at, as I imagined, a right time of tide, and tried to beat out through the narrow passage by which I had entered. But it was in vain. The stream was setting strong against us; and when the ship got close to the White Rock, which we saw covered with thousands of birds, and which emitted an overpowering smell, she was carried back more than we could hope to gain by persevering. Consequently, I gave it up; and determined to run across the Sound to the East Falkland, and visit "Hope Place," also mentioned in our papers. Hope Place is the "workshop," as it may be called, of the Falkland Island Company; but as it was not put down on the chart, I did not know exactly where to look for it. I thought it probable, however, that it might be up a fine looking opening, called Port San Carlos, and therefore steered across the Sound towards that place. It was at no great distance from White Rock Harbour, having at its northern entrance a dark looking and very steep as well as lofty hill, called "Fanning's Head." Round this, and very close to it, we passed at a swift rate, and entered one of the prettiest places, to my taste, that I have visited in the Falklands. On our right was an arm of the Sound running S.E.; before us, the entrance to the river San Carlos; and on our left, a range of high rugged hills, with those peculiar features about them mentioned by Pernety and Darwin, and consisting of fanciful appearances in the shape of old towers and castle ruins. At the

base of these hills were valleys, plains, sheltered coves, and islets covered with tussack; while hundreds of wild cattle roamed about in every direction. The scenery was exceedingly pretty, and as we rapidly passed along the land, carefully guarding by the lead against all dangers marked or hidden, I could not but wish this had been the chosen site of the mission station instead of anywhere else. But such could not be, even if desirable; for our occupancy of land was limited by Government to the *West* Falklands, and this was a part of the *East* Island. Moreover, it was only the *look* of the place that led me to this wish; for other considerations I felt would, perhaps, have been against it.

I ran up with the ship as far as the first bend in the river, and then anchored in a secure little place, close to what was called on the charts "Careening Cove."

As I could perceive no signs of any habitation, though plenty of cattle, I had the boat lowered, and taking the doctor with me, that he might, if he desired it, officially communicate with any of the Company's people, should we meet them, I went up the river to look for this "Hope Place." The river turned and twisted amongst high hills and pretty valleys; steep banks, and little sandy beaches; with many features in the romantic scenery similar to the Rhine about Bingen, apparently for several miles, though I did not continue ascending it for more than about three. I then landed in a sheltered creek, and ascended a small hill that formed the back of a peninsula, round which the Carlos took an abrupt turn, bringing its direction exactly opposite to that it had before taken. From this spot, the view up and down, and on all sides, was beautiful. I could have stopped for hours, wandering about and enjoying it; but a passing glance was all that I could now afford myself, as it appeared evident that no "Hope Place" was here; and, therefore, it was necessary to return to the ship, particularly as the weather was

again threatening; no morning's fine look apparently being any certainty that it would not blow a hard gale before night.

On the hill we saw a herd of very fine bulls, with horns of enormous size. The sight of these cattle stimulated us to see what could be done towards getting some fresh beef; not then knowing either of the danger, the uselessness of an attempt by persons so inexperienced as ourselves, or of the penalty attached to killing wild cattle in any part of the Falklands; the whole of the live stock in the islands, rabbits and geese and private property excepted, being made over to the Company. If I remember rightly I had my rifle with me, and there was also a fowling-piece or two amongst the men; but, instead of capturing an animal, we were very near being taken ourselves, as follows:—

The herd we had an eye upon, in number about twenty or thirty, were at the head of the peninsula, and leisurely moving along the crest of the hill, towards the higher valleys on our left. Some of the men went boldly forward and fired, thinking, perhaps, to wound one in some vital part; but, to our alarm, this was not done; and either the noise or the shot so enraged and startled these bulls, that they made a run for us at full speed. I, fortunately, was at some distance behind the men, having had to assist my wife, whom I had brought on shore for the walk, across the uneven ground we had traversed, a distance of about a mile; and had left her sitting near a stream, some hundred yards on the way back. When, therefore, I saw the wild beasts coming towards us, I shouted to the men to take to the cliffs, and let the bulls go by; but, whether they heard me or not, I never stopped to ascertain, for I took to my heels and made a regular bolt of it down the hill, motioning to my wife, who I observed was coming towards me, not to advance any further. Directly I came up to her, I took her hand,

without more explanation than was necessary to hurry her on; and then as fast as I could get her to walk, we made haste on our way, until the ascent of a small eminence near the creek enabled me to see that the danger had passed, and that all my men had escaped from harm. As soon as we had collected together, we returned to the ship.

For three days we were obliged to remain at anchor in the river Carlos, owing to the prevalence of northerly winds and bad weather. Indeed, the weather was so bad that none of us cared again to go on shore; and I only sent the boat away for water, and employed it about the ship on other necessary duty. But at length a change came; and on the 14th of the month we made sail from Port San Carlos, and stood into the Sound once more on our way to Stanley. The wind, however, again became baffling; and just as we were near the Tide Rock, very conspicuous in the middle of the Sound, and when we wanted some wind to help us, it entirely failed. The vessel, being caught by the current, was carried rapidly towards this rock, and the light airs that flickered about were so variable that I could obtain no command of any movement I wished to make; consequently, and in such deep water, I thought I must have tried what towing or the "sweeps" would have done, when, after a half-hour's tantalization, a fair wind suddenly got up and helped us out of the difficulty. In a short time we had repassed White Rock, and had the Eddystone Rock and Cape Dolphin right before us. The latter is a low point on the north-west of the East Falkland, and is a favourite resort of the sea lions and elephants, which also frequent the dangerous and rocky bays between Cape Dolphin and Fanning's Head. The former is a very remarkable and isolated rock at about five miles to sea from Cape Dolphin. From a distance it has the exact appearance of a large ship under full sail, minus her royals. Upon approaching it (and it

may be neared in the darkest nights without fear, for it is steep almost close alongside), it shows a bleached and rugged surface, with several terraces, on which may be seen scores of seals of all sizes and descriptions. I have passed this rock very many times by day and by night, and have gone to within fifty yards of it with safety. There is no danger except where the kelp shows a small tail patch on its eastern side. Between it and Cape Dolphin there is, however, a tide race, which sometimes I have found very furious; at other times, according to the wind's direction and the tide, tolerably smooth. Nearer to Cape Dolphin, but out of the direct passage, is a rocky patch marked by kelp. On the present occasion I passed through this tide race with some little bubbling, but nothing to hurt us; and as the night came on, and it was now necessary to be on my guard against any more changes of the wind, I gave directions to have all working but no superfluous sail kept on the ship, while I myself attended to her courses and the distance she would run.

The whole night I remained on deck, except for a few moments. This was necessary; for, with the wind now S.S.E. and thus off the land, it was important to keep the ship as near the shore as possible, in order that when we got round Cape Carysfort at the north-east extremity of the island, and worked, as we should have to work, our way to the southward into Port William, we might have as weatherly a position as possible. Accordingly, after having run the proper distance, and being able only occasionally, in the renewed squally weather and rain, to catch a glimpse of the dark outlines of the land, I shortened sail till daylight. When this arrived I found we were rather more off than I expected, but still in a good position. I therefore again made sail, and tacked and tacked in a head sea for the remainder of the day, with but poor progress. However, we safely passed the dangerous Volunteer Reef and Uranie Rock; and then, in accordance

with the Sailing Directions, worked up towards the south part of Berkeley Sound. Here we arrived about 3 p.m., having, when off the Volunteers, seen the prominent beacon (now a lighthouse lit up at night) situated on Cape Pembroke; but it was dusk before we got up to Point William, at the north entrance to the port. Again, therefore, had I to venture going in to an anchorage at night without having visited it before, for all day long it had been blowing quite hard, sometimes in squalls of hail, sleet, and rain; and I was convinced it would not do to stop out if it were possible to get in. I therefore tried it, making every allowance for tides, which run strong off the points; and accordingly, by the aid of the excellent charts I possessed, stood in, though after dark, until I had managed to get high enough up the port to let go my anchor. This was done about 8 p m.; and most thankfully, after seeing the ship secured, did I that night take the rest I so much needed, after nearly thirty-six hours ceaseless watching and superintendence. The meteorological record in the Appendix will prove to the reader, without my saying aught more about it here, what wretched weather and incessant gales of wind we not only now but almost always had to encounter. If there was a day's calm, it was in one sense nearly as much dreaded by me, knowing that it rarely occurred without being followed immediately by some fierce blow; but, though I dwell on these points that my readers may understand what life really is in that part of the world, I am bound to say that the settlers in the Falklands, and those of us belonging to the sea, who have been much amongst such weather, soon get so hardened to it that, to make even the few remarks I do, may be thought superfluous.

The next morning, and indeed all day, it was cold, with strong south-east breezes and sleet.

Directly breakfast was over, I prepared to get under way, and go up the port into the harbour of Stanley,

which is situated inside a very narrow entrance between two rocky points. But as this harbour and the town of Stanley will have to come before the reader two or three times in my narrative, and as it may yet be of more importance in the world than it has hitherto been, I will here venture to give a brief description of it, and its approaches.

Coming from the northward, intending to visit Stanley, it is always advisable to keep in a longitude some twenty or thirty miles west of Cape Carysfort, which cape is the north-east extremity of the Falklands. As, for all nautical purposes, the Admiralty Sailing Directions are a sufficient and a most trustworthy guide, and as I shall throw into the Appendix the little I may have to add on that subject, I will here merely suppose the reader to be on board with me on one of my trips from Monte Video, and listening while I point out and explain to him the various objects worthy of notice.

We will suppose it to be early morning and all hands on the look-out for the Falklands, the *Malouines*, or the *Malvinas*, as I have already stated they are also called; and I am now leaning over the quarter, resting upon my right arm—a fashion I have when wanting to get sight of anything in the distance. Suddenly I drop my gaze—move my position,—take a turn or two on the deck,—settle my look as before,—and then, satisfied, instantly take a bearing lest thick weather should come on; and the next moment tell you, "There is the land!" even as some of the men, watching my movements and sending their own piercing glance in the same direction, sing out with the usual prolonged cry of seamen, "Land-ho! Land-ho!"—You cannot see it—nor should I, but from long experience; for though within a very small comparative distance for seeing land, yet the dim, gray, and light stony appearance it bears, prevents its being easily distinguished, except under certain conditions of the atmosphere. That now seen is the land about

C. Bougainville and Port Salvador, the gray hills above the front ground being those at the back and sides of that port. Bougainville Cape is called after the celebrated French circumnavigator, who I believe gave to the places about Port Salvador the names they bear. The port itself is entered only by sealers, and the small boats belonging to Stanley. We have nothing to do with it except to be on our guard when passing, as the tide rushes in there very strongly, and at either side of the bight that leads you to this port, there are two ugly little reefs jutting out from the land, making it very dangerous when getting embayed with the wind right in and the weather bad. As we near the land, the rugged hills over Berkeley Sound, on the left of Salvador, are plainly seen devoid of all vegetation, and with a most dreary appearance to the eye. Upon a nearer approach, however, things do not look quite so bad. Coming close up to the coast line, the bold cliffs of Macbride's Head, which we are now supposed to have reached, have several pleasant features about them, particularly with a fair wind and a fine day; though not otherwise, for all beauty everywhere would be spoiled with such seas as come tumbling in upon those cliffs in bad weather.

But now we have it fine—that is, fine for the Falklands; a clear day with a strong westerly breeze; and as we dash along those dark-brown cliffs, with their little bit of stunted vegetation, there is something to give one a desire to think favourably of the place, in the sight of the numerous cattle grazing upon the pasture, and the hundreds of seals basking in the sun within those sandy nooks. "See!—there they lie; you can even hear them!—What a roar!—Who would think it a habitant of the deep!—Look how they waddle towards the water!—Behold their apparently awkward movements!—There they all go, with a speed you would hardly think them capable of possessing."—"And now, what is this before us?—That dark-looking mass of rock?"—"Oh, Dutchman's Head; a name given to

it by the colonists; and the next you see beyond it is Cape Carysfort."—"But, stay! what is that inside the outer rock?—Surely it is a wreck! and the wreck of a fine ship, too! Yes; there her timbers lie within that bend of the rocky cliff. Look! there is her boat, her spars, and various other materials belonging to her! But how was she lost? How came she there?—Do you know aught about her?"—"Yes, I do; and while we are passing the spot, I may as well let you have the information from the lips of one who was wrecked in her at the time. Here, Betts, my man; I want you for a moment or two.—The old spot, you see. You won't easily forget it, I should think?—Well, you've reason to remember it too minutely; but, as I want you to tell my friend here how it happened, and how you managed to get on shore, and were afterwards taken to Stanley, perhaps you will do it in as few words as you can while we are passing the place."

"Certainly, sir, certainly; though every time we go by it, I can't help thinking a little like what I thought that night we struck. However, that's no good either. So, to tell you all about it, sir, I must let you know that we hadn't been more than two months from home bound round the Horn to some place I forget the name of, with a cargo of coal; when one night, with a strong breeze blowing from the northward, and dark thick weather, we heard that the captain—as good a man and sailor, sir, as could be—expected to be in the latitude of these islands by about morning, though, as his reckoning made him, a goodish bit away to the eastward of 'em. Well, sir, it was my watch on deck up till twelve o'clock; and Ned there, he had the watch after me; and Mr. Jones, too, he was mate of my watch; and it so happened that when I was going below I said to Ned, 'Ned, this is a queer night, it's blowing pretty stiff, aint it? And he said to me, 'Yes, it is, Jack; and too much wet in it, too, to be comfortable,' And then I told him that the captain's orders were to keep

a good look-out, for though nothing was expected, yet it was always best to be on the look-out when anywhere near land. But I didn't go below so quick as usual. There was something or another that made me feel noways sleepy; and I chatted awhile to one or two of them as they did to me, somehow all about the same thing and the dark thick weather. But at last I went to sleep; and when my four hours below was out, I heard the watch on deck call us up to relieve 'em and to lay the ship to, as though I hadn't been asleep at all. So I jumps out in a moment, and got my things on in no time. Directly I ran on deck there was something that made me for a minute seem as though I were in bed and dreaming badly,—as though I were going to be choked, sir.—There was a sound that came upon my ears so terrible that I was like one deadened by it.—I could see, sir, but like as if I had been struck by lightning; for directly I had mounted the deck and moved a step or two, I heard the awful sound, and saw the dreadful sight, that my mates did, as they all screamed out, 'Land, ho! close aboard—right ahead—breakers on our lee! God's mercy be upon us!' and, with a fearful crash, the ship that instant struck! Oh, sir, 'twas a terrible moment that! Not one of us seemed to have power to breathe, let alone to help ourselves; and them as had been easing off the foretack to clew the foresail up, and them as had just come on deck, held on to everything the same as though we'd been all turned to stone, whilst the dreadful dark rocks seemed to hang right over us, ready to smash us to pieces; and the rattling of the falling spars, and the thumping of the ship as, after the first strike, she slewed right round and fell in upon the land stern foremost, came upon us all most awful like. Well, sir, we weren't more than a minute stupefied. The captain, he had come on deck just as he had laid down in his berth, and everybody now was thinking of life! Where

we'd got to, except it might be these Falkland Islands, but on what part of 'em, none of us could tell. It was all a surprise! But we couldn't think—'twouldn't do. For it was bump, bump—and crash, crash—and we knew it was all over. Then came a rush to our things, to get hold of that we most wanted to save; but already her bow was settling, and we could tell that her hull was broke, by the coals being heard a-rushing out of her. What we did, or all we felt, sir, is impossible for me to tell you now. I hardly know myself. I heard the captain telling us something, and the mates came to see a something done, and I believe we did all we were told; but what I most know about was, our getting the boats on shore with lines, and saving the papers and chronometer first; and, when daylight came, we got up shears on the outer rock where we had first struck, and carried a line from the top of them across our poor wreck to the rocks ashore; then, by means of a cradle, and a traverse line to haul by, we saved our chests and things, but not our bedding, as the forecastle was soon partly under water, and we had a good deal of trouble to get at our chests, which was of more consequence. When we got on shore, and was a bit to rights, we made a tent of some of the sails, and saved what we could of the ship; but she very soon broke up, except the pieces of timber you now see of her, sir. The next thing was to find out where we was, and then, by and by, the captain sent the mate and some of 'em away in the boat to go to Stanley, and get us taken off. They had to put back twice, owing to too bad weather for the boat; but, after about three weeks, the Government people sent for us, and we stopped there in Stanley till us four shipped with you, sir. And that's how the 'C——' was wrecked, though I haven't told you perhaps half I might have done, if I had been merely yarning with my mates. The wreck was bought up by ——."

"Yes, yes! I understand," let me for myself here say, as if interrupting the supposed narrator—though the man, the crew, the ship, are all veritable as related*—"yes, yes—I understand—bought up at auction by the auctioneer himself through another party, the said auctioneer being Lloyd's agent! Only the old game again!"

But now, as we have passed this unfortunate wreck, cast your eyes rapidly round and you will see the coast becoming low, and here falling a little in, thus making a bight of it, with a small sandy beach bay. The latter is called Cow-bay, and sometimes a vessel with westerly winds may anchor here when too late to pass the Volunteer Rocks before dark. At other times there is, as well as off that Cape Carysfort, even as we now partly feel it, an exceedingly heavy sea running in to this place; and a gentleman at Stanley told me that once, when coming from England, and unfortunately getting embayed here, he was five days struggling against the wind and sea before the vessel he was in got clear of the danger. As fast as they got a little way off they were driven back again, and it was a mere chance he escaped being wrecked Had it been the case, it would have been his second wreck on that same errand; for on leaving his native land to come out here, he was wrecked on the coast of Wales, and, I believe, lost nearly everything belonging to him.

We are now rapidly passing that bend of this north-east coast, which, as you see, takes a sudden sweep and runs off in a low point to the south-east, with, as you can just distinguish, a reef of ugly rocks showing above water. That is Volunteer Point and Volunteer Reef; and you may

* My notes do not make me quite certain which of the men it was that gave me the information concerning this wreck. I believe it was the one named; but, at all events, the substance is as I have given it, and the manner of delivery such as belonged to my informant. I have, therefore, merely put my own wording into a sailor's mouth, and adopted the language sailors would use.

observe that, instead of steering directly for the extreme end of that reef, as would be supposed, and merely allowing for room to clear it, I am giving it a rather wide berth, because there is a hidden danger at, some say a mile from it,—a danger that once proved fatal to a gallant French frigate under the command of a name well known to science and to fame—Freycinet that name; "Uranie" that ship. Yes, that danger is an especial one; and made more so by the fact that, unlike almost all other rocks in these seas, it has no kelp growing to it for a mark of its existence. As we now approach, you can see that it does not break with this westerly wind of ours;—there is merely a something on the water about the spot which bids the mariner take care. The poor "Uranie," however, went on it—crush! and had only time to run as fast as she could up Berkeley Sound, and enable her gallant captain and officers to put her on a soft and sandy beach on shore before she was done for. In our case, being well warned; and, moreover, having now passed it two or three times; once so as to actually see it nearly under me; there is no danger, especially with this wind; but if in doubt at any time, the marks now opening out will, by paying attention to the directions indicated in the book, keep you clear, always allowing for tide.

And now we've passed that danger, see how Berkeley Sound opens out upon our right; and how we feel the wind rushing down it, as we haul up close so as to keep well in for yon Mount Low upon our weather bow. Yes, the breeze comes heavy down the Sound; and we shall feel it too in beating up Port William, which is just this side of that fine beacon, a lighthouse on the low point a trifle to leeward of us. Yes, the breeze requires submission to its power; so, let it be at once—therefore "give her a single reef, my men—a snug one, fore and aft, and smartly—and a taut sail afterwards for working."—It is done;—and now observe the land we are fast approaching. How barren;

—how stunted everything appears, except in one or two small places!—That rocky islet up the Sound, within the shadow of Mount Low, is Bird or Cochon Island, and the scene of another wreck which occurred about the same time as the "C——." This was fatal in life as well as ship; and equally unfortunate as respects her mistaken position. She was a barque, also bound to the other side the Horn; her cargo various, but with several boxes of quicksilver as a portion of it. Thick weather came on;—she hove to before dark under her topsails, and with her head to the westward;—the wind, I believe, N.N.W.—At midnight the breeze increased;—the weather came on worse. Topsails were ordered to be reefed;—they were about being done; when suddenly a fearful cry was heard from a sailor at the helm; and, before the sound of "Land! land aboard!" had been carried by the wind to the affrighted ears of the men engaged in preparing to reef, the vessel struck heavily—rebounded—struck again—for a few moments hung upon the rock, giving time for the men to escape;—and then began to break up and sink, scattering far and wide the contents within her. Unfortunately the poor captain was drowned, he having gone below to save some papers, and, as supposed, becoming so confused as to take up something else instead, with which, in attempting to escape from the sinking vessel to the rocks, he fell overboard and perished. The remains of this wreck were also sold "for the benefit of all concerned," and bought by some person, but who it was I do not remember.

Here then, within a space of 14 or 15 miles, may be found the scene of three wrecks; and a fourth close by has yet to be related; though, as it occurred at a later date, and as I personally visited it to render assistance, I will speak of it in the proper order of my narrative. But even these are not all that I am acquainted with by quadruple the number; though the time when the wrecks took place

not being during my service here, I shall not do more than perhaps occasionally allude to them. At present I must go on with my account of Stanley.

Looking at Mount Low, it is seen to slope off to the east, and fall down until a tongue of land runs for about five miles from its base and terminates in some rugged rocks called Point William. This side of Point William, and before us as we still edge up towards Mount Low to keep a good weatherly position, is Kidney Island, covered with tussack; and just beyond it as we now run along the land, are some white sandhills, and then comes Point William. Beyond it on the left, and almost like a continuation, are the Seal Rocks; but these are not approached when coming from the northward, unless in making tacks, and then great caution is needed. The Seal Rocks are exactly off Cape Pembroke, upon which is situated the lighthouse. Nothing is to be seen beyond, as the land falls back to the S.W., becomes low, and terminates at the south part of the island in a flat, sandy-looking coast line. Between Cape Pembroke and those rocks is a safe channel; but, not far from the former, only in a direct line north of it, is a rock showing at half tide. It is called the Billy Rock, and upon it his Excellency the late Governor of the Falklands had the misfortune to be wrecked on one occasion.

And now, having come off the Port, we show our colours; and, in the present day, the lighthouse man signals to the town, and, if need be, a pilot comes out; in former days those at the town had to keep a look-out themselves without the aid of a lighthouse keeper, who has only been lately appointed. With the wind as we are supposed to have it in this description, from the westward, we have to beat up all the way. In the schooner I have very frequently done so, and sometimes in a gale of wind. Standing over from Point William, which may be passed very close, you go over to a couple

of islets, the William Islets, behind which, and running all the way from Cape Pembroke up the harbour, is a ridge of nothing but sand-hills, the sand, however, being of very fine quality. Tacking, when well up to the Williams, we have the whole of Port William before us. In length about six miles, it is backed by a ridge of hills of peculiar formation, one being called the Saddle-back, to which it is much like. These hills are situated some few miles from the head of the port, but serve to form an excellent background. On the *right*-hand side is Mount Low; on the *left*, a minor ridge of hilly and rocky land extending only half-way down the port, and uniting with the sand-hills just mentioned. As we beat our vessel up, every tack opens out several little bays on both sides, as also a few rocky points.

On the north we have Charles Point, two miles from the entrance; then Arrow Point, round which is entered a good anchorage, running up to the foot of Mount Low and called Sparrow Cove; next is Doctor Point, upon which stands a dummy, with an arm extended in the direction of the Narrows,—now seen on the left and opening out like a cleft in the rocks. Beyond Doctor Point the head of Port William runs up for a mile or more, with shallower water, and terminating in a small estuary, into which, between some bold rocks and pretty scenery, run a couple of good fishing creeks, and a little river. Turning our eye back on the left hand, we run along the rough stony ridge before mentioned, and which, terminating in some abrupt rocks forming the western point of the Narrows and called Navy Point, serves naturally as an outer wall to Stanley Harbour. Navy Point is a round, full, and craggy projection, with a few ledges, and an under-water spit, not however above a few yards, say five or six, in length. Kelp marks every danger, and vessels can go close alongside this kelp; as also on the opposite side, called Engineer Point. This latter is very similar to the other—the two

being about a furlong apart. It serves as the western extremity of a crooked, barren, and hilly peninsula of sand and rock, which peninsula is broken up into little bays and gruff rugged projections. From Engineer Point towards the sea entrance of Port William, there is a shallow bight of sand, full of kelp, and terminated by Old Man Point, whereon is another figure similar to that termed the Doctor, and for the same purpose. This point is very rocky and dangerous, and requires a wide berth in making for the Narrows. Beyond it, that is, on the sea side of it, a few hundred yards of steep rocky cliff is seen, suddenly terminating in Yorke Point, and then falling back with a great sweep, so as to form the bay, in which vessels anchor under the sand-hills in southerly gales. These sand-hills are very remarkable, and I was informed at Stanley are gradually rising, one of them especially so, and not by the mere accumulation of sand, but by some curious work of nature, like that performed by a mole.

In the sand-bays are a few rocks always to be seen, and easily distinguished at night by their different appearance from the white sand. This latter, however, is apt to deceive in the dark, and lead one to suppose that there was open water, till the soundings show the mistake. Between William Islets and the sandy peninsula there is a narrow passage navigable to the sea, but not to be tried, save from necessity. Anchorage can be anywhere obtained in Port William after once getting well inside the entrance; but it is better if possible to work up as far as Yorke Bay or near Sparrow Cove. The peninsula is attached to the main island by a very narrow isthmus which separates the great ocean, south of the lighthouse, from Stanley Harbour by comparatively a mere thread in dimensions. It is to this I shall by and by direct attention; but having given this brief description of the locality to which I have brought the reader, I will proceed with my proper narrative.

CHAP. XIII.

Stanley Harbour.—Description of the Town.—Government Officers.—Colonial Chaplain.—His Excellency the Governor.—Permission accorded to rent Keppel Island.—"Ross Road" and the Streets of Stanley.—Its public and private Buildings.—Government House.—Dock Yard.—Pensioners' Cottages and Gardens.—Barracks.—Police Office.—Prison.—Church.—House Accommodation.—Population.—Classification of Inhabitants.—Provisions and Stores.—Cattle Speculation rejected by the Author.—He is made personally responsible for any Infringement of the Colonial Laws by the Mission.—Departure from Stanley.

WHILE preparing to get under way to work up to Stanley Harbour, a boat was seen coming towards us, and soon afterwards a pilot came on board, accompanied by the colonial surveyor-general, Mr. Bailey. For several reasons of policy—not the least being, that I conceived it but fair not to turn a man away when he had thus come out to us, though to take him was not compulsory—I gave the vessel in charge of the former, and turned to converse with Mr. Bailey, whose only object in calling and introducing himself was that which often attracted many persons outside of the harbour, viz., to get relief from the insufferable ennui that falls upon men where there is nothing to do.

Mr. Bailey informed me that for some time past we had been expected, and at length had been given up as lost, little suspecting we should have gone to the western islands, selected our station, and actually located ourselves there before visiting Stanley. Perhaps this may have been con-

sidered as wanting in respect to the authorities here; but if so, my excuse will be found in the fact that we were only following out the directions given to us, and which, moreover, were still made more stringent by the absence of all letters of introduction to any one at Stanley.

By this time the pilot, whose name was Melville,—a fine old fellow, much respected by every one, as also his brother pilot Rutter, a younger man,—had got us under way, and in a short time more we entered the Narrows, and immediately afterwards saw the town of Stanley, about a mile and a half from us, on the slope of a hilly range south of and running parallel with the harbour, from near the edge of which it gradually ascended. Stanley harbour is, undoubtedly, a most excellent one; it is, in fact, a large natural dock, of oblong form, say three miles in length, by about one-third of a mile broad, having for gates the Narrows by which we had entered. It is situated nearly due east and west; and though subject to the same fierce gales that everywhere assail the visitor to the Falklands, its anchorage is so good that a vessel may lie here in perfect safety. At the eastern extremity is the isthmus I have before spoken of; and were this place turned into a penal settlement, I would suggest that a channel be formed from the sea across this isthmus, as I shall by and by explain, so as to admit of vessels from the S.W. entering the harbour that way, instead of having to go all round Cape Pembroke with the chance of being driven to leeward. Indeed, I cannot help considering that there are some disadvantages connected with the position of Stanley, owing to the prevalence of westerly winds, that would not be found in a port to the westward; and for the simple reason, that in the latter all distressed vessels would have their place of shelter to run to under their lee, whereas it is, as was the case in Berkeley Sound, one to work up into from to leeward. However, there can be no mistake about it when once a vessel is in. Perfectly land-

locked, no regular *sea* can get up, though frequently there is commotion enough in the water during some gales to prevent all communication on shore.

Just inside the Narrows we found anchored there H. M. frigate "Indefatigable," bearing the flag of Rear Admiral Johnstone, Commander-in-Chief on the south-east coast of America. It appeared that he was down here on a visit of inspection, and to recruit his men, by taking them for awhile from the sickly Brazilian ports. As we passed, I paid the usual respect to Her Majesty's flag by dipping our own colours; and I invariably did the same to the Government flag on shore, whenever we went by it up the harbour; but I afterwards found that I was introducing a new custom in the harbour, and was somewhat sneered at for doing so. For this I cared very little. It was enough that I knew what was right in this matter, and therefore practised it. When his Excellency the present governor, a naval captain, arrived, he understood this; and made it a rule of the port, that all ships should show their colours on arriving and departing, and thus evince proper respect. Formerly this was wholly disregarded, more, I suppose, from ignorance and carelessness than aught else.

The first building that is seen belonging to Stanley is the chapel attached to the cemetery, which is about half a mile from the town. It is a pretty little gothic building, leading one from a distance to suppose it is the church; but this latter is altogether of a different form and dimensions, and is a modern brick edifice, oblong, with a square tower in the middle, and not unlike a market-place or exchange, for which I believe it was originally intended, — divine service being then performed in a large school-room.

Stanley has a very pretty appearance from the harbour, with its double row of pensioners' white cottages, and the other light-coloured houses contrasting with the dark background. Seated on the slopes of a hill, with one or

two buildings of stone and brick conspicuous, and running along the side of the harbour for about three-quarters of a mile, it is, in itself, a rather attractive little place, considering the part of the world it is in; but, as far as the surrounding locality is concerned, I hardly know a spot more superlatively miserable and devoid of all interesting features save, perhaps, to the geologist. In front of the town are a few piers and jetties—the latter private—the former, one belonging to the town, and called the stone pier; the other, a government pier, and fixed at the dock-yard, which is at the western extremity of the town, and known by the flag hoisted on the arrival of a vessel, as also by the guard-house, blockhouse, stores, workshops, &c., erected there, the whole being railed in. Behind the dock-yard is a reservoir of water kept to supply the shipping; and far away, towards the head of the harbour, are the government offices, gardens, stables, servants' houses, and the residence of his Excellency. This latter building is utterly unworthy the name of Government House; and, though looking pretty enough when viewed from the water, with its long unique cottage-like appearance, it is so low in dimensions and so undignified, that it would seem to be more suitable for offices than for a residence. Beyond Government House, at about half a mile, there is another cottage, belonging to a gentleman who is engaged in the rearing of cattle. He is the proprietor or part proprietor of some of the finest cattle in the Falklands; but as his principal station is at Port Louis, I shall leave, for another chapter, all I would say on the subject.

The Falkland Island Company's stores and buildings are on the extreme east of the town; and opposite to them, at anchor in the harbour, is their little fleet, consisting of one barque (since sent home with a cargo), three schooners, and several boats, cutters, &c., besides a large receiving hulk. The colonial manager's house, a verandah cottage, is in the middle of the town, facing a private jetty; and I should

observe that most of the principal houses face the harbour, from which they are separated by the best and almost the only road fit to walk upon in the colony.

We anchored abreast the town pier, amidst one or two vessels that had called here for repairs, and near another hulk belonging to Lloyd's agent, who was a storekeeper in Stanley. I found that some goods had arrived for us, by a vessel that had touched here on her way round the Horn; and these, of no great use to us at such an expense, I took possession of, and afterwards gave to the land party, for whom they were intended.

As Stanley was a free port, there was nothing to do except report the vessel, and declare my errand. This I prepared to do after dinner, when the doctor and I, having dressed for the shore, landed. At first I was doubtful what to do about making any calls, except officially, not having letters of introduction; but as, at that time, I did not know half or a quarter of the remarks that had been so freely made on Stanley, I thought it well, in our especial character, to visit the clergyman, who welcomed us most kindly, though I immediately perceived there was some slight restraint in his manner.

I had been informed that, at three p.m. I was to attend at Government Office, and, after transacting the usual business, was to be introduced to his Excellency. Accordingly at that hour I went to the appointed place, which I found to be some unfinished brick buildings, containing three rooms and a hall on the ground floor, and one or two rooms above. Facing the hall door, was the acting colonial secretary's office, and into this I entered. Here my business as a shipmaster was soon concluded, the "acting colonial secretary" being shipping-master, postmaster, and several other things, besides a J. P.,—though I don't know who was not a J.P.; and then Mr. Secretary took the doctor and myself through the hall, and by a door on the right, into the presence of his Excellency. It will be enough for

me to say of this interview that his Excellency received us very *graciously*, spoke favourably of Keppel Island as being suited to our views, &c., but could not avoid expressing himself very strongly about the Mission, he having heard and read a great deal more than we knew respecting it. However, on the subject of occupation he named the following Monday for an official interview; but I may as well at once mention the result. After certain papers were read, and letters to his Excellency from the Right Hon. Sir George Grey, wherein it was said (and this his Excellency dwelt upon with much natural indignation) that the Rev. G. P. Despard, as Secretary of the Patagonian Mission, desired a location, &c., "away from the *depraved, low, and immoral colonists* of Stanley;"* it was finally agreed that for one year we should be allowed to occupy the island at the rental of one pound per annum; at the expiration of which term we must either buy in accordance with the permission granted by Government, or forfeit the exclusive right of purchase without auction. I thought this a good arrangement, and it was the one I urged, though with great difficulty persuading the doctor to accept it, that is, before going up to the governor; for he considered first one thing and then another, until at length he was ready again to abandon all. And yet what could we do? How could we have purchased? We had no money, we had no letters of credit; and the mission, I could soon see, was thought but little of at Stanley. We need not look there for help; nor do I wonder at it, after what had been said.

When we had finished with his Excellency, I returned to the town and had a look about the place. From

* I have no hesitation in saying that these terms are not warranted, at least so far as my own knowledge went, of Stanley. But let me ask the reader to consider the absurdity, and the harm to myself as well as the mission, in thus traducing a colony to which I and the vessel had to go.

the town pier, a street, so called, leads up to the top of the hill. On the right and left of this street, and running along the side of the harbour in front of all the houses, is "Ross Road," the one I have spoken of. This road is nearly two miles long, its limits being a little beyond Government House at the one end, and in 1856 at the Cemetery Chapel at the other end. It is almost the only promenade the colonists have, except when fine and dry weather permits a walk upon the hills. Even the road is, however, not always available, on account of the spray at high water occasionally dashing over some parts of it. Nevertheless it is the Bond-street, the Regent-street, the Oxford-street of Stanley; and on afternoons may be seen the ladies and gentlemen of this little world in itself, walking briskly up and down it. I say *briskly*, for a day when sharp walking and good exercise are not required is very rare in the Falklands.

Parallel with Ross Road, at the back of the first line of houses, is another very narrow street, which runs through the town only so far as it was originally laid out. The houses facing this street are of an inferior description. Some of them are occupied by the men and their families engaged in the seal fishery; others belong to the Spaniards and those foreigners that are employed principally by the Falkland-Island Company; but the best of them, higher up the hill, are owned by the handicraftsmen of the town, some of whom are not only solid men, but no doubt could, if they chose, come home with tolerable means of comfort. Most of these houses are built of stone, timber and brick being so excessively dear that it cannot be thought of. A few of the older tenements are made of wood, one or two being regular shanties; that is, patched-up, cabin-like boxes. Walking along Ross Road, we observe a public house on the left, kept by a Mr. Murray; and next to that one of the most compact and pretty houses in the town, belonging to Mr. Bowden, who had newly built it just before I left. The church, on a raised

space by itself, comes next. Beyond the church are a few small wooden houses; then comes the private house of Mr. Dean, the storekeeper, banker, agent, &c., &c., then his store; next, another wooden house, occupied by the family of one of the company's employées; then the cottage of Mr. Havers; next, the surveyor-general's, and then the colonial surgeon's, which is here at the corner of another small street, binding the principal part of the town. This last house, and several of those I have named, are very comfortably built and well furnished. Dr. Hamblin's garden is conspicuous for its flowers.

After a slight break, we next come across the "Eagle Hotel," kept by Mr. Goss. Then another break, and we come to the clergyman's residence, which is a very poor place by itself. Beyond this, upon the road, there are no more private houses; the dockyard, &c., being now on the right, the police court and magistrate's abode, a little farther on to the left up the hill. About here Ross Road descends a little, takes a turn over a small bridge traversing a diminutive stream, and then proceeds straight on to Government House. Turning back, however, we now walk up by the police court, a couple or so of wooden buildings (the prison being in the dockyard), and by a pathway ascend to the rows of pensioners' cottages. As we pass them, kindly greetings show that there are warm and friendly hearts within; nor are those greetings from many a rough hand and many a woman's tongue on an occasion just before I left Stanley forgotten by myself or my wife. In the middle of the foremost row stands a large barrack-like building, with the central part a storey higher than the rest of it. I believe that formerly it was used as barracks for the pensioners till they got their cottages. It stands in a conspicuous situation, and has a very pretty view over the whole harbour and the entrances. There is a fine walk leading out of Ross Road from the dockyard gates up to it; and there is another walk in front running at

right angles to this. The middle house has a flight of stone steps leading to it; and, when I left Stanley, was the residence of a near relation of his Excellency the Governor,—Captain Sibbald, R.N., who, with his wife and children, accompanied the governor from England.

The pensioners' cottages look neat, and one or two I was shown into were really patterns of household management —Gilmore's in particular. They consist of three rooms, and may be made very comfortable; but there is hardly inducement enough at Stanley to do so. For though to each cottage there is a large piece of ground given, and I have seen vegetables growing plentifully in the gardens, yet there is so much stagnation in all that would serve to keep up the desire of doing well, that I wonder not at complaints and dissatisfaction. It is true that Stanley is morally, socially, and physically, a most miserable place; but it is so because it has been allowed to be so. No life-like energy, no well-directed effort, seems to have been attempted. A fixed purpose to let it be the rugged-looking place, which nature has in its soil and features made it, appears to have prevailed; but, that it could be improved by wise and prudent measures,—that it might be made a welcome place of call for refreshment and repairs, I have no hesitation in saying.

Some of the gardens attached to the houses in Stanley are far more productive than is generally supposed. There are times when a very large supply of vegetables has been raised, and sold to the casual visitor in port; but of one or two gardens I could name, as a sample of what can be done, I need only refer to that belonging to the Governor. Here I have seen almost everything as at home in England, and have partaken at the hospitable table of his Excellency the present Governor of what may be called dainties for this part of the world.

The total number of buildings in Stanley, I should consider to be about a hundred, taking round numbers. Of

these, many are really very comfortable, well-furnished residences. Only a few are two storeyed, and these mostly newly-built ones. The older habitations appear to be exactly what we should suppose in a colony—a number of rooms added to one another on the same floor, as occasion required or circumstances permitted. There had been, before I left, for a long time past, two or three good stone houses and cottages to let. When, upon sudden warning, I had to leave my vessel, and find a home for myself and wife to put our heads in, there was no lack of houses to shelter us. I got an excellent detached six-roomed house, in a fine commanding situation, garden-ground in front, and a good yard behind, with the whole made quite private by a fence and palings. This house I rented for a month, and could have had it for any time that I might have chosen. It belonged to the Falkland Company; was situated east of the town, half way up the hill; and I paid them at the rate of 30*l.* per annum for it.

The population of the colony may be estimated at four hundred and fifty souls. From these may be taken 100 employed as gauchos*, camp men, and sailors, &c. by the Company; another hundred may be set down as strangers having no settled home there; a third hundred may be called the Government employées and their families; and the remaining hundred and fifty the Government officers, merchants, traders, sealers, tradesmen, &c., &c., and their families. Perhaps I have overrated the entire population of the colony, and not properly classified the numbers; but, at all events, there is not a greater number. And now to subdivide the classes. First of all, then, there is his Excellency the Governor and his family; with Capt. Sibbald and his family; Captain Packe; the stipendiary magistrate; the colonial manager and family; the colonial surgeon and family; the chaplain and lady; the surveyor-general; the acting colonial secretary; Mr. Dean and family;

* Men whose profession is to look after and take care of the cattle.

Mr. Bowden and family; and one or two more perhaps of what might be called lesser note, but certainly not of the "*poorest* people." Of trades, there are one or two carpenters, blacksmiths, shoemakers, tailors, &c.; but a host in himself is the colonial manager, a gentleman of most varied and remarkable talent, who could, I am sure, do more for that colony, had he the power, than any one I know. His sketches of birds, beasts, or man; his botanical, geological, and general scientific knowledge; his aptitude at, and willingness to undertake, any mechanical or laborious occupation, is surprising,—especially when added to his many other qualifications.

On the subject of provisions, a few words are necessary. It may probably be known to many, that the Company's charter binds them to certain things concerning the cattle; amongst others, that of selling beef to the colonists and to ships at 2*d.* per lb. Consequently, beef is ever plentiful; and, though I cannot say much for its invariably good quality,—indeed I am bound to express my disgust at a great deal I received,—yet there was always good beef to be obtained. What with supplies from other quarters, such as Captain Packe's, Mr. Bowden's, &c., we could generally get some very good beef, if we chose to pay a trifle more, say 4*d.* per lb. for it. With mutton, however, it was different. Occasionally some could be obtained at a shilling per lb.; and fresh pork at the same price, though plenty of pigs ran about the streets. Salt meats, bread, flour, &c., wholly depended in price upon the supply in the only two stores in the town,—Dean's and the Company's. Fortunately, just before I left, a *third* party, an American,—Captain Smyley, once before mentioned,—was understood as coming into the field. I can only say I hope he will; or else, that the Company will take care that everything shall not be left in one man's hands to sell or not as he chooses, and as many persons have told me Dean has done. In the latter part of my narrative I shall

again have to allude to this subject, at a time when there was a dread of scarcity in the colony; but as I have now nearly done with all in the way of description, except to say, that a tall mast with yard across to serve as a signal station, with a look-out man frequently there, was situated on the top of the hill behind the town, I will leave all other matters to fall in with the order of my narrative. It may be asked, however, what of the camp? the country? My reply unfortunately must be,—Nothing. I know nothing of it, beyond a few miles of Stanley, or about the various islands and places I visited. Not once did I go inland; and this for many reasons, not the least being my desire to avoid interfering with aught that peculiarly belonged to the province of the Company.

In addition to the "Indefatigable," I found lying here H.M. sloop of war "Star," which vessel was shortly to leave for Monte Video and take a mail. This gave us an opportunity of sending letters and replying to the ones we had received from home, and that we had found waiting our arrival. I ascertained, however, that the probability of any regular mail communication was very slight; for there was no contract existing as to the conveyance of mails between Stanley and Monte Video, the farthest place south the mail-packets came to; and therefore, if I hoped to get my own letters from the Society at home, it would only be by going for them myself. This was put before me in somewhat plain terms after the departure of the "Star," as I shall speak of presently. Meanwhile, several matters were transacted by the doctor and myself as regarded the mission. To *my* amazement I found he was endeavouring to effect a purchase of cattle for the station, to the number of 130 odd, at £3 per head; but all this, and another proposition of going *shares* with us in a kind of speculation, struck me as so very different to what we were supposed to be engaged upon, teaching or preparing the way to teach the natives,

that I determinedly opposed it, and wrote home to say so, and also to state that it was not a part of my agreement. This was in March 1855; therefore so early as that the committee were thoroughly acquainted with my feelings on the subject. Moreover, it was a thing that could not be done. If we had not money to buy the land, certainly we could not find any to buy 130 head of cattle, even if the schooner could have taken them round, which she could not, except by altering everything and devoting months to it.

Another thing that met me at this time was an intimation from the Colonial Government that *I* personally would have to be answerable to Government if I brought to the islands any foreigners or natives of the lands of South America, without permission being given and certain bonds entered into respecting them. There was an alien ordinance in force in the colony relating to this very point, and a copy of this alien ordinance was forwarded to me. Here was a difficulty, and a very great one; for the importing of natives from the coast was a principal part of the Society's plans, though I had always doubted its practicability, and meant, as captain of the vessel, to be very careful what I did in this matter. However, as I purposed to wait until I heard from home on this and other matters, I for the present made my mind easy; and, having settled all about the island, bought what fresh stock we wanted, and looked to the ship, I prepared to return again to the island, and consider about going to Monte Video for the clergyman, whom I expected might now be there. It was then that a proposal was made to me by the Governor to take a mail up, and bring one down from that place; and as this suited my views about going there, and would enable me to add something to the funds, I agreed to the terms offered, £85, conditional upon leaving Monte Video 48 hours after the mail bags were ready for me. I signed the agreement, having a clause

inserted about permission to call at Keppel Island on the way up; and then all being ready, and the Stanley mail bags for England *viâ* Monte Video on board, we weighed anchor again on the 29th of March, and rapidly left the harbour on our way back to the mission station.

CHAP. XIV.

The Trip back to Keppel Island.—Bad Weather.—Hail and Snow Storms.—Descriptive Account of the Vessel struggling against opposing Winds.—The lone Watcher on the Island.—Safely anchor in the Bay.—Gloom of night in a desolate land.—Darkness around, but Brightness within.—The Sailor's Hymn.—Precautionary Measures adopted for the Mission Party being visited.—Departure for Monte Video.—Entrance of the Rio de la Plata.—Shallow Water.—First Appearance of Monte Video.—Anchor in the Bay.

Our trip round to the westward was anything but a pleasant one. Head winds, a heavy sea off Cape Carysfort and all along the north coast, with thick weather, made it not only disagreeable but awkward sailing. To run too far off the land would not be well, for, with the wet northerly breezes now blowing, I knew we should, sooner or later, have a change to the south-west; therefore it was necessary to keep as near in as we could with safety. But it was a trying time of it. The day of our leaving Stanley we made but poor progress; and it was only at intervals that we obtained a glimpse of the land. The next day the weather was worse. The regular observations could not be obtained; no land could be observed; and the gale increased from the northward. To add to my extra labours now, I found that my mate had kept no reckoning since we left Stanley. The log had not been hove; and when at noon I wanted to reckon up the courses and distances run, I found nothing entered upon the slate. Fortunately I have a tolerably good memory, and this enabled me to estimate our position. Later in the day and for a few moments we caught a glimpse of the high land about Sal-

vador; and later still a break in the clouds, at two intervals of time, enabled me to get some hasty observations of the sun, though then rather low. As night came on, the gale increased, with a very heavy sea, the wind still upon the land. I was, however, under snug sail, though obliged to carry sufficient to give us some way ahead, and prevent us drifting bodily upon the land. At near midnight, after a sudden calm of nearly half an hour, the wind flew round to the S.S.E., and now recommenced with double fury. I was obliged to succumb to it; and, taking in all sail but a treble-reefed mainsail, hove-to. We were, I now calculated, off the entrance of Falkland Sound, having passed the Eddystone, as I supposed, some six or seven miles to the northward of it. My latitude I had once obtained in the early part of the night by a meridian altitude of the moon, which fortunately came out long enough to take the observation; but the sea, the tides here, and the change of the wind, might have thrown us this way or that some miles different to what my nicest reckoning might give. However, with the wind now off shore, and the vessel hove-to, there was no immediate danger; and I accordingly went below to get some sleep upon the sofa. But the terrible tossing of the ship, which in this jumble of a sea, produced by changes of wind and meeting of tides, was worse than I had before experienced in her, and such as few can have any conception of unless, as poor Bellot in describing a similar position says, one was actually a sufferer therein. It effectually prevented me from a continuous sleep; for not unfrequently I was fairly tossed from my couch on to the floor, until I took to the latter, and wedged myself in, as the better plan.

At daylight the wind abated, and we made sail, the land showing plainly about Falkland Sound and to the westward. We were, however, all day working in vain to try and get to the westward. Little was done, owing to the wind having backed round to that quarter, and veering about from N.W. to S.W. At 5 p.m. we were only off Tamar

Pass; and that night was another restless one for me, as we kept standing on and off the land amidst squalls of hail and rain. The following day kept us at the same work; and it was again well towards evening before we could get near the Pebble Islets, round the rocky points of which we had to go as close as possible before we could run into Keppel Sound. I was anxious to accomplish this before dark, for my barometer indicated more bad weather; accordingly, with every stitch of canvas the vessel could bear, I was pressing her on towards the point. The wind, however, was dead against her, and fast increasing; we had passed the Solitary Rock off the main Pebble Island, and were now tacking frequently to try and work up in as smooth water as we could get. As the effort to do this lasted some time, and as it may interest some of my readers to put before them, as it were, a picture of our little vessel thus struggling, I here give a brief description of us at that moment, and of our finally attaining what we sought.

The scene, it must be remembered, is a wild and stormy one, on a rough and, except at the mission station, totally uninhabited coast. Pictures from a sailor's hands in this part of the world are not often fraught with the softer sketches of smooth waters flowing beneath a sunny sky. They are more frequently of the description now to be given, as upon the close of a sabbath day, with a threatening sea, the schooner may be seen striving to work to windward, with the rocks, and breakers, and a furious tide close by. There is a lowering sky and coming gale in view, and the fierce waves are lifting up their snowy crests in quick succession, while the lengthened spray is scattered far and wide, as if 'twere so much foam. In the midst of it you may see the small vessel struggling onward to reach yon coveted point.

See how she bounds and plunges! Mark how she reels and seems to stagger! Behold how gallantly she breasts the angry seas that dash upon her, and in huge masses send vast quantities of water on her deck!

Will she attain her object? Will she be able to clear that rocky point upon her bow? Look!—her prow has bent more inward, and greatly inclines towards the boiling surges on the reef! What will she do? Must she go upon the rocks—that hardy little ship? Must she be lost? For lo! she already seems too close; and every sea, as she plunges into it, appears to drive her further in. From a distance her very bows seem to be covered with the breakers' foam. Surely she touches! Surely she has gone too far!

Yet no, no; for see! Some movement on her deck proclaims that a nautical manœuvre is to be attempted; and behold, even as she all but touches where there's danger, a voice is heard coming from one whose hand is on the helm and whose eye is steadfastly watching for a proper moment to escape the peril, and whose heart is lifted up to Him

> "Who plants His footsteps in the sea,
> And rides upon the storm;"

and as the sound floats away, he carefully turns the wheel in his grasp, and with another short and pithy order, the sails shiver in the wind, and the vessel's head turns away from the dreaded shore! Another moment and she has her stern presented in the direction opposite to that it was before; but a fresh command, a re-arrangement of sails, and she is again dashing through the water in angular course away to sea. What then? Has she given up the hope of getting round that point of land she seemed to have been striving for? Is she going out upon the threatening ocean with an ominous night before her? No—for see! again is she made to turn and present her prow towards that rocky point; again she dashes through the sea, sending the spray far upward on her masts; and again she strives—but strives in vain—a little has been gained, but not enough, and once more round she goes, and stands away from land. And as she thus—now on, now off, then on again—makes strenuous efforts to weather the point, there is a solitary

watcher on yonder lofty hill anxiously beholding her. With eager eyes he strains his vision to make sure that it is the little ship he hopes for, and which himself and brethren in that lonely isle have been awaiting; and being convinced, how earnestly he watches her progress, as, struggling still with increasing breezes, she bears up for her usual anchorage.

And now there is hope. The helmsman is working her through the heavy seas, and despite her plunging, and the deluge of water tumbling over her bows, carries her onward under press of sail. See how he has to watch each flutter of her canvas! Look how anxiously he turns his eye from the quivering masts to the breakers close upon his lee, with a glance that denotes a steady concentration of his every thought upon what is now before him, while the incessant spray drenches him, even at the helm. But there is confidence in his mind. He feels that he has now a weatherly position, and that a short time more, as the wind at present stands, will enable him to take his little vessel past the danger. And that little vessel seems, indeed, to know and feel it—for how gallantly, and like some foaming war-steed, she dashes onward! Look how bravely she battles with those giant waves! Mark how she scorns each angry sea, as it comes furiously upon her! And then, at last, hear you the joyous cry from him who steers her, as in ringing tones and with lightsome tongue—his eye bright with satisfaction—he gives the welcome order, "Square away the yards," and turning the helm, directs the vessel's head towards the bay!

She has achieved her task—and as she rushes past the dreaded point, turning more and more towards the mission house, the watcher on the hill with speed descends, and, in hasty but glad tones, proclaims to his brethren that the "Allen Gardiner" is close at hand and fast coming to her anchorage!

* * * * * *

An hour has passed. The day is gone; and night's gloomy mantle covers both the sea and the land alike. All is one black chaos; and externally the vision cannot penetrate to aught of human life astir. Save the fierce howlings of the tempest blast, and the wild surges on the rocky coasts, nothing disturbs the scene. It is a strange, a mystic, and a singular transformation in the picture heretofore presented, and the mind is all but chilled with awe on beholding it.

But hark! what new sound is that now bursting on the ear—rising, as it seems, from out of the deep? What can it be that comes forth so heaven-like from the midst of all that black expanse? * * * It is the hymn of prayer and praise ascending on high from grateful hearts, and uttered by those hardy mariners who whilome were battling with the stormy deep. It is the usual evening offering of God's servants on the seas.

Hymn of the night; 'tis the sailors now bending—
Hymn of the night; its echoes ascending—
We sing and we pray:
We sing and we pray.
O God of our soul! our voices upraising—
O God of our soul! incessantly praising—
We glory in Thee, mighty Lord of all flesh.
In the stillness of night—in the sunshine of day,
For ever and ever to Thee we will pray.
Blest Lord of our faith, accept Thou our prayers.
Hear from thy throne, our sorrows—our cares;
Surrounded by dangers, succour need we of Thee,
But living or dying, our God Thou shalt be!
But living or dying, our God Thou shalt be!

The voice of praise is hushed, and he who lately stood with helm in hand, now stands with Bible in his grasp, and reverently dismisses the thankful seamen before him. And then from one and all a kind "good night" is given, and nought again is heard save the roaring of the blast, and the ceaseless tramping of the solitary watcher, whose duty it is to keep the deck.

* * * * * *

All night and part of next day it was, as I had expected, blowing a gale. My time, however, being limited to a stay here of only two days, I contrived to communicate with the shore, and was glad to find the three we had left there, all well. They had felt lonely, and naturally anxious; and one of them, the catechist, had been very desponding all the past day, until the mason, who was a great pedestrian and fond of exercise, had in his walks seen us coming round the point, and gladdened them with the news.

The following day it was too heavy a gale to do anything; some of the squalls from S.S.W. being very severe, accompanied by hail, sleet, and rain. Towards evening the wind lessened, and went round to S. by E., with snow —signs of winter fast approaching.

The next morning I went on shore, the doctor having again taken possession of his rooms. I there arranged with him what was to be done in my absence, which I expected would extend to perhaps two months. I had previously, in Stanley, settled a plan, and agreed with a party there to visit the island in one of the colonial schooners if, after a certain time, I was not heard of. This arrangement I made upon my own responsibility, and without even a thought of the necessity of it having entered the heads of our committee at home. But, at the risk of being considered as wanting in that "faith" I had been so incessantly told about as all and everything in our cause, I deemed it highly important that, with the probability of the vessel meeting with an accident or experiencing unavoidable delays, the party at Keppel Island should not be left without being visited and having some means of communicating with Stanley. Accordingly it had been settled that if the schooner, or some of us, did not appear within four months, Mr. Dean was to send round to Keppel Island, and make inquiries into their condition. For this, I agreed to give him twenty-five pounds, the lowest sum

he or any one would do it for. And I may as well observe that I kept this arrangement the whole time of my having any direction in the matter.

Having done all that prudence dictated;—seen, as far as I was permitted, that the stores I had landed were still secure, and free from any damage arising from possible leaks in the house; and having seriously impressed upon all the party I was leaving behind, the necessity of care in husbanding their means, of daily and regular occupation, of both bodily and mental exercise, I got under way on the 5th of April for Monte Video.

An account of the sea passage up to Monte Video would be of very little interest to the reader. Alternate fair and foul winds, with calms and gales, took us to the northward much in the same manner as I have related we experienced on coming down to the Falklands. But while we are on our way towards the Rio de la Plata, at the north entrance of which Monte Video is situated, I must bring forward a passenger that I had on board, and who had joined us at Stanley, I having consented to take him amongst the men, at the request of the Government officials, the man paying the ordinary sum for his passage. He always wore a yellow kerchief on his head, and a knife, richly ornamented, in his boot; but was a very quiet, decent sort of man, and very different to what I had expected to have found him, he being a professional Spanish *gaucho*. He was a fine handsome fellow; and when I afterwards met him at Monte Video, dressed in shore costume, he really looked quite the don.

It was not until the 17th that we neared the coast of La Plata; and even then, owing to foul winds, we did not see it until the 19th. It was early in the morning, that, after constantly sounding during the night, and thus *feeling* my way, I obtained a glimpse of the low land a little to the southward of Mendano Point, consisting of diminutive sandhills and bushes. All day we kept tacking

and tacking, and about 4 P.M., having safely cleared the Mendano bank, which is a dangerous shoal stretching six miles to seaward, I stood well in to the shore to obtain a good look before going off again for the night. The lead was kept going incessantly, and it was a novelty to us to behold the thick muddy water we were sailing in, even when the land was so far off as to be hardly visible. The soundings decreased from 15 to 7, 6, 5, and 3 fathoms, and once, just before going about, it was 2½, the water so thick that it seemed like as though we were traversing through so much loose clay. From this spot I had a good look at the coast, which presented nothing but a line of low sandhills with a few bushes on the top, dwindling away on the right to little lumps of refracted patches, dipping in and out of the water at the horizon as the atmosphere altered the momentary view from the one thing to the other. Satisfied with my position, in the event of thick or blowing weather coming on, I now tacked ship and stood out to sea. It was, however, not my intention to go too far out, neither did I wish to be too close in; for, from everything I had been told or that I had read, I knew that it was necessary to be very careful in entering the River Plate. I had even been written to from home to beware of "the dangerous navigation of the Plate;" and such a caution, coming from the same eminent officer whom I have already alluded to, was not to be despised. But, apart from that, I could tell by my charts and books, that it appeared to well deserve the name given to it by Spaniards, "Mer d'Enfer." Full of banks, and shoals, and shifting sands; with the coast so low on the south that it could not, in some parts, be distinguished from the muddy water, except where, here and there, a bush, like some curious wart, showed upon the horizon; with shallow soundings even fifty miles from land; and with rapid tides, and occasionally the hurricane "pamperos," it needed no warning from others to mind what I was about. I had been kindly advised at Stanley by Capt. Hope of

H.M.S. "Indefatigable" to take the northern passage, and not attempt the south one; but even had I meant to have done so, it would have been difficult with the north-east winds we experienced. Moreover, my idea was that I should be in a better position if a pampero came on, as they blow from the southward, than if caught in one on the north side. True, all the south part of the Plate is very dangerous, as may be inferred from the following extracts out of the official Sailing Directions; but as I was a perfect stranger to all the river, one part of it was to me much about the same as the other. Great attention to the lead, the log, and the line, with a quick eye, and cat-like watchfulness of the barometer, I felt would enable me to get the ship up without danger; though it must not be supposed I undervalued the danger. On the contrary, I knew its full extent, and, *knowing* it, was in a measure prepared.*

Speaking of the southern part of the Plate, the Directions tell us that so low is the dangerous land that "in estimating distance from it by the eye one may be very much deceived, so much is it at times either elevated or apparently depressed by refraction.* * *The land is not exceeding 20 feet above the water, in many places much lower. * * * In many places it is a mere marsh. Trees occasionally show themselves, as if to assure one that the dark line in the horizon is actually land, and not the shadow of a cloud. The great extent of the Tuyu Bank prevents any, even the smallest, vessel from approaching

* I here wish to give a hint to my brother mariners. Many persons run into unknown dangers by being too anxious about known ones; and I have often heard it said that it is unwise, in a descriptive account, to dwell too much upon such dangers. In this, however, I strongly differ. For myself, I invariably take the dangerous route in preference to any more favourable, but often more doubtful one. You are alive to danger, and therefore guarded; but fancied security may lull a man to sleep, till a sudden knock upon the rocks awakes him. In this River Plate I know a case precisely in point.

this half-drowned land. At Rasa Point, the northern extremity of Cape Antonia, is a low sandy spit, extending to the northward, and under water towards some breakers, near the northern limit of the Tuyu Bank. From Cape Antonia southward, the coast is of a light colour, low, and sandy. Occasionally straggling bushes, or patches of rough grass, are seen. Sandhills between 20 and 40 feet in height begin to show themselves 10 miles to the southward of Rasa Point, gradually increasing in number and height as they approach Mendano Point, rising near that point to 100 feet above the sea."

Such, then, is a brief description of the land on the south part of the River Plate, so far as I had anything to do with its navigation. Coming from the southward it is necessary to pass this Cape Antonia; and,—avoiding the various banks that lay in the river, some of them often fatal to ships,—steer over to the opposite side, where, amidst more mountainous scenery, Monte Video is situated. But to get over the other side, or even in the Rio Plata at all, is frequently very difficult, on account of the irregular tides and currents. Captain Heywood says: "No regular tides exist in the River Plate, and the currents are as uncertain in their duration as they are irregular in their rate and direction, so that no certain allowance can be made for them." In reference to this I can say that it is too truly the case; for, as will be seen, I have found the currents so strong and so irregular that I have been all but crazy about them. The last time I left Monte Video I was driven broadside up the river at full five knots an hour, and passed H.M. "Star," (which vessel had run outside the harbour and anchored, to exercise,) as though I had been steaming in that direction against the wind. I had to change my course nearly two points to allow for it, until I had crossed the centre of the river, and should expect to find it running as strong the other way. This time, in coming up, I was ignorant of everything

but what I gleaned concerning the river from my books. No one on board knew aught about it; and I had therefore to trust to my own judgment and discretion. I need hardly say that, as was my custom when near land or on particular occasions, I rarely went to bed, merely taking some broken rest on the cabin floor, or, very frequently, catching a hasty doze upon the platform on deck.

On the 20th we were still beating up against light winds, and a current setting us out to the south-east. After night came on, having seen no land since the previous afternoon, I thought it prudent to run to the north-west no farther, as I considered we were not above three miles from Cape Antonia, to the eastward of it; accordingly we again tacked out to sea, although this was but helping the current. Our casts of the lead on tacking were 10, 9, and 10 fathoms; the sea at the time being remarkably phosphorescent, and looking very grand in the excessive darkness of the night. Indeed, there was something singularly striking in the peculiar position we were now in, upon a sea where the bottom was not at a greater depth than that of an ordinary anchorage, but yet where it would, with any wind at all, or unless from great necessity, be most unwise to anchor, on account of the ceaseless commotion in the water, apparently more here than in the open ocean. However, it was well to be prepared, and therefore everything was got ready for the purpose if required; and to prevent mistakes arising from verbal orders, I each night gave the course and instructions in writing. Yet, in spite of this, they were disobeyed on this one night, when, from having been taken ill, owing to so much watching, I had gone to bed. About three in the morning I was roused up by hearing a noise, and though under the effects of medicine, I rushed on deck as I was, to find everything in confusion. A squall had suddenly caught the vessel under all her sail. Thunder, lightning, and

a gloomy sky, with the wind flying about in several directions, had rather an ominous appearance; but soon getting the ship to rights, and sail reduced, everything was in its proper place again before any decided change for the worse had come on. The squall, however, was not of long duration; the heavy clouds gradually dispersed, and when daylight came we were with the same light breezes and unsettled weather as before. All sail was again set; but in the afternoon it fell calm, and the current being so strong against us, I thought it well to anchor, which was done in 10 fathoms water, with no land in sight, but at an estimated distance of twenty miles from it.

The decks were kept this night by regular watches as at sea, and I myself was often up to try the current, and examine the state of the weather.

Next morning we again moved with a light breeze from the N.N.E. changing to east, and then back to north, and variable. A little progress was made, but not much; and the evening we again anchored in 9 fathoms. That night it was squally, with thunder, lightning, and heavy rain. The following day we renewed our attempt, and by night-time again got into 5 fathoms, where we anchored in thick mud. Very heavy thunder, vivid lightning, and a deluge of rain, with not much continuous wind, though squally, kept us here after two useless attempts to get under way. A calm succeeded for a few hours, with the same torrents of rain, and the water all round us curiously streaked by the intermixture, as I supposed, of the fresh stream from the river above coming across the various banks into the salter ocean about here. When it had cleared a little we saw a brig at anchor not far from us; but as for seeing land or telling our actual position during the past three days, we could not, owing to the wretched weather. It was truly "feeling"—nay, groping, our way up to Monte Video; but attention to the various

depths of water, and the nature of the ground brought up on the lead, enabled me without any hesitation to go on. Accordingly the anchor was again hove up; and directly a breeze sprang up from the south, I steered a direct course for the Mount; being now, as I judged by my soundings, in the fair way for it, and sufficiently west of the English and Archimedes banks; while the Ortiz bank was yet well west of me. The Panela rocks, upon which the "Vixen" struck when coming this same way, were now to be guarded against; and as these were very dangerous, and their position not to be well determined when the main land was obscured, I got rather nervous about them, especially as we were now going a little faster than we had done. However, the breeze again died away; then freshened up; and at noon I had the satisfaction of catching a single glimpse of the land, exactly in the direction I had expected. Thick weather came on once more, and a foul wind for an hour or two; but finally it cleared, and enabled me to see the cathedral of Monte Video;—a very conspicuous edifice, and an excellent land-mark. A few vessels now came in sight through the mist and thick weather; one passing us, as also did the brig we had seen at anchor; but after striving until nine o'clock and unable to fetch up to the harbour, I was again obliged to anchor. The whole of this day we had been sailing in a kind of liquid clayey mud, with only from 3 to 3½ and now 5 fathoms water: yet such is the river Plate; and in some parts that vessels have to pass there is barely that depth.

I left orders that during the night a constant watch was to be maintained for the light on Mount Cerro, and, if seen, its bearings were to be taken. Thus, then, at an early hour on the next morning, when the light had been once or twice distinctly made out, I got under way and stood on for the mouth of the harbour. It was a thick, misty, disagreeable morning; and when the day began to break

nothing could be seen ahead of us except the huge hull of some vessel at anchor. This I afterwards found to be an American frigate; all large ships of her size being unable to go into the harbour, which will admit no vessel drawing more than 18 feet. As daylight increased and we advanced a little nearer, the mists dispersed; and, like a huge curtain lifting up before us, the heavy clouds passed on in advance of a gentle air from the southward, and the splendid panorama of Monte Video and its vicinity, with the harbour full of shipping, burst upon our view. It was beautiful! A most unexpected, a truly delightful pleasure! *Monte Video*, a city of the Rio de la Plata, somehow or other was always present to my mind's eye as an uninteresting trading town; but lo! here was a charming place, full of light and apparently handsome edifices, prettily perched upon a nicely rounded hill, that fell out like a tongue into the sea! As we slowly neared it in the bright clear morning that, after breakfast, succeeded to the mist of the earlier dawn, it looked glorious in the sun, and the eye was kept admiringly fixed upon it. Perhaps, had I not come up from such a miserable place as the Falklands, I might not have been so taken with the first sight of this city; but I cannot help expressing what I then felt and always did feel on afterwards visiting it.

There was but little wind to help us in; and several fishing boats hailed to see if we would take a pilot. But I did not want one. It was an open harbour; and, accordingly, I ran on and anchored just outside the guardship.

CHAP. XV.

Monte Video.—Visit to the Consul's.—Mutinous Conduct of the two Mates.—Their Dismissal from the Ship.—Fresh Officers procured.—Departure for and Return to Stanley.—Another Wreck.—Go round to the Mission Station.—Find all well in Health.—Necessity for seeking a Place to beach the Vessel.—Proceed through the rocky Passage into Port Egmont.—Anchor off the Old Settlement.

AFTER all the necessary formalities had been attended to, I dressed and went on shore. My first visit was, of course, to the Consul's, where I soon transacted what business I had to do; and finding no missionary had arrived, I declared myself quite ready to go back to the Falklands with the return mails, according to my agreement. It was arranged that I should go on the day but one following, thus merely giving me the forty-eight hours stated,—quite long enough for me, as I knew no one in Monte Video, nor cared to make acquaintances. One person, however, it was necessary for me to call upon, and that was Mr. Lafone, a merchant of note, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction from our secretary, who had told me, in case I wanted funds, Mr. Lafone had promised 100*l.*, and perhaps I might get it. But, for certain reasons of my own, I did not think it right at this time to allude to it. When, at a future period, I did mention the subject, I found that he did not approve of the mission plans, and, therefore, could not be expected to aid them.

On the day following that of my arrival at Monte Video, a circumstance occurred which not only prevented our going to sea as arranged, but which proved to me I

was likely to be always surrounded by difficulties of a more than ordinary character. I have mentioned the particular sort of crew I had to get, and have alluded to the peculiar ideas a few of them entertained on religious matters,—especially my two mates. Now I had quite enough to do without having too much thrust upon me in the shape of devotional exercises; and once a day, I thought, was sufficient for public worship, unless some one else could attend to it, as I, with so many secular matters to see to, could not. Consequently, on the day of our arrival, I stated that the evening prayers on deck would, in future, be discontinued until a missionary or some other appointed person came to take the duty; meanwhile I advised the men to attend to it in the evening quietly by themselves, as I could not carry it on publicly.

The next morning I was in my cabin dressing, with the intention of going on shore after breakfast to get the mail, when I heard a chattering and confusion upon deck, which induced me to go up and see what it was about. I there found the men getting the boat out, but no officers directing their movements.

"Where are the officers?" said I.

"Down below, sir," answered one of the men.

"Down below! what are they doing there? Mr. F——, Mr. B——, why are you not on deck?"

To my surprise Mr. F—— popped his head up the hatchway, and said, as I perceived he was dressing himself in his best clothes, "I do not intend to do any more work, sir; it is against me to do it. I am going on shore."

"What!" said I, with an exclamation of the utmost astonishment, "What! no more work! Going on shore! Why, what's the matter? what ails you? And you, Mr. B——, what of you?"

The latter replied that he intended to follow the other. Utterly amazed, for we had had no unpleasantness, no quarrel, I could not for a moment tell whether to laugh,

be angry, or fancy them suddenly gone mad. At length I elicited that they objected to my intention of discontinuing the daily evening service on board, and, moreover, that I had carried a mail in the vessel, and had dismissed the "chaplain," as they called the "catechist;" I gave them one hour to consider what they were about, stating that, as I believed they were either insane, or else very bad characters; seeing that as officers, and above all, missionary officers, they were setting an example of mutiny to the crew, I would at the expiration of that time hand them over to the authorities if they did not turn-to again to their duty. I then spoke to the men, and finding they were all right, went below,—finished dressing myself,—and, at the end of the hour, again came up and demanded their answer. This was the same as before. I therefore called the crew aft, read over the ship's articles, and formally put the question to the two officers, "Do you, H—— F—— and F—— B——, intend to return to your duty?"

"We do not," was the reply.

"Very well! Now one of you bend on a whift, (a flag tied up with yarns, for a boat to come off,) and all of you pay attention to what I am going to say. You consider this to be, what it really is, a missionary ship. Good. Now, who is her captain? these two mutinous officers, you, or I? * * I am, am I? Very well! Then please to remember that; and not one of you dare again to desecrate the holy names you have most of you so frequently got on your lips, by acts so utterly at variance with every good and holy profession as those acts are which these men commit, and other slighter but not the less bad acts committed by another amongst you. I hope, and now believe, after what I am saying, you will not. I will take care that what is correct and proper in all religious matters on board shall be attended to. But, I will have no nonsense;—nothing at variance with every man's duty as a

sailor, or what he professes to come on board as. So now, once more, F—— and B——, will you return to your duty? If not, I will run that whift up to the masthead for assistance, as I myself cannot leave the ship with you in this mutinous state, and summon aid from that man-of-war to take you before the authorities. What is your reply?"

"As you don't intend to pray oftener, we don't intend to do any more work," was the answer.

"So, then," said I, "it is necessary for me to go through the *form* of prayer just so many times a day to induce you to do your duty as officers and men; and if not, you mutinously refuse, at a time the ship is under sailing orders, and must go to sea to-morrow! Out upon you! Religious men, indeed! Out upon you! Run the whift up!" And then, seeing it was not answered quickly, I sent a note to the French man-of-war in the harbour, close to me, the "Beaumanoir,"—there being no English pendant then here,—and asked the captain for assistance. In a short time a French officer and marines came alongside, Captain Duval having very kindly promised me any aid I required. I explained to the French lieutenant (enseigne de vaisseau) the state of the case, and that I merely wanted some one to look after the vessel while I was on shore at the Consul's; and after a few friendly words, three of the marines were left for the purpose. I then went to make my statement to the Consul, who directed the two delinquents to be brought before him. This was done; and having heard all they had to say, he spoke to them very strongly, and said they deserved severe punishment. But I did not desire this, for I wished to believe that they were really sincere in the extraordinary delusions they were under concerning the "elect," as they called themselves. I therefore agreed to their discharge from the vessel; paid them their wages; and before evening they were both out of the ship and on shore, where it appeared they

wished to be for the purpose of "converting the wretched sailors and bigoted papists."

It is not for me to imagine motives more than facts may warrant; and to this day I cannot determine whether those two men were under some strange mental blindness, or were a couple of contemptible hypocrites. Certain it is, that under no circumstances were they warranted in acting as they did; and in another sort of ship they would have been immediately put in irons. It was a lesson for me; and only confirming what good Admiral ——— told me, that it was not wise to have a *professedly* religious crew on board my vessel.

In consequence of this unexpected loss of my two officers, I was detained at Monte Video for some days, until I procured two other mates; and, acting under the Consul's direction I remained for the next mail, which was soon expected. I offered to go without officers, and myself work the vessel down—and gladly, too, if I were to have such as those I had just parted with; but the Consul objected to it, as not prudent, though my crew were willing. I myself should have kept up at night, and had my rest during part of the day, letting two of the best men look out; for, having made an agreement with the Governor at Stanley, I was anxious to keep to it; but Mr. Thornton said it was too hazardous, and he would therefore give me a letter to explain the circumstances. This was done; and having engaged two officers for the run down to Stanley, and to give them a trial, I was then ready for sea. As, however, a few days would intervene before the mail arrived, I devoted the time to painting and putting the ship in order, and examining the hold.

Working as one of the men, I was frequently as black as a sweep; but this I only cared for so long as any one chanced to come off to see us. Once, however, I was near receiving a serious injury from a heavy cask of pork fetching way when guyed over in the tackle, and swinging against

me. At the time, I was in the bottom of the hold clearing out the ballast, so as to have a look at the steps of the main-mast; and it was fortunate that I was struck in the side instead of the head. Nevertheless, the blow was sufficient to make me feel it for a long time afterwards.

As I purpose speaking of Monte Video and the Banda Oriental in a future chapter by itself, I shall say but little of it at present. We had a heavy pampero during our stay; and an Italian brig on another day got upon the reef, but was towed off by the French war steamer "Flambeau;" the French, as I was informed, being always ready to afford gratuitous assistance whenever in their power.

At length, on the 18th of May, the mail arrived, and having got the letter-bags on board, I started on my way back to Stanley. Our trip there was remarkably mild and gentle. Though the latter end of May, which answers to our November here, it was anything but rough, or cold. Indeed, it was quite a different passage to that we had experienced when coming down here in the summer.

We saw the land on the 31st of May, and got into harbour about 5 p.m. Soon afterwards the mail was delivered, and I thus concluded my agreement for its conveyance. I received my own letters, and then began to prepare for visiting the station.

I found in Stanley harbour two or three vessels that had called here for refreshments; and amongst them, a schooner laden with guano from the Chincha Islands. On the day after my arrival, whilst taking a walk on the hills at the back of the town, I noticed this schooner going down the harbour on her way to sea, being homeward bound. The wind was foul for her going through the narrows; and I could not help being struck with her singular movements. First she ran up to the narrows, then back as if she would give it up, then on again, and so this way and that, until tired of watching her I walked on,

saying to my wife who was with me, "That vessel seems to be moving about very curiously; I shouldn't wonder if she presently claims close acquaintance with the rocks, if they don't mind." And true enough this was; for when I returned on board, I heard that there was a wreck on Engineer Point.

The following day I went away in my boat and with a good crew to see if we could render any assistance; but it was in vain. I found her bilged and immoveable; and as the owner and captain stated that they required no more help than what they had from Lloyd's agent and others, I came away. In a day or two afterwards I was requested, along with another captain and the harbour-master, to go down and survey her. We did so; but such was the state of the weather on the day set apart for us that we could do nothing more than make a cursory examination. This sufficed to show that there was damage to her hull, as the tide ebbed and flowed in the hold; and it was our opinion that she had better be sold for the benefit of all concerned. Our reasons were given, and mine may be briefly stated.

In any other place but Stanley, that is, any place where labour and means could have been procured, I should have been against condemning her; but I knew that, in the present state of things, to get her off and repair her would cost the captain more than the vessel and her now damaged cargo was worth. That she might be got off and repaired was possible; but not by or at the expense of strangers. Thus, then, I joined in the arguments of my two companions, and pronounced for her condemnation. She was therefore condemned and sold by auction, the Falkland Island Company being the purchasers. Some months afterwards, however, she was got off, hove down, and repaired by the Company; and after a voyage to the coast of Patagonia has, the other day, returned in a very disabled state to England.

It was now the depth of the Antarctic winter; yet with the weather not so bad as I should have supposed it. Some of the days were even mild and pleasant, though cold; but, when the wind came strong from the southward, it was, as may be expected, most biting and severe.

On the 5th of June, it being necessary to complete all my arrangements and go on to the Station, I settled with my new mates, and engaged them on the ship's articles for three months. I also bought a quantity of fresh beef, which I knew would be a treat to the party on the island; and likewise several other things that might be acceptable. I determined, however, not to go round until the wind was favourable, unless delayed very long; for the hammering and battering against heavy westerly gales, in working towards Keppel Island from Stanley, was worse to the ship, and to all of us, than a full voyage would be to Monte Video. Fortunately we had not to wait long. Upon going on deck in the early morning of Thursday, June 7th, I found that there was a strong gale from the S.S.E.; and as the wind from this quarter would exactly suit us, I determined to avail myself of it, and get under way. It was, however, necessary to be cautious in doing this, owing to the very heavy squalls, accompanied by sleet and hail. Therefore I prepared beforehand by double reefing the mainsail, and single reefed the foresail; and then, directly after breakfast, hove up the anchor and speedily ran out of the harbour under our topsail, jib, and the sails just named. At ten a.m. we stood through the Narrows, then soon afterwards passed Port William, and with the wind now aft, bore away to the northward. There was a heavy sea running, and the vessel rolled and floundered; but on she went, flying past the Volunteers, and at ten minutes to one rounding within a mile of Cape Carysfort. I now kept very close in with the land, for the twofold purpose of having smooth water, and making a good weatherly position after passing the Eddystone. At 3.30

we passed Cape Bougainville at two miles off, and at 7.30 shot by the Eddystone at half a mile distance. It was then, of course, quite dark; but having seen the rock just before dusk, I was able to steer direct for it without fear. We now hauled close upon a wind,—the breeze having decreased in strength, with the exception of occasional squalls,—and thus standing across the mouth of the Sound fetched up well to windward at Pebble Island, which was seen at 10 p.m. Knowing the changes of the winds, and their prevalence to the S.W., I always considered it best to steer a point or more inside of the direct course from the Eddystone to West Pebble Islet, even when allowing for the currents or tides. By such means I generally preserved a good position, and this night it was well I did so; for the wind got less in strength, but went round to the S.S.W., and therefore, had I not at once luffed up on passing the Eddystone, it would have prevented us making the quick passage we did.

At daylight the next morning we made all sail, but, owing to the now light and foul wind for getting into Keppel Sound, we did not anchor in Committee Bay till the afternoon. To my momentary alarm, I could detect no signs of any of the shore party. No colours up; nothing to show that they had seen us, as they must have done, had they been on the spot. However, a short time soon settled the point. I was not long before going on shore, landing at the nearest place, and running across the land towards the house. All right! The doctor I saw at the door ready to welcome me; Webber and Carpenter glad to see me, and even the dogs acknowledging my arrival. The reason of no signs being made to show they had seen us, was that the signal halyards had been unrove, and therefore they could not hoist the flag. This was now soon put in order, and speedily the colours from the house were flying in answer to those from the ship.

During my absence all had been well; that is, well as far

as general health was concerned; but I saw quite enough to convince me now that our mission would, according to the unwise plans formed at home, in its present organization, prove a failure. I had, however, long ere this been convinced that, unless a change took place, the work would never get on; and I had, in March, written home to that effect, telling the committee my views, thoughts, and feelings on the subject; to all of which I had *thankful* replies in approval. But it must not be supposed I thus wrote *privately*. I told my brother workers what I thought, did, and said; and never once adopted the "secret" system in my writing.

The evening of our arrival, I had the whole of the land party on board to tea; and a glorious tea we had. I stinted nothing. We had an excellent cake made by my wife; some prime bohea; beefsteaks for the visitors (to them a treat), and everything I could think of to make them comfortable. After tea we had some music on my harmonium; and one and all enjoyed the time.

The following day, wishing to examine the vessel, and discharge what more was in her belonging to the house, I had her brought up Gardiner Channel to the old spot near the two points. Mooring her, and making all secure, my wife and I then went on shore to dine at the house. After dinner we took the boat and crossed over the bay to a spot I had selected, when here the last time, as the most suitable for the site of the permanent house, which I now found was begun. From this spot, there is a lovely marine view, perhaps nowhere surpassed. I have always felt that I could spend hours here looking upon the exquisite picture of sea and land, and rocks and islands, bays and creeks, and varied, though wild scenery that meets the eye. This, and various advantages that it possessed, made me press it strongly on the doctor as most suitable; who, however, when he had selected it, and then was doubtful as to its being approved, wrote home to say "it was pointed out by Captain Snow."

The following day being Sunday, all hands were again on board the schooner to attend Divine Service, which I delegated this time to the catechist to perform. Good dinners aft and forward were also provided. The next few days I set all hands to work forming a store depôt for the ship, by digging in the cliffs on Sunny Beach, West Point. Selecting a place where there was a partial hollow in the descent, I had a perpendicular cutting made, and the débris thrown at the foot so as to bring the flooring sufficiently high up above tide mark to prevent damage from water, and yet not so high as to inconvenience us in discharging from the boats. The cutting thus made formed three sides of a square; and it was my intention ultimately to have roofed it in, and with gutters to carry off the water from above so as to make a dry and secure provision depôt; but the intolerable and really absurd dislike on the part of my land companions to everything I did for the general good, made me, at last, abandon it, and determine to go where I should not be in danger of getting into more unpleasantness. I could see with a mere glance what *could* be done and *ought* to be done, so as to make the island not only a comfortable, but a pleasant home; but save the mere form of putting a foundation to the new house, which was done by the mason and carpenter, nothing was accomplished. I also clearly perceived that it would never do to attempt examining the vessel here. This was evident even to my new officers, who could not help expressing themselves strongly. For if, by chance, any trifling thing was done upon the land, there was immediately some unpleasantness about it. *We* did not belong to the island; we must not touch that; nor go there, nor shoot, nor kill, without permission,—at least so I inferred, —for the men were forbidden to molest the geese, and our going after seals was considered an offence.

The fact is, that confinement to this one solitary spot was already beginning to have, as it always will have, an

injurious effect; and I perceived that the isolation of the past three months had been, in this respect, most hurtful to the land party.

Finding it would be vain to expect that I could examine the vessel, even had there been a proper place to beach her, which there was not, at Keppel Island, I determined to try what there might be at Saunders, where, in the old Settlement Cove, the Sailing Directions said there was sufficient water, though from what I had seen on our last visit I doubted it. Accordingly, after some necessary interchange of various articles between us and the land party, and a friendly evening together, I again got under way on the 19th; and, though the wind was from the southward, determined to try the passage in and among the rocks, to see whether we could not get round by tacking.

Thus, then, with a strong southerly breeze, away we went, dashing through the smooth water, and in and out of intricate passages, amidst rocks, and rugged little islands and patches of kelp, in all directions. It was cold, and the snow had been covering the hills and parts of the ground for several days past; and the squalls we now experienced were rather sharp. At all events, I felt them so, almost *Arctic*, up at the top-gallant mast-head; and had frequently to come down and warm myself with the exercise of ascending and descending the rigging.

As it is possible that by-and-by, the whole of this part of the Falklands may be frequently visited, especially should the islands become a penal settlement, which I still look forward to, I will here describe our passage through this rocky group, round to Saunders. Some future day,—who knows?—a steamer may be towing ships over the same ground on their way to Cape Horn, having called for refreshments at Keppel Island! Ahead of us, as we get under way, and trim on the starboard tack, with the wind at S. b. W., are the "Bold Rocks" of the surveyor's chart. They cover at high water, but show

well as a long and moderately broad reef at low water. They are not continuous, but broken into two patches, the main patch being much larger than its companion, which lies north-east of it. Between the two, however, is, to appearance, a safe passage, and this accordingly I try. From aloft, I throw a searching glance ahead upon the water, to look for *kelp;* and, finding none, I let the ship dash on, while the leadsman bawls aloud the soundings as they show upon the line at five and six fathoms depth.

In the present case, I took the passage between the "Bold Rocks," and stood on towards the group of rugged islands which now faced me, at the entrance of what had been called Rocky Harbour. Measuring my distance by the eye and by head-reckoning from the admirable chart of the general survey, I attended not to the anxious glances I could perceive on the features of the men below; but only heeded the leadsman's cry, as we stood on. "Be *the*-e-*a* mark *sev*-en!—*Quar*ter-*a*-less *six*!—Be *the*-e-*a* mark *five!*" were quickly uttered. As the latter soundings were given, and as we touched the kelp, on passing an island thickly covered with tussack, I sang out cheerily, "Ready about! Down with the helm! *Hard-a-lee!*" And round the little vessel went like a top,—for she *would* go round in a *strong* breeze and *smooth* water;—and presently, pointing her bow in the contrary direction, I again made my voice heard from aloft, as standing on the top-gallant yard, with the sail furled, I cried out, "Haul of all!"—the various orders being less in a schooner than in a square-rigged ship. And now with two of the islands astern, and another one upon the quarter on our lee; with West Point, Rocky Harbour, and Outlying Reef to the east, we again dash along upon the other tack towards the Bold Rocks, while we leave Anxious Passage and Passage Island, with the tides and eddies found there, to the left. Presently we have run our distance, and again the ringing cry is heard, and again the ship flies round;

but now we have still less room than before. An ugly reef, which I called by that name, is somewhat in our way, and a very short tack must be made. So, "about" it is, ere we had well done more than gather way upon the little craft.—But, never mind. The breeze is freshening. She will do it, if the tides do not lay her in fault; for here, I perceive, they are somewhat contrary. However, it must be done. Therefore "Heave quick, my man! heave quick, and keep the depth of water sounding in my ear!—So–o! Round again!" and round it is; and round she goes each time with lightning speed,—so well in this respect, with such a glorious breeze, does she answer. But now for the fourth tack there is some doubt about the room. She will hardly weather the south end of Ugly Reef, and the soundings lessen, while much kelp appears.—The breeze is freshening;—a snow-squall comes bursting on at the moment we are near the rocks.—It heads her off; and thus throws her more towards the danger! "She will not weather it, Sir!" is the almost general shout from on deck, as, at the same time, the leadsman cries aloud, without the usual drawl and song, "Under mark three!" But I hear and see it all; and even as the shift of wind took place and the voices of my men ascended to me, I shouted "Down with the helm! Hard-a-lee!—Stand by the anchor!" and, in a half circle, round again she went, with *two fathoms* under her lee, and a mass of kelp attached to rocks close to her. This time, however, there was too much of the kelp;—it impeded her;—she was rather sluggish after going round;—she did not quickly gather way;—she was losing ground. True, the anchor was ready, but I did not want to *stop*, I wished to go on; it was help she required; therefore I sang out, "Lift her up a bit, my men.—Away! there, one of you, loose the flying-jib! Smart now,—smart, my men, and set it quickly—there, that's the thing—she feels it already—now she's herself again—stand by there—down with it—down with it,"—as the breeze, much

too strong for the sail, came with greater force,—"that'll do, stow it again, we've got all we wanted of it for the present!" And thus we stood out clear of all the danger. And thus, reader, was it time after time in many places, during my two years' cruise. Dashing! exciting! spirit-stirring! circulating the blood freely through the veins; and ever affording a pleasure, even while there necessarily existed much anxiety. And yet, with all this seeming hazard, I never once lost or sprung a spar, or split a sail, or overstrained a rope. Nicely calculating, and delicately but promptly manœuvring, we went always whithersoever we would, and preserved, humanly speaking, the vessel and her gear in safety.

After the last tack I have just mentioned, we were able in a short time to stand out into Port Egmont; and at noon anchored off the Old Settlement, near the mouth of the cove.

CHAP. XVI.

Examine the Cove and find not enough Depth of Water for the Ship.—A sealing Schooner passes on her Way to Stanley.—Examination of East Bay.—Many wild Pigs met with.—No Place for a Vessel.—Try other Parts.—Reef Channel and Burnt Harbour.—Byron Sound.—South, and West Parts of Saunders Island.—Brett Harbour.—Return to Port Egmont.—Official Communication from Government.—Obliged to return to the Station to make an Investigation.

DIRECTLY after we had anchored I went away in the boat to carefully sound the cove, and see if I could get the schooner in at top of high water; but the result of my examination appeared to negative all hope. However, as it was not spring-tides, I determined to wait, and, meanwhile, prepare a place for the vessel by clearing the stones and deepening the channel; and at this work and various duties about the ship were all hands employed for the next ten days, myself personally engaged therein as well. Indeed, it was out of the question for me to be idle. I had, as I believe I have already mentioned, *four* separate journals to attend to:—one, the ship's log written by the mate, but always daily examined and worked up by myself; — another, the meteorological journal, kept every three or four hours, or as I could attend to it;—a third, an official report for the committee;—and, lastly, my own private journal. Besides these, there were the duties of the ship, and I may say of the whole mission abroad, to see to; and, above everything, to try and keep the men's minds as well as their bodies healthily employed. Rabbits, geese, and wild fowl we had in abundance; but I found that it

was impossible to prevent gross carelessness. My own fowling-piece, the best in the ship, and one that I had had for two or three years, was broken when I had lent it to the mate one day to get some rabbits; another day I allowed the mate and crew to take the boat and have a run on shore; but, away they went, outside of Port Egmont;—it came on to blow, and, before they could get back to the ship, it had increased to such a gale that they were nearly lost. Of course I not only reproved the mate for disobedience of implied orders, but stopped any more of the same thing for the future.

The weather, as I find it stated in my journal, was at this time almost unfit to admit of any work being done. Indeed, if I had had the *entire* direction of the whole party, *land* as well as sea, I should have laid the ship up in winter quarters at Keppel Island, and set every one to work in forming a little colony for our future mission depôt. But under the circumstances which I have mentioned, such was out of the question. I had no power to do it; and what I tried to do caused ill will. On the other hand, to go over to the coast in the depth of winter was a doubtful plan, even if I should have prevailed upon my men to go; nevertheless, I determined, as soon as I had examined the vessel and seen about her leaks, to make the attempt; for it was impossible to be blind to the awkward position in which I stood, with the public expecting *this*, and a committee telling me to do *that*, while my instructions were to do something else.

On the 28th of June, the day I had given the men liberty on shore, a sealing schooner came in sight from the southern passages. She sent a boat on board; and in her came the captain, and another person, who I afterwards found was the captain of a large whaler; to which vessel this schooner was now acting as a tender. She was called the "Tekoa," and hoisted American colours, her captain and owner being a citizen of the United States. He had been from home about two years, engaged in sealing and

whaling; but with what success I am unable to say, more than that others told me he had done very well. In a conversation we had, I told him that I was waiting here to get into the cove and discharge, for the purpose of examining the ship's bottom, &c., but he at once informed me that, from a perfect knowledge of the place, he was certain it could not be done, as there was never more than eight feet rise, even at the highest tides; and this, on the following day, I found to be true.

As the "Tekoa" was going to Stanley, I got Captain Kean to take a hastily written note to his Excellency the Governor, stating that I begged to decline the offer he had made when I was last there for carrying another mail, and therefore not to expect me, as I should have to attend to the ship and the mission affairs. This letter the "Tekoa" took, and the result will be presently seen. But, little did I think there was going to be another petite comedy arising from it here. Yet such it really was, as I shall by-and-by have to relate. One expression made by the "Tekoa's" people I find noted in my journal, and now worth mentioning. It was, in reference to us, our mission and our isolated state, that we "were the same as being transported," and "they wouldn't like it no how, not for any price." I believe them. Few would; fewer will, unless under very different arrangements, for the future.

On the next day it happened to be high spring tides: and at an early hour, 6·30 a.m., when the water had attained its greatest height, I, accompanied by the mate (I will use his words as in the ship's log) "carefully sounded the cove, and found only seven feet in the berth prepared, and proposed to lay the vessel for the double purpose of examining her bottom, and discharging stores, &c. in order to get at material low down in the vessel, and that we wished to land at Keppel." This point settled as regards Old Settlement Cove, I deemed it advisable to try other parts of the same island; and accordingly, a day or two afterwards, went away in the boat to examine a place to

the northward, and termed in the "Hints" given to us, "East Bay." On the chart it has no name nor any soundings marked in it; but, as it was a spot mentioned to us by Captain Sulivan, I thought it well to try it. I found the bay not at all suitable. There was no shelter in it from the heavy sea that rolled in from the northward, through Gull Passage, and which burst furiously upon East Point Rocks with terrific breakers, and caused a violent surf upon the beach inside. As I went up, soundings were frequently taken, and I found deep water to some distance; but shoaling rapidly in the more sheltered and quieter parts. Both sides of the bay were rocky, until we had shut in the two points of Keppel and Saunders Island, and which latter, to distinguish it, I named West Entrance Point. At that time we had two fathoms, mid-channel; but, as it was only half-ebb, I imagine there would have been but 8 feet at low water. Beyond this, and up to the head of the bay, it was very sandy; and, except a few streams that had forced a passage in the bed of the bay, it was clear and very even. Beaching the boat, I stepped on shore to examine. There was a small lake at the bottom of the high hill, on West Entrance Point, and between the head of East Bay and another bay on the north side of the peninsula we were standing on. This latter bay was much too exposed for a ship, and therefore I paid no minute attention to it, and the unnamed points of land bordering it, with the lake, and other prominent spots. Some of the other places, however, I christened, because I conceive it to be highly important that every particular object that may attract a sailor's eye on entering a place or passing, should have a title to know it by.

We here saw several fine wild pigs; but as we had no gun, and *there is a penalty against killing any!* we were unable to get a taste of fresh pork, which would have been a treat. Soon afterwards, finding nothing could be done at East Bay, I returned on board.

The next day I determined to try elsewhere, and see if it was not possible to find some place where I could get the vessel properly beached. Accordingly I got under way, intending to go through the so-called "dangerous" Reef Channel, and thence into Byron Sound. There was a light working breeze, but the weather was damp and misty; and I therefore went ahead in the boat with a lead line to sound. Choosing the right time of tide, I passed along very cautiously up towards Rapid Point, and motioned for the vessel to follow me. But I found the chart so correct that all my hesitation was speedily removed; and returning on board, I took my usual station aloft, and conned the ship on towards the passage. The tide was evidently strong when at its full force; for, even now, on its turning against us soon after we got through the first channel, it was found too much, and I had to drop anchor. Reef Channel is exactly what its name implies, a tortuous, narrow, rocky, wind-about passage, leading from Port Egmont to Burnt Harbour in Byron Sound. It is full of small islands, reefs, rocks, and shoals; with the tides sweeping about and round the various points in all directions. And yet I consider it a perfectly safe passage; one that, after once feeling my way and looking at the ground beforehand, I should never hesitate to pass through at any time; and certainly in preference to going outside Saunders Island by the sea. With proper care and a leading wind, and of course great attention to the tides, you may keep in not less than 3½ fathoms water all the way,—a distance, taking the tortuous course you have to go, of about four miles, amidst these rocky channels. But the great advantage of these places is, that you have always smooth water,—can see every danger by the kelp,—and can anchor whenever you choose.

This time I passed between Rapid Point and the end of Long Reef, not a quarter of a mile wide—then between Double rocks and Tailrocks, about the same distance apart;

and then,—as the wind was now against us, and after a vain attempt to work up, standing close-to on each quick tack,—I anchored mid-channel, with Island Reef on my right at a stone-throw off, and Middle Reef a little on the bow. When it was low water all the reefs showed well, and then was the time to examine. Accordingly I went away in the boat, and carefully looked at every rocky patch and piece of kelp that presented itself. On Bird Island I shot several geese; and on another island to the south, which had apparently been burnt, I found many penguins, and also, what I was glad to see for my canary, a quantity of groundsel.

The following morning and the whole day was most lovely throughout, with a gentle breeze from S.E. At half-past eight we got under way with the tide, and had a delightful and exciting task in working through the narrow passages, some of them no broader than a good ship's length. It was quick work; for the moment she was round on one tack, and had gathered way to about an eighth of a mile, it was necessary to go about on the other tack; and thus for about an hour or more. At length we were able, on the port tack, to clear Sweeping Reef, and bear up to the westward, passing through Burnt Harbour and by Channel Reef, clear of all danger. It was a glorious morning, and we bounded merrily onward, closing the high land of Saunders Island, which to the south-west is exceedingly steep and mountainous; passing Rame Head,—frowning and grand,—running rapidly by several picturesque spots,—and then rounding Pen-arrow Point, between it and a single rock that breaks, at about a mile off. We then turned to the northward along the west side of Saunders Island, passing birds innumerable; and noticing on the rugged shore several very remarkable patches of a red-coloured substance similar to loose clay, but more crimson in the tints.

The breeze soon carried us our distance, and at 1 p.m.

we entered Brett Harbour, which I hoped would be found to answer our purpose. The approach to this harbour by the way we came is very grand. The high land of Mounts Harston and Richards,—broken in two by a thin neck,—stands in front like a mighty rampart against the open sea; and it is not until you get close up with this land that the entrance to Brett Harbour by a wild-looking, narrow, gorge-like channel is seen. Turning sharp round the bluff point on your right, this channel runs away to the south-east, and consequently in our case, with the wind now at south, it was necessary to beat up. This we did as far as could be done for the present, the tide being against us, and then the anchor was dropped near a curious and romantic pass amongst the rocks. As we had worked up the channel, I had noticed several fragments of timber and one or two cases upon the shore, and therefore I now landed to examine them. The latter were found to contain tins of turpentine, similar to those we had picked up at Keppel Island. As I now knew all about the wreck from which these evidently came, I had them taken on board to be afterwards given up to Dean; but I believe I was only considered a fool for my pains, and certainly got anything but thanks; for the mate was afterwards told we had privately taken some for our own use.

While on shore, having my rifle with me, I succeeded in sending a ball right through the head of a fine sea lion that we came across. He was, however, very tenacious of life, for he escaped to the water, and we saw him some time afterwards playing about. I believe I hit him once again; but we did not succeed in getting him. With geese we were, as usual, more fortunate; and the men had literally a wild goose chase after one or two that, being winged, got in the water to escape. Careless of a wetting, the boat's crew dashed after the birds, even almost out of their own depth, and then with the boat chased them hither and thither in all directions, more from the determination not

to give it up, than because we really wanted the birds. It was amusing to see the efforts of the pursuers to take the pursued. The latter would be seen floundering amongst the kelp, unable to fly, and apparently an easy prey to the man in the boat, who with uplifted oar was already bringing it down upon the poor creature's head, when the bird would dive with rapidity, and almost immediately spring up again a little way off. And thus the chase continued, until finally our sailors won the day, and captured their wounded foe.

In the romantic little pass off which we had anchored I found, not far from the beach, and up a hilly eminence, a pretty little fresh-water lake, surrounded by mountains, and having quite a torrent rushing in cascade form towards it. It was covered with teal and wild fowl; and the neighbourhood showed signs of rabbits in what must have been great numbers, though we could not see one of them running about.

The following day, with little wind, we towed up to the head of the harbour, and anchored in the S.E. arm in $3\frac{1}{4}$ fathoms; and here we lay for three days, with unsettled weather, and sometimes very cold. During this time, when the wind allowed, I was away in the boat examining the place, but could find no spot suitable for the vessel. Brett harbour is, however, an excellent one to run for if a vessel happened to be anywhere to the N.W. of it. It is singularly formed, and is very nearly joined on the south-east to Byron Sound near Burnt Harbour, being divided from it by merely a low sandy patch. Indeed, the whole island of Saunders may be said to consist of four distinct parts, three of them being very high and mountainous; the fourth, a low flat; and the whole united to each other by two small necks, over which it would seem that the sea could rush at any time.

I landed at the head of the harbour, and crossed to Sealers' Cove, which from here can be reached in half an

hour's walk. There was a fine large fresh-water lake midway, covered with wild fowl; besides traces of numerous rabbits running about. Geese, too, could be had in numbers. On one occasion I shot eleven at this place, but they are very tenacious of life. One that was shot by the mate was afterwards seen flying about with his entrails out; and many that I wounded and lamed, contrived to get away. Their instinct appeared to me very striking. At first we could get near them without difficulty, as if they had no perception of what we were going to do; but after one or two had been killed, the whole of them everywhere appeared remarkably shy. Their heads were up in a moment; and I generally had to use sportsman's caution to get within shot. I remember once at Keppel Island, when I wanted to give the men a change of diet, I shot in only an hour and a half twenty-nine of the best upland geese, quite as good and large as our finest geese at home. It was not always, however, that I cared to shoot these birds. I have before mentioned how they went together in pairs or threes, wherever there was a flock feeding; and now I must give an instance of affection that was truly beautiful to observe. Often have I stayed my hand when about to pull the trigger of my gun because I had not the heart to kill. On the occasion to which I refer I was making sad slaughter amongst them, when suddenly I observed a male bird turn from the flight which he and his companions were taking and look around. I had shot his mate, and the poor thing had just dropped on a hillock not far from me. For a moment the male hesitated, and walked off, after alighting near his partner; but again returned on seeing the female struggling in death. On he came leisurely towards the fallen bird, and so indifferent as to his own fate, that for a second or two I did not pull the trigger, till I bethought me that it would end his grief, if grief he had, by making him share the same fate; and accordingly touched the

spring, and the next instant he lay by the side of his mate.

Another male bird that I winged fell in the water, where I could see him swimming about, closely attended by his female partner; and when, at length, I sent the boat and captured the wounded one, his poor consort took to the shore and wandered about by herself, apparently quite disconsolate, refusing to mix with the others. I could mention several instances I noticed of this affection between these wild birds, but must only give the following:—One of the loggerhead ducks had been caught alive and carried about with me on the beach. The other bird, seeing his companion in this position, at once came on shore for it, and followed us about to some distance; until at length I allowed it to go, when they joined each other, and immediately waddled away to the water.

The object of my visit to Brett Harbour being accomplished, I left it on the 11th, and stood out along the north-west part of the island. There I saw many wild pigs straying about on the high mountains, besides numerous seals, and penguins.

The wind being light and baffling, it was with difficulty I could get round Race Rocks and clear of the tide rips in that neighbourhood; but, eventually accomplishing this, we got to the north of the island, intending to go back to the Old Settlement, discharge as best I could, and act afterwards as circumstances might require. We were all day beating to the eastward against what was unusual—light and easterly winds,—and therefore we did not get up to Gull Passage until midnight. We had to work through in the dark, and finally at one in the morning again anchored off the mouth of the cove.

The next day, July 12th, I gave orders to commence discharging by boat, intending to turn the ruins of the Old Settlement into store-houses and afterwards get out the ballast so far as necessary,—take the vessel as high up

the cove as she would then go,—and heave down to examine her. This settled, and all arrangements made, the work was begun by opening the hatches, getting up the hawsers, and making sundry preliminary movements. It was after dinner when this was commenced; and while some of the rough of it was being done, I had the boat hauled up to take myself and wife on shore to Sealers' Cove, where I wanted to get some plants from the old gardens. Just as I was leaving the ship a sail came in sight from among the passages south of Rocky Harbour. Looking at it through my glass, I saw the stranger was a small schooner-rigged boat, such as some of those I had noticed at Stanley engaged in sealing. I therefore concluded that she was either out on that errand, or sent by Dean to look after the old wreck at the Jasons. The matter therefore gave me no further thought, and I went on shore. Upon my return on board a couple of hours afterwards I found the stranger had anchored inside of me, just within the cove; and directly I stepped on deck, the mate informed me that the colonial government yacht "Sophy" had arrived from Stanley, bringing the surveyor-general with a despatch for me. Wondering what could be the matter, and what could have induced his Excellency to send so small a craft on such a dangerous trip in the depth of winter, I hastily opened the large official letter the mate placed in my hands; and on glancing it over, quickly conceived the whole affair, as with a hearty laugh I turned my eye to the little "Sophy" that had come to seize us. Here were we, peaceably engaged in a work ostensibly of a missionary character, and yet considered as something like a pirate, smuggler, or heaven knows what! But that was only on the surface. Underneath all this was something else, which will be presently understood. Meanwhile, I jumped into the boat again, and pulled alongside of the little big vessel that had been sent with one of Her Majesty's officers in

the civil department of the service, to inquire into my doings.

Now, it is somewhat singular, that in a place where I could neither smuggle, nor attack, nor steal (unless it be the wild pigs, which fortunately we had not touched), I should be set down as worse than the foreigners, who do almost as they please at these islands, without caring to ask leave, or ascertaining if leave be first necessary. But, as will be seen, it is not the only time an attempt was made to upset our affairs, and, by getting me into a difficulty, arrest the vessel (as was ultimately done). At present, however, I had my wits about me. Promptitude was necessary; firmness and decision too therefore, before stepping into the boat, I gave instant orders to the mate to put everything below again, make all secure, and prepare for sea. With wondering eyes, the men looked at me, no doubt thinking there was something very serious; while the mate replied in the usual way, and added, "Hope nothing wrong, sir?" to which I said, "Not if it can be helped; and helped it shall, if I understand this rightly;" and then I went on board the "Sophy," which vessel was not much larger than a good whale-boat. She was, however, a staunch little thing; coppered, raised upon, and with sundry conveniences for the use of the Governor.

I soon had speech with Mr. Bailey, the surveyor-general; and, inviting him to tea with us, we returned together. After tea, we retired to my private cabin, and there discussed the important matter that had brought him here to me. It appears that he had been nine days coming; having had much difficulty in so small a craft; and once or twice obliged to run back to an anchorage, on account of the danger of being at sea in some of the bad weather he had encountered. It was, I considered, a bold thing for him to do, and he deserved much credit for having accomplished it in safety. Had there been a necessity for venturing so small a craft on such a dangerous trip, at, of

course, some expense to the colonial purse, and some risk to life, the case might have been different. I should have thought less of it, and would have readily done it myself, in the same boat; but, not under the present circumstances.

It seems that the schooner "Tekoa," when she carried my letter to Stanley, had spread some foolish report (though the captain,—Keen, has always since denied to me his doing so), that I was about to take possession of Saunders Island for the mission station; and this had so alarmed the government, that the "Sophy" was immediately commissioned, manned, stored, and sent away under the surveyor-general's charge, with the following instructions, which he handed to me for my perusal and consideration.

"INSTRUCTIONS to ARTHUR BAILEY, Esq., Surveyor-General.

"1. You will engage and provision a sufficient crew for the 'Sophy,' and proceed in her with all due dispatch to Keppel Island.

"2. On arriving there, you will learn from Mr. Ellis (or Captain Snow, should he be there) the proceedings of himself and party towards the establishment of the Missionary Station. Likewise inquire into the truth of the reports which have reached this place as to the destruction by fire of the tussack and boxwood trees on Keppel Island by their party.

"3. Captain Snow is or was very lately at Saunders Island, with the view, it is said, of changing the Missionary Station from Keppel Island to that island. Should you find that to be the intention of him or of Mr. Ellis, you will prohibit their forming any station in or about Saunders Island.

"4. If insuperable objections should have occurred to Keppel Island, I have no objection to the party choosing

one half of Pebble Island,—either the east or west portion. I have every reason to believe that Pebble Island is one of the best of the western group, from the fact that Captain Sulivan made an application to me shortly after his arrival here in 1849, to purchase on lease that island. If this proposition should not meet the views of the party, you will inform them that they cannot proceed to take up a position on any other quarter without previously obtaining permission.

"Dated at Government House, Stanley,
"Falkland Islands, 29th June, 1855.

(Signed) "GEORGE RENNIE,
"Governor."

"Having obtained the above information, you will lose no time in returning to Stanley.

"GEORGE RENNIE, Governor."

Such were the instructions to Mr. Bailey; and though they required but little consideration on my part to answer, yet, according to my usual plan, I deferred all reply until I had slept over it. Mr. Bailey spent the evening with us, and though I offered him accommodation, he returned to the "Sophy" for the night. The next morning he breakfasted with us, and afterwards I gave him a letter, of which the following is the substance:—

"As to the proceedings of myself and party towards the establishment of the Missionary Station, I can only answer that we are, as far as the ship is concerned, and also from what I know of the land party, peaceably engaged on the duties that brought us to the Falklands, namely, to establish a station *on Keppel Island*, as permitted by his Excellency the Governor."

To the second paragraph, about the fire, I replied to the effect that it should be inquired into, and I would be round in Stanley as soon as possible, but that I had no control over the land party.

To the third paragraph, about Saunders Island, &c., I stated that the report was quite erroneous, as *I* had no intention of changing the Mission Station, nor did I believe the land superintendent had any such intention. "My object in visiting the island was to try and get into the cove for purposes connected with examining the ship, and, moreover, I should assuredly do nothing against the laws or regulations of the colony; nor should I fail in always evincing proper respect for the authorities."

I have given but the substance of my letter, which was worded as cautiously as I had it in my power to make it; but I could not help feeling greatly annoyed at the whole affair. The matter of the fire was known at Stanley when we were there last; and nothing was then said to us. *Now* I was to be summoned to give an account, stopped in all my work, and perhaps involved in some difficulty. It was provoking; and especially so, knowing how utterly useless it was to attempt aught of importance with the carelessness and indifference displayed by the directing land party, owing to the extraordinary system of organization adopted in sending us out. However, I determined that on this point the law should take its course, and the matter of the fire thoroughly inquired into.

But this was not the only thing I had to consider. I have mentioned that the Governor had written to me, apart from the instructions given to Mr. Bailey; and the following letter and reply will explain the nature of the subject.

"Government House, Stanley,
"June 29, 1855.

"DEAR SIR,

"Your note by Captain Keen reached me this morning. I fully imagined the reason of your detention.

"The non-conveyance of the mail this month has caused no inconvenience that I know of; but as you expressed a wish to me to be employed at some other time, I have it now in my power to offer you the sum of (100*l.*) one hundred

pounds (should your engagements permit), to leave this place direct for Monte Video on the 18th of July with the mails for England, and return here with the mail which will be due at that place on the 18th or 19th of August.

"If this proposition should not answer your engagements with Mr. Ellis, I could postpone your departure from this until the 1st of August; in that case, however, the remuneration would be only 85*l.*, as the mail for England could not be secured to arrive at Monte Video in time for the steamer.

"Previous to receiving your note, I had intended to send Mr. Bailey on a tour of inspection to the West Island; he will be the bearer of this, and can convey your answer to me.

"I hope things have progressed favourably at Keppel Island.

"Very faithfully,

Capt. Parker Snow,
P.M.S. Yacht
"Allen Gardiner."

"GEO. RENNIE,
"Governor."

Reply.

"Saunders Island,
July 13th, 1855.

"DEAR SIR,

"In reply to your kind letter, delivered to me last evening by Mr. Bailey, I beg to inform Your Excellency that I intend seeing Mr. Ellis forthwith, and then proceed to Stanley, where I shall be able to personally return an answer to the proposal you have made me.

"As Mr. Bailey wishes to return at once, and it is necessary for me to have a talk with Mr. Ellis before leaving this part to go away for any length of time, I am unable to do more than state that my intention is, to be at Stanley on or before the 18th instant.

"I have been cruising about until Wednesday; consequently, have not seen any of our mission party during

the past four weeks; nor have I been able to get into any cove where I could discharge, clean ship, and re-stow everything on board again, which was my sole object in visiting this island, and being at anchor off the Old Settlement during full and change of moon, to see if there was water enough in the cove to let me in.

"With many thanks for the kind wishes you have expressed,

"I have the honour to be, &c."

Having given the letters to Mr. Bailey, and offered him a passage to Stanley with us, where he would be more comfortable, but which as being on duty he declined, I gave orders to get under way for the Mission Station, where we dropped anchor on the 15th.

The little "Sophy" went through the passages; and I promised to follow as soon as possible.*

* In mentioning the circumstance I have just narrated in full, it is necessary that I should state I have been in a measure compelled to do so for my own justification. In this narrative—a work intended for the general reader, and not to detail my private wrongs—I find myself often at a stand-still, from not knowing how to truthfully connect the different events that occurred without going into details perhaps more fit for an official investigation. I must, therefore, beg the reader's indulgence for any apparent abruptness that may occasionally be noticed.

With regard to my introducing the name of His Excellency Governor Rennie, I have also been obliged to do so. But I here beg to express my sense of his courtesy towards me as an individual, even while he ever evinced a strong disapproval of the plans of the Mission.

CHAP. XVII.

Evidence gathered respecting the Fire. — Departure for Stanley.—The North-west Pass.—Furious Tides.—Walk across Pebble Island.—Capture a King Penguin.—Proceed through the Inner Passages.—Tamar Pass and its whirling Eddies. — Again Anchor in Stanley Harbour.—Official Investigation respecting the Fire. — The true Party discovered and punished. — Painful Anecdote concerning him. — Tenders for the Mail.— Leave Stanley for Keppel Island.—Driven on the Rocks, but get off without Damage.—Return to the Station, and depart for Monte Video.

DIRECTLY after our arrival at the Mission Station, I went on shore to inquire into the matters contained in the governor's communication. I found every one quite well; and much about the same as usual in regard to the work. The foundation of the new house had been laid; and some drift timber and pieces of wreck collected from along the esplanade beach. The dogs, cat, pigs, and poultry were in tolerable order; the latter having begun to lay eggs; and the pig so tame as to run about and answer to the name of Dennis given him by the party. The dogs knew me directly; and so great was the harmony produced among the animals by such a state of complete isolation from the rest of their species, that they one and all mingled together quite as a "happy family." Indeed I have rarely seen anything to equal it. As for the pig, he was sagacious beyond anything I had conceived. Whenever the boat came on shore with food for him or the dogs, Dennis would descend the steep slope, by the steps made in the cliffs, and, even as the dogs, wade into the water towards us. He would

follow as a dog, and even answer as one; and I remember a laughable circumstance wherein Master Dennis figured.

The schooner was one day at anchor at the old place near the cliffs, when it came on to blow very hard. I had some material on shore close to the house; and to take care of it, sails were laid all over. These sails I perceived to be gradually loosening as the wind blew under them; and I feared that they would be blown away. I therefore hailed the house, to ask them to make the sails more secure, as it was out of the question to land in a boat. None of the human inhabitants, however, heard me, though the pig did; for he came out from the other side of the building, walked round to the edge of the cliff, and stood as if listening to what I said. He then returned to his place, upon my giving up hallooing; but again came out in the same manner twice, when, observing his movements, I repeated the shouting, until the carpenter, attracted by Dennis's manner, came out and answered my hail.

I have seen this pig playing, and acting in all respects as a playful dog; and I much regretted when I heard, a short time after this, that they had killed him. When he was bought at Fernando de Noronha, it was for the purpose of keeping him alive on the station; and, as there was plenty of other food, I regretted the necessity, as they called it, of putting him to death.

Directly I landed, my first business inquiries related to the substance of Governor Rennie's letters; and the information I now received about the fire and other matters astounded me. For the first time I was told the truth about it. A system of deception had been kept up by all the mission party; and I at length ascertained that it was not Webber who had done the mischief, but one of my own crew, and he the very man who (poor fellow) had always set himself up as better than every one else. I taxed him with it, and spoke severely upon the hypocrisy, and, to say the least of it, most unmanly conduct he had been guilty of, in not

only allowing another to bear the heavy blame, but to keep silent for so long, and thus make himself appear innocent whenever I spoke of the subject. He answered me in his usual style, making himself out to be right and everybody else to be wrong. "No one appeared to be good but himself" (his very words); and finally he refused to do any duty but what *he* considered proper.

The next morning, when I had intended to go on to Stanley, he refused to obey the orders given him by myself and the officers. "We were all a godless set," &c. At length I got so tired of it, that, unwillingly, as far as he was concerned, — for I still believed it an infirmity, — I was obliged to adopt harsh measures. I had him put below,— nominally in confinement,—till we should get round to Stanley, when he would be taken before the magistrate to answer the charge of setting fire to the island, as explained in the governor's instructions to Mr. Bailey.* I then summoned the whole of the mission party from the land to give their evidence. This was done;—the notes being taken down by the doctor. At the same time a general investigation was made; and written replies to various questions concerning the work and comfort of all on board and on shore, were received by me. Every one used expressions of contentment and gratification at my mode of conducting the mission; and there was not a single complaint.

It was arranged that the carpenter and mason should go round with me to Stanley, and there give the necessary evidence before the magistrate; and accordingly, as soon as they were ready, I received them on board, and got under way on the 18th of July.

It was a fine day, with light breezes from the south-east to east; and, at times, calm. I stood over towards Pebble

* There was a penalty of 20*l.* for setting fire to any Crown land; and Mr. "Acting Colonial Secretary" was very sharp upon me as an officer of the mission for anything done wrong, as he termed it.

Sound, intending to take the inner passages; and also to have a look at Tamar Harbour. These passages are known to be very intricate; and, by some, considered dangerous. But, for the reasons mentioned when going through the Reef Channel round Saunders Island, I preferred them to going seaward outside. The first one met is the North-west Pass, about a tenth of a mile wide, and separating Pebble Island from the rocks about Golding Island. Here there are "furious tides;" and necessarily very great caution is required in going through. The difficulty is, moreover, increased by the kelp being run down; the strength of the current being such as to bury it considerably below the surface.

As we approached North-west Pass, the wind unfortunately headed us; and we had to tack two or three times. But this to me was unimportant—as I intended to *back* in; —a manœuvre I will briefly explain.

In a dangerous and previously untried passage like this —that is, untried by yourself—and where the tide rushes furiously through, it is not the wisest plan to enter it so as to be carried along too swiftly. A fair wind and adverse tide, or a foul wind and favourable tide, constitute, in my opinion, the best state of things for making the attempt. For in either case you are not taken onward too rapidly; and if there is danger, or your ship does not manœuvre so quickly as desired, there is more time to do what you wish than if wind and tide are both aiding you. Now when the wind is adverse, it is clear that only by some very smart working of the ship, and by short tacks, can a vessel be got through so narrow a passage as that I have named. In our case I could not have ventured to *work* through; and I therefore intended to take the ship close up to the pass,— then turn her head exactly the opposite way I wanted to go,—and,—keeping just enough sail on the vessel to give a slight resistance to the tide, so as to let her steer—back her in, and allow the rush of water to carry her where I wanted

to go. Nautical men will easily understand me; but for the landsman I have explained the matter as well as I can in this way. It will, however, be seen that where such a manœuvre has to be adopted, it must evidently be a delicate and critical job; and such on one or two occasions I have found it to be.

Now, at the present time, I had hoped to have reached the Pass and got through before the tide changed; but the delay in working up to it prevented this; and, as we got near the western entrance, I could see, by the immense quantity of kelp showing itself, that it was nearly slack water. The breeze also became lighter; and therefore, to help us, I got the boat ahead to tow. This, however, did not do much good. The soundings gradually decreased, being less than marked on the chart; and at length, owing to the thickness of the kelp, the vessel would not "stay"—that is, manœuvre in tacking, —and in another moment or two I saw indications of the tide changing against us. I therefore gave the order, and instantly dropped anchor, all standing. The next few seconds saw the whole of the kelp disappear as if by magic. The ebb-tide had made out, and came rushing through, similar to a body of water out of a sluice. It was a novel and a remarkable sight! One moment, acres of brown flag-like leaves floating about upon the surface of the water; the next, not a particle of it to be seen; while the ship strained at her anchor as the tide rushed by her.

Making the vessel secure, I went in the boat and landed on the west part of Pebble Island, between the two easternmost hills. Taking Webber with me, I then walked across the island towards the sea. We passed some of those singular rugged crests on the hills that are so prevalent in the geological features of these islands *;

* Webber, on examining, said the stone was marble—certainly these were solid blocks similar to it and very hard and smooth.

and after a walk over the same kind of wiry grass as at Keppel, arrived at the sea-side.

Here a very fine king-penguin was seen standing up on the beach as if to receive us. As we approached, he did not move, but kept erect like a soldier at his post; merely turning his neck and beautiful dark brown eyes when we came near him. It was really a splendid creature, of the finest kind; its yellow-marked neck, curious fins, and upright position, striking us strongly in the wild and solitary spot where we found him, — the most truly romantic place we had yet seen in the Falklands. As he was too good a specimen to lose, we easily knocked him down without damage, — killed him by pressure, — and then at once skinned him. In his stomach were found from two to three pounds of sprats! His skin was very heavy, and as much as Webber could carry on his head back to the ship; and his entire carcase we could not have taken.

When we got back to the beach near our vessel, we found the men *sliding* on a pond. Mrs. Snow, who had come on shore with me, had walked up and down the beach gathering pebbles. The second mate had shot seven teal — and delicious eating we found them.

The next morning, after sounding the passage and neighbourhood, I got under way; and with a fair wind and tide, stood on. We were swept through very quickly; and soon got into Pebble Sound. Snow-squalls and hail saluted us; but with a soldier's wind (*i. e.* a side wind) we went on towards the south end of Tamar Pass. At the proper time — and only — we got up to this much talked of and dreaded place. The wind had unfortunately again got foul — right through from N.N.E.—but, stationing myself at the mast-head, close to the truck, we worked the vessel through the South Pass, and then stood up the Western Harbour and anchored, as I deemed it not wise to attempt beating through North Tamar Pass, which I knew from report was more dangerous than the

southern one. The afternoon was wet, with snow and sleet; but taking advantage of the delay, I again landed;—walked across the island as before;—chased some seals;—shot some geese;—and then returned on board, without having seen anything of the Government yacht "Sophy," which, as we then thought, ought not to be far from us.

The next day, the wind being more fair and the ebb making, we entered the Pass. Of course I had nothing to depend on but the chart; and this, as usual, I found very correct. Under a commanding breeze and all sail set, we rushed forward with great velocity, in a passage that was narrow, and wild, and rocky. In *going through* it, the water swept along quickly and smoothly; but just on the edge, where the stream meets the sea tide, the waters were in a perfect bubble and confusion. It was truly like a great cauldron of boiling liquid; and the "Allen Gardiner," being slight and buoyant, fairly danced upon the surface one moment and then was thrown almost round and round the next. At length we cleared the danger without the slightest accident, and then stood on towards Stanley, keeping an eye for the little "Sophy." At dusk we passed as close as we could go to the Eddy-stone, and found, as mentioned, deep water with a heavy tide race, even at some distance off.

The next morning, at three o'clock, having rounded Cape Carysfort, and the weather threatening with snow and hail-squalls, I hove-to till daylight, so as not to close too near the Volunteer Rocks, or be carried beyond Port William to the Seal Rocks.

It was fortunate, as I afterwards found, that we did stop our progress, for the little "Sophy" was only a short way ahead of us, and had also hove-to till daylight. She managed, however, to get in before us, and without our seeing her. She had had a bad time of it; three times driven back for shelter into White Rock Bay, and once able to get there only with difficulty.

At daylight we again made sail; and at noon anchored in Stanley Harbour.

Soon afterwards I went on shore, and attended at Government Office to personally explain all I knew about the fire on Keppel Island, as also to enter upon the other matters referred to in His Excellency's letter to me. With regard to the mail, I declined the offer made me to carry it; and this for reasons relating to the state of parties at Stanley. I found that either a proposal had been made, or some negotiations entered into with the Falkland Island Company for its conveyance; and here it will be enough for me to say that I felt myself bound not to interfere, nor be a third party in the question at issue between the Governor and the colonial manager. Consequently, while the Company's vessel was in harbour I refused any and every offer made to me about the mail; and not until that vessel had sailed, and I found myself once more obliged to go to Monte Video to be ready for our missionary's probable arrival there, did I agree to take it.

With regard to the other matters, I found that they were in a measure purely nominal. Something, perhaps, to fill up an official report; but nothing of any real import as concerned me or my doings at Saunders Island, or elsewhere. The fire on Keppel Island was, however, another thing; and respecting this I had an inquiry made at the court house soon after our arrival. All the ship's company, and the two of the land party who were with me, had been officially summoned to attend; and the magistrate read over to them the various local enactments relating to our position as occupants of, and visitors to, any Crown lands in the Falklands. Mr. Secretary, who happened to be the presiding justice, did not at all mince the matter. In his usual manner he told them what would be the consequences if they infringed any of these enactments; —not one of which, however, could the men thoroughly

understand;—and he informed me that I should be held personally responsible for whatsoever wrong any one of the entire mission party committed.

The result of the magistrate's inquiry was, that the man who had been proved to have fired the island was told that he was liable to the penalty of 20*l.* or three months' imprisonment; but, in consideration of an appeal I made in his favour, and my being responsible that nothing should again occur, he was let off on payment of the costs and expenses*, which I had to hand over for him, and deduct from his wages. He was then discharged from the ship, and afterwards got employment in another vessel, and finally on shore; but the same infirmity attended him everywhere; and, I believe, caused the loss of every situation he obtained. I gave him an excellent character, even as he deserved, for honesty, sobriety, and seamanship; and had he not been so peculiar on religious subjects, I could have got on very well with him. As it was, such a man would be a perfect terror to me were I ever again to see him on board a ship I commanded. A rollicking, obstreperous sailor can be managed by some means or other; but a man like this, and the first two mates, is incorrigible. You respect their good though mistaken meaning; but cannot agree with their desire for a fancied martyrdom to the eccentric opinions they embrace. Nevertheless, for this poor man I always had a good feeling; and when, some time after the examination at the police court, I heard the following facts, that good feeling was still further increased; and I always avowed and practically evinced it whenever I could.

It appears that, upon my report of these circumstances reaching home, the secretary led the friends of poor W—— to suppose he was suffering a term of imprisonment; and, accordingly, they sent a certain statement respecting him to Stanley, which not only called forth much expression

* Not having my notes at hand, I am rather uncertain about the costs, &c., but am under the impression it was so.

of indignation against the secretary for having so misrepresented things, but elicited a great deal of sympathy for the man himself. I well remember that the authorities were exceedingly annoyed at such misrepresentation of the truth, as it made them appear very harsh to delinquents; but I believe the matter, like other matters, has been since adjusted by a plausible explanation on the part of him who caused the mischief. However, the statement forwarded by the friends of W—— was, as I have been informed, to the following effect.

A young and good-looking sailor had just arrived from a long voyage. He was married; and, as soon as clear from his ship, hastened on his way to the village where he was born, and where his wife lived. He had received no tidings of her for some time; but the last accounts were all he could wish. Accordingly he now entered his native home with a blithe and joyous heart. Presently he hears the old church bells that he so well remembers; but they sound no merry peal.—'Tis a funeral dirge that floats upon the air and catches his ear! Yet, he had no foreboding thought,—no idea of mishap; and on he went, until he came amongst a group of townsfolk who were acquainted with him. These eagerly grasped his hand, while one incautious friend suddenly burst upon him with the startling information that his wife was dead, and that her funeral was now taking place in the churchyard! For a second or two the sailor-man could not believe it; but, pitying faces, and the heavy sound of the mournful bell still tolling, proclaimed the truth; and, coming thus so suddenly upon his late joyous feelings, he was struck as with a bolt of ice, and ever afterwards ceased to be the clear-headed being he formerly was. He became a religious sailor, and a communicant; but, during my knowledge of him, it struck me that great and solemn truths had been too suddenly forced upon his mind; for in everything he always considered himself right, and hesitated not to

say that he acknowledged no human authority whenever his religious opinions made him run counter to existing law. As I have before mentioned, between him and my original first mate, a super-religious man, there was not only much unpleasantness, but sometimes an approach to fighting, — not on W——'s part, who was passive except in words, but on the side of the other. I saw, however, or fancied I saw, much to excuse in W——; and when I heard the circumstances I have thus in substance narrated, I was not sorry that I so often overlooked his many failings in matters relating to the discipline of the ship, and his conduct to others.

On the 26th of July, the Company's schooner sailed for Monte Video, without taking a mail; and, as no tenders had been offered by any one, in reply to a Government notice stuck up, inviting offers; and, moreover, as I wanted money for my ship's expenses, I now consented to go; and accordingly signed an agreement to that effect. I had, however, still the difficulty about the vessel, and some of the house material yet on board of her; and to try and remedy this, I hauled alongside a hulk to see if we could discharge everything as I had originally intended. But, owing to constant bad weather, very little was done; and after getting at some stores and timber, I was obliged to re-stow all again nearly as before.

The following morning I received the mail, and a private commission to execute for His Excellency the Governor. In reference to this, and should these remarks meet his eye, or any of those at Stanley, who so often *favoured* me with their commissions, I cannot help saying that it would be well if, in future, one and all considered that *they* were the parties under obligation, and not *I*. This was too often forgotten; and, frequently, I never received even a civil word of thanks for my trouble. As for any pecuniary return, it was not offered, — probably knowing that I would not, as I repeatedly said, accept any. Had

I done so, it would have been a handle to lay hold of against me.

I have mentioned this circumstance as being one out of many specimens of what we had to encounter in consequence of our "missionary" character. By some we were considered fools; by others, perhaps, rogues; by many more, as demented; and by nearly all, as persons to be freely worked upon in any and every shape and fashion.

The day after I had received the mails on board I made an effort to get to sea, though fully expecting some rough weather outside, as the wind had been and still was blowing indifferently hard against us. Nevertheless, as my agreement told me I was to sail on such a day, I made the attempt, taking the opportunity of an ebb tide to try and work through the narrows out of Stanley Harbour. The breeze, at first, was light and unstable; but it soon freshened up to half a gale from the N.N.W.; and, as we neared the entrance, it came through the channel with great force. I tried to work the vessel in quick tacks; but she was, on this occasion, too dull; and, moreover, some new men I had on board were anything but smart hands. As we neared Engineer Point, I found she would not weather it, and accordingly went round before getting too close; but, we were no sooner round, and fairly on the other tack, before it was time to go about again. The rocks on Navy Point, on the west, were already close under our lee, when I gave the necessary order; but nearly every one seemed bewildered and stunned. Nobody to the head sheets or main sheet, and braces not attended to. The consequence was, that she did not act; and, falling bodily off, the next moment she struck upon the rocks and hung! "She's on the rocks, sir!" was the cry from the men. And so she was. But the men acted in ready obedience to my orders, and in another moment we were dashing back, all right, towards the anchorage. Melville, the pilot and harbour-master, boarded me, having been

sent off by the Governor to render us any assistance, if required. The "Sophy," too, had been hastily manned,—an anchor put into her for our use, — and Mr. Bailey was coming off in her to help us; but fortunately we did very well without it.

The sight of the "Allen Gardiner," as she appeared from the town, all in confusion, and as if right on the rocks, created quite a stir, and ready offers of assistance were made. I landed to inform the Governor and others that we had suffered no harm; and when I returned on board, it seemed to me as though we had thus been providentially prevented from going to sea, for it came on to blow so hard from the N.E., that had I got out I must have put back again before night.

The next day, with a better wind, we weighed again, and soon afterwards stood out to sea; having shipped two men for the run to Monte Video — one of them a Dutchman, and a teetotaller.

We had a two days' passage to Keppel; where I returned to the doctor the two men he had lent me. I stopped twenty-four hours at the station, to give opportunity for writing letters; and then got under way for Monte Video.

CHAP. XVIII.

Arrival at Monte Video. — The expected Missionary not come, owing to his being arrested by the Law.—Bad Management of the Mission Affairs. — Return Trip to the Falklands. — Cape Antonia and its low Coast. — Night Watches at Sea. — Thoughts on the Franklin Expeditions. — Arrival at Stanley; return to the Station; and prepare for a Trip to the Coast.—State of the Mission.—Near a Failure.—Unwise Plans and strange Conduct of the Direction at Home.

THE run up to Monte Video was much the same as before. On Sunday, the 19th of August, we dropped anchor in the bay; and the following day I went on shore — reported myself — called upon the merchants I had to see — received directions from the Consul about the mail, and then went to look for our missionary. At first no one could give me any information; but at length I, by chance, met the captain of a brig lately arrived from Liverpool. He asked if I was commander of the mission schooner; and then, to my great surprise, told me that he was to have brought out our missionary, his wife and family; and a herdsman, with his wife and family; but, after all the baggage was on board, and he ready for sea, "the law had laid hold of the parting missionary," and the whole of their effects had to be taken on shore again. I shall not here dwell much upon this subject; but I cannot help saying that what with the remarks on shore, and the talk amongst my crew (one of whom, in a state of drunkenness that night, nearly killed me, by knocking me down, and kicking my ribs), I was all but tempted to lay the ship up, until some proper management at home were adopted. But, after some thought, I decided upon myself taking the

initiative, as far as my instructions warranted me; and, no longer running after a missionary who was always coming, but never did come, act determinedly at once, and go to the work amongst the natives. In my letters to the committee I stated this; and dwelt upon other matters quite plainly. They sent me no money; yet I had to pay all expenses, and keep everything up, so that the ship should always be free from debt. And, had it not been for the money I received by mailing, and the strictest economy, I could not have done it. However, as these are matters to be elsewhere discussed, I will only add that the man who had assaulted me was duly punished and dismissed the vessel; and, on the 23rd of August, after receiving the mails, I again got under way on my return to Stanley; and this time with only one officer; consequently I had to keep a regular watch on deck.

Friday, August 24th, was a fine day, with foul light wind from the southward. We kept on the port tack till 1 p.m., when being near the land, I put about to the eastward. At 8 p.m. we again tacked. The land was first seen through some hazy weather, about half-past 11. It was the low land south of Cape Antonia; but as I had no observations for latitude, I could not tell exactly how far south of the cape. My dead reckoning placed me, at noon, in 36° 39′, twenty miles south of Cape Antonia; but I imagine we were more to the northward, as the current was evidently setting to the northward and westward, and had been so all the past twenty-four hours. Indeed, had I not allowed a good point to windward in the course, steering S.S.E. instead of S. b. E., we should have found ourselves on Cape Antonia.

The line of coast seen was in some parts very low, appearing like a dark thread on the horizon, even when within five miles.

It extended away to the S.S.W.; and the northern extreme looked like a detached island, and very small. The

soundings, when the land was first seen at about six miles off, were nine and a half fathoms, sand; and they decreased gradually to half six, sand, at four miles off, when I tacked ship.

In the evening some white land birds, having dark wings and double-pointed tails, flew round us, and so close to the deck that I nearly caught one.

Saturday, August 25th. — During the past night we had light foul winds with a swell from the eastward. About 5 a.m. the wind freshened a little from the S.W. and allowed us to lay our course.

I now found that the keeping watch every other four hours, besides much of other duty, was rather hurtful to me, from not having of late years been accustomed to it; and my health at present being so indifferent, the broken rest completely knocked me up. The chief mate very kindly offered to take a continuous eight hours out of a night, beginning at midnight; but though it would allow him to have plenty of sleep in the day, I would not put such duty upon him, unless absolutely necessary. I felt the effects of the attack made upon me by my late second mate in his drunkenness. My eye was occasionally weak, and my side much affected.

The keeping of a morning watch gives one an opportunity of noticing the gradual approach of light and dispersion of the shades of darkness. Perhaps there are few scenes which give to the mind a feeling of greater singularity than this coming out of night into day when in the temperate zone. In the tropics, the change is too instantaneous; but here the opening twilight throws a cold grey gloom upon the view around. In the dark we see darkness, and have before us in our mind's eye whatever may be our fancy. But in the morning twilight, as the dark curtain of night lifts from the eastern horizon and gradually falls back across the whole sky to the west, the sea, the vessel alone in the waters, — the sky clouded or not, — the men with

their drowsy appearance and their night dress, all look cold and cheerless. Life and animation seem required, and the sun is evidently wanted to infuse among the various elements of creation a portion of its genial warmth and vigour.

The night watches at sea are fitting seasons for reflection to any person given to meditation and thought. To me, on this particular occasion, they gave ample food for mental activity; but, apart from all connection with the mission, I had abundant matter for my ideas to centre upon in the fact that this date was the one when, six years before, I had stood on Cape Riley, in the Arctic seas, and gathered together some of those fragments there discovered and ascertained as belonging to the Franklin expedition. And, as I now thought of that expedition, and the singular mystery still attached to its fate, I could not help feeling a desire that the little craft now under my charge and control was in those Polar seas, that I might carry it whither I had ever felt the desire to search, about the neighbourhood of the magnetic pole. But, my duty now was elsewhere; and, therefore, speedily dismissing the thought, I paced the deck, and turned my mind to other things.

The evening of this day we had a foul wind with rising sea, and indications of a blow.

The next day it was, as I had expected, blowing hard; and thus, with various changes, we returned to Stanley, where we again anchored on the 4th of September.

It was at this time that I received my letters from home, in answer to those I had sent announcing our arrival at the Falklands, and what I had done, as well as what I proposed to do. These replies were most complimentary to me, but far from satisfactory as regarded anything like attention to business matters. Indeed, the letters themselves will show a lamentable state of things in many of the most important con-

cerns of the mission. I was vexed and annoyed to find my reports altered and garbled; or else printed, as I inferred was done, as fast as I sent them home; and everything hurriedly, for effect. Still the latter was better to do than the former. It was better to give the public what I really did say, no matter how badly and hastily written, than to publish, as if from me, what I really did not say or do. But on this, and many other points, I saw it was necessary to act promptly and decisively. I therefore determined to at once go round to the station; discharge everything belonging to the land party; and, — as the island was now decided upon, and nothing more in that respect had to be done, — proceed forthwith to the coast, and try to communicate with the natives. It is true that I had no missionary to go with me; and I had once before asked the catechist, who, from a dread of the individual danger, and in the absence of his spiritual chief, had however declined. This might have been a drawback to some, but not to me. I would go and make a preliminary examination, — do my best, and put an end to the doubts and uncertainties about it. Nevertheless, I was not going to do this rashly, imprudently, or altogether as some good people wished me. There was danger of various kinds to be encountered. I should want all the assistance and help I could command; for the few men originally belonging to the vessel were neither strong enough in number, weight, or capacity. I therefore determined to ship a double crew, which even then would only give me seven men besides the officers and cook; and, as I had made some money by mailing, and I should hope again to save, as I had already saved, by my own personal expenditure on the ship from my private purse, instead of overdrawing the estimate, I considered there would be a benefit done instead of an evil, especially as at this time there were a few excellent men in Stanley. Accordingly, I re-shipped

my mate, whose term of service had expired; — took a second mate and four seamen, strongly recommended by the captain of the wrecked vessel,—and entered into an engagement with the whole of them for three months. I then made preparations for the cruise, by settling what should be done as regarded the Mission Station if I did not return; and by winding up all the ship's affairs; and the same afternoon again left Stanley for Keppel Island. There I arrived on the 14th of September, and found them all well, as regards freedom from positive sickness, but not so from what I considered an unhealthy state in other respects. However, I could do nothing more than I had done,—inviting all of them on board,—giving them little entertainments, — and myself and wife constantly striving to make them comfortable. I announced my intention of proceeding to the coast, and *wrote* to know if the catechist would now like to come. This, after a short hesitation, he decided upon doing; and I made arrangements for his coming on board, first, however, telling him, that if he did come, there must be implicit obedience to the rules and discipline of the ship, and no more of that extraordinary hallucination of mind evinced on the passage out, when he fancied and taught that religious duties made a man independent of all secular authority in a vessel.

The next three weeks we were occupied in discharging material for the land party, and preparing for the Fuegean cruise.

And now that I have brought my narrative down to a period when new places and new scenes will have to be introduced, let me, before I go any farther, take a brief glance at the position of the mission.

Nearly twelve months had elapsed since leaving England; and, during that period, what real work had been done? It would be useless to deny that I often wished I had had nothing to do with parties who, either from want of proper experience, or from private reasons, so

terribly mismanaged affairs. I could not shut my eyes to the fact that the mission, as regarded the present unwise plans, was a failure. The only chance for it now would be the cruise I was about to take amongst the natives; and, if that were successful, then perhaps the work would again brighten; if not successful, then there must be a good-bye to the whole affair. But, to lay hold of this chance, what was in my hands? I was already weakened and worn down by incessant personal care and anxiety. I was alone amongst those out here who could not understand me, and who perhaps thought me overbearing, harsh, and self-opinionated; whereas I merely acted under the force of circumstances, and by so doing, actually saved the mission from there and then breaking up.* I was alone, as far as help from home was concerned; for, instead of vigorously supporting me, I was left by myself to fight every battle; and that too without money, means, or countenance; and often with insidious attempts to undermine everything I did. A subtle coil was wound about my movements, so as to involve me in every possible difficulty, even while, in words, everything I did was applauded: and I was alone in having not one with whom I could talk or advise. There was, therefore, very little in my hands to enable me to seize the only chance I now saw of saving the mission. A ship that, though strong and roomy, was a poor sailer, and not to be depended on for any weatherly qualities, so necessary on a wild coast; — a crew with whom I had often to mind what I was about, lest I should get nothing at all done, and the plea then set up—so easily made to the religious world — that they were sufferers as pious men, &c.;—and constant jealousy, opposition, and evil-mindedness, masked under a demure and humble countenance. I was convinced that whatever I might

* Vide the Society's Reports, and letters to me, especially one dated Sept. 8, 1856.

do, if successful, would be attributed to some one else at home; — that my very success would bring upon me evil; — and if I failed, then obloquy, scorn, rebuke, and a host of other political manœuvres to put the blame on me, would be my fate. I clearly saw the policy of the whole thing; and I could understand that, as a clergyman afterwards said to me on the subject, I was on the brink of a crater—one false move would push me in. "I know them," said he; "I know them! There are some men that profess more godliness than other men; and make the world believe they are saints, holily engaged in a heavenly work — and a missionary work, *when pure and honest, is* a heavenly work — yet those very men, so ostentatiously superior in these things, no more hesitate to traduce, defame, injure, ruin, destroy, or *kill* (of course, *legally* and by no outward act), than would the very wickedest of characters, and perhaps, as I sincerely believe, with far less compunction." Such were the remarks made to me by one, himself a clergyman; and unfortunately I was becoming convinced of their truth. Great indeed was the relief when I was at length able to turn my back upon the Mission Station, — the embryo cattle colony, the depôt for a future mercantile speculation with natives imported to work on it, — and go on my way to those whom it was our honest duty as faithful servants to seek, in accordance with what at home was the professed object of the undertaking, and for which alone so much money had been subscribed. But here again sad misgivings arose in my mind. "So much money." Yes; some 10,000*l.* had been freely given since the work began a few years back; yet, what return was there for any of it, except the ship? and she could not be retained unless they sent out funds to pay men's wages. I did not like the look of things! Still I comforted myself for the present. I was well stored; all paid up for a time; the affairs at the station off my hands; due pro-

vision made for some one from Stanley visiting Keppel Island, if I did not return within a certain period; and everything I could think of done to be prepared for the mishaps or evils of the future. All this settled, and the particulars well impressed upon the mind of the doctor, I had him and the landsmen on board for the last evening that we should spend together.

Reverting to myself, it may be remembered by the reader that I had certain instructions given me as to what I was to do. At the present time, therefore, seeing that no missionary was coming out, and that large sums had been subscribed with the hope that the Fuegians would be visited, I determined to follow out that clause in those instructions which told me to try and discover Jemmy Button, a native who had been brought to England, and after receiving some education had been returned to his own country. To do this, however, was for me a more serious matter than might be supposed, or than it would have been had the management at home been conducted differently. My letters from the secretary were so contradictory that I was puzzled how to act. I was cautioned not to go, yet it was said that "the Society was at so low an ebb" that something must be done; and "one graphic and well-written account from me of a visit to the natives would do more to raise it up than anything else," and consequently I determined to try and do this. That I accomplished it, and most successfully, will be seen in the following pages; and their reports and letters, after greatly eulogising me, stated that it was owing mainly to this that "the public confidence in the enterprise was increased, and the Society placed in the favourable position it now occupies."

Before leaving the Mission Station, I laid my plans before the doctor and gave him particulars as to the route I should follow; and having prepared everything that forethought and prudence could suggest for a cruise that

would take us into places never visited by other vessels, and where, if lost, there would be poor chance of our being found by any one seeking us, I got ready for sea; and, on the 10th of October 1855, had everything arranged for a trip to the land and people of Tierra del Fuego.

CHAP. XIX.

Departure for Tierra del Fuego.—Capture some Penguins, but unable to keep them on board.—Proceed through Reef Passage.—Beautiful Morning, and fine Breeze.—Pass various Islands.—Enter West Point Passage.—Hope Harbour.—Magnificent Gorge in the mountains.—Gibraltar Rock.—New Island and its singular Features.—Several Whales in sight.—Pass through the Straits of Le Maire.—Cape Good Success.—Land of Tierra del Fuego.—Anchor in Spaniard's Harbour.

THURSDAY, 11th October 1855, was a beautiful day; and, with a fine breeze from the N.N.W., at an early hour all hands were roused up to unmoor ship. This done, we towed out of the narrowest part of the channel, and then made sail to the outer part of the bay, where the anchor was dropped while we had breakfast. To this breakfast I had again invited the doctor and land party. All unpleasantness,—all but the fact that we were going to separate, perhaps not to meet again,—was forgotten for the time. The carpenter and mason were naturally low-spirited; and when, after breakfast was over, I addressed to one and all a few of the kindly words with which my heart was full, I could see that, as they expressed to my men, they would sooner have gone with us than have remained on the island.

At length the moment came when we had to say "good-bye;" and as sail was made upon the vessel, their little dhingey dropped astern, while we ran out of Committee Bay, waving our hands to the three solitary ones that remained behind.

It was my intention to take the "inner passages" on my way to the coast; and though I had been *cautioned* and *advised* a great deal from home about not going that way, yet I preferred choosing that which I considered most advantageous; and with all deference to the high authority who sent such caution and advice, I must beg to say that I still consider the way I went as best for my little vessel, and for all vessels that prefer smooth water to a troublesome sea. Consequently, we ran round the S.E. of Keppel Island; and about noon anchored in the usual place off Old Settlement Cove. Here, when the tide answered, I obtained some fresh water, it being more convenient at this place to get it than at Keppel.

The next day it was blowing too strong to think of moving with the ship. I therefore went away in the boat under sail, and stood in to Reef Passage for the purpose of again making sure of my soundings. I crossed and recrossed the different channels, taking casts of the lead as often as I possibly could; and then having well refreshed my memory, turned back to the ship again. Before doing so, however, I landed for an hour's rest upon Grunsell Island; and in one part came upon some penguins in their nests or homes. These nests were different to those I have before described. It is, perhaps, hardly right to call them "nests," for they consisted of several holes or passages burrowed in the earth as rabbits do, and carried on to some length. I had seen the penguins running to these holes, and tried to poke them out with the walking stick, iron spiked, that I generally carried with me; but I failed to eject them. Another method therefore had to be tried; and this was, by getting spade, pick, and axe, from the boat, where I always had them kept when on a cruise like this, and digging down to where we supposed the creatures to be. In this manner we routed them out, and succeeded in capturing four alive. We

took them to the boat, and finally carried them on board; but I was unable to keep them as I had hoped to do. They were deposited in a hen-coop; but during the night they made such a terrible noise that it was impossible to get rest or peace. In vain did I go on deck once or twice to try and quiet them. The braying, or something worse than braying, continued incessantly. It was too much; and therefore, after being obliged to leave my bed thrice, I at length threw them overboard. But to do this was no joke. It had not been an easy task to catch them, even when they were ejected from their holes, for we had then to cover our hands with over-coats, &c., to prevent the sharp bite they give from proving hurtful. Now, however, I had the job by myself and the one man whose watch it was on deck; and for full a quarter of an hour were we trying to get the creatures out of the coop, they all the time setting up a dreadful roar. When at last we succeeded, and threw them overboard, they went off as briskly and as swiftly as an arrow.

I had no other opportunity, after this, of getting a penguin;—at least not one that I could bring home. I have had them, however, running about the decks; and nothing could be more ridiculous than their singular and waddling motions. Standing erect, with its two little flippers hanging high up at the side, the penguin looks about him so drolly, and takes such funny movements, that it is impossible to resist laughing. On the passage to England another party had two king penguins on board, but they both died before reaching the equator.

Saturday, October 13th, was a dull, wet, and unsuitable day for moving; the winds and tides alike being against us; but the following morning proved exactly what we wanted. I therefore gave orders to get under way; but here occurred one of those unpleasantnesses that, unfortunately for me, I was too subject to. It was, as we find, *Sunday*, and of course under other circumstances I should, as I had

done before, have remained quiet; but now, so many indications presented themselves in favour of moving, that it seemed to me wrong not to avail ourselves of the opportunity.

Acting thus, then, I got under way this Sunday morning; for I saw that if I could but now get through the passages, there was every probability of a fine day and steady winds in our favour to begin with on the morrow from where we should then start. But what looks, and scowls, and remarks I had to contend with! "Here's a *pretty* missionary ship!" says one. Down went something on deck from another. No answer from a third when an order was given; and surly replies from nearly all, showed me what it was I had to endure. But I did not care. I was determined. I knew well,—that is, I had fair reason to believe so, by the glass,—that on the morrow and next day all would be glad that we tried and got through the passages that day. At all events I would see whether or no I really was captain of the ship, or whether I must first ask Mr. Catechist, and the very boy, if I may do this or that. So the word was given; and the anchor was weighed; and away we went. But the wind was light,—too light to move the ship; and I gave the order therefore for the boats to tow. But, what thunder-clouds! and what pulling!—"Do you call *that* pulling, men?—Give way there! give way with a will! The tide must be saved, or we shall lose, not the *day* merely, but all the ensuing twenty-four hours, as the next tide makes in the night; and such a fine gentle opportunity now for getting through. Pull, men, pull, even if it be for half an hour only.—Another few yards, my merry men," (*merry*, forsooth!) "another quarter hour and she will be round! But, I see you are fagged, *poor fellows!* so come alongside, and I'll relieve you.—Fresh hands in the boat! quick now, quick! and let the other ones jump in!" and thus it was, till finally, by dint of coaxing, of half angry exclamations, of a little

dexterous manœuvring with the vessel, I got her round the point; and in a short time afterwards, being in the fairway, and in a good position for the morrow, I dropped anchor, having, though with great annoyance to myself, accomplished the important object, and brought her safely through Reef Passage at a fitting opportunity. The rest of the day my men did as they pleased; but I could see that though they considered working the ship a desecration, mending or making trowsers, &c., was not equally so considered by them. But as *I* considered it such at that time, I stopped it, for I always gave a part of Saturday for washing and mending.

The next morning was, as I had expected, fine, clear, and with a most favourable breeze. I therefore got under way at an early hour, and rapidly passed along the south part of Saunders Island, as we had done on our previous trip to Brett Harbour. As we danced along, with the bright sun rising above us, and the green waves playing in gentle curls beneath our feet, the mind naturally became more buoyant and hopeful. I could feel myself, and I could see others, full of life and animation. There was a freshness, a cheerfulness more than ordinary; and the various points of interest, such as the bold cliffs of Rame Head, — the clusters of the beautiful "box tree,"—an immense rookery of shags, &c., as we shot by them, were talked about in that chatty manner which denoted a pleasant temperament of the mind. As regards the rookery, I noticed a peculiarity in the birds that struck me very forcibly. There must have been some hundreds of these shags on a square piece of ground entirely appropriated to themselves. Apparently they were roosting, having their heads turned in their wing all one way, as orderly and regular as if soldiers were performing some manœuvre. Our noise on passing, with the shouts we made, disturbed them; and, as if by mechanism, they lifted their heads, looked about them, and then, like a piece of clockwork, together put the head in

wing again. I do not say that every one of them acted thus, but the mass of them did; and, owing to their singular appearance, my attention was for some time taken up with them. They were, however, soon out of sight, at the rate we were going; and I had no opportunity of again examining into this, to me, apparent singularity. I may as well mention that it was about half-past seven, A.M., a fine morning, perhaps rather hazy, and wind about N.N.W., moderately fresh.

It had been my intention to make a halt at Hope Harbour, in accordance with some suggestions made to me from home; but the wind was so favourable that I determined not to stop anywhere unless obliged. We rapidly passed Dunbar and Low Islands, and just beyond them met the flood tide sweeping down from the north-east. To make sure of maintaining a good weatherly position, I kept up close to Carcass Island, until nearly abreast of West Point Passage. I then bore right away for it; and as we approached the entrance, the tide soon caught us in its central current and carried us along with great velocity.

West Point Passage, as may be seen by the chart, is very tortuous; and I had to be most careful in going through it on account of the eddies, which whirled about in cross directions off the points. To have gone outside of West Point Island would not have done, as there are several rocks and reefs, besides a heavy tide-race. The island itself is lofty and singularly shaped, somewhat triangular in form; and to get through the passage it is necessary to steer in anything but a straight direction; for, if you do, so surely will the tide sweep you on the rocks. This I soon perceived, and accordingly, at every turning, stood on at nearly four points out of the regular course.

In West Point Passage there are two harbours, the one on the left, and the other on the right; and very similar to those in Tamar Pass. The harbour on the east is called

Hope Harbour; and the one on the west, West Point Harbour; but neither of them appeared to me to be very good places, except for temporary shelter.

After turning by Hope Harbour we suddenly entered a magnificent gorge of the mountains, through which a narrow channel, with almost perpendicular walls on either side, led to the main ocean. Gloomy and grand, it would have been a splendid subject for the pencil; but for me there was other matter to occupy my time. The wind came curling down the ravines on our right in heavy and sudden gusts, and then as suddenly dropping to nearly a calm. The strong tide, too, with the kelp run under, made me necessarily most careful; and though for the mere gratification of viewing the scene I could have lingered there some time, yet under these circumstances I was not sorry when at 10.30 A.M. we were well through the pass.

On the south-west part of this island the cliffs were remarkably steep and high. They were covered with countless thousands of birds; and I hardly know of a more interesting and lively sight of the kind than that then witnessed.

After emerging from the pass, the rocks west of the island came in sight. One of them, from its striking similarity to the original, is called Gibraltar rock; and, as a mark, is tolerably conspicuous at some distance. The dreaded Jasons were also seen on the north-west quarter; while Split Island (so named from being as if split in two), and Death's Head, were passed on our left. As I turned my glance back to the passage we had just come through, it was difficult to make out where there was any entrance in that lofty, dark-looking rampart of rock, now only a few miles from us; and except by the chart I doubt if it would have been easily discovered.

At 3.30 P.M. we were abreast of New Island, another most singular place, with very high perpendicular precipices

facing the sea. Some of the geological features connected with this island I imagine to be very interesting; for several rents and marks like the entrance to a mine could be discerned as we passed. One of these marks, extending nearly the whole height of the cliffs, was in the form of an oblong triangulated X; and at the top of one huge rock was a large hole, like an eye-glass. At the summit of New Island there was a beacon—perhaps erected by the surveying officers; perhaps put there by the American whalers that almost invariably use the harbours on the east side, as a place of rendezvous, and for refitting.

After passing this island, I had the spare chain put below, and the anchors secured against bad weather. At present, however, everything was fair; and we dashed along towards the Straits of Le Maire, at a most inspiriting rate.

It was during this afternoon, and when not far from New Island, that we had another narrow escape from a whale. The monster rose up, and spouted almost close alongside; and he continued in our company, like the turned-up hull of a ship, minus her keel, for some little distance, until, not approving of such close quarters, I altered the ship's course a trifle so as to clear him.

About midnight, to my regret, the weather thickened with small rain, though the wind still kept fair; and the next day it was the same. I was enabled, however, to get an indifferent observation of the sun; and with this I determined to run on, intending to enter Good Success Bay as the first place to visit in Tierra del Fuego. With this end in view, I kept well to the westward, lest the wind should, as I expected it would after this rain, get round to that quarter; and as night again came on I reduced sail so as not to be up to the Straits of Le Maire until the tide answered,—it being unadvisable for a small vessel to attempt the passage with the wind strong against the tide.

During this day we again saw several whales, but not too near to make us fear them. A fine large ship under a crowd of sail also passed us, apparently intending to go round the east of Staten Island, and not through the straits, as we were going.

The Straits of Le Maire are famous in the annals of our early navigators on account of the supposed dangers attending the passing through them. Nor are these dangers altogether shadowless. Our Sailing Directions point out several, although nothing to make it particularly worse than any other part of Tierra del Fuego. One of the most important to guard against is the violent tide-race off Cape San Diego, of which it is said, "This race is at all times dangerous; and a vessel was once seen to founder in it, but whether from striking on a rock or from being swamped, is not known." It was to prevent our becoming entangled in this race, and for various nautical reasons, that I shortened sail till the following morning. But, unfortunately, that morning turned out to be most disagreeable. A thick mist and drizzling rain prevented our seeing two miles ahead; and, as the day advanced, and we were now running on under full sail, I was particularly anxious for even but a temporary lifting of the heavy atmosphere to show me the land and our true position. The general reader will better understand me when I say that we were going towards an opening of not more than five miles wide, clear of all the dangers from the outlying capes and races; and therefore to stand on for it blindfolded, or nearly so, as w then were in the thick mist, would naturally make any one most anxious. However, being tolerably sure of my position as far as a careful reckoning could make me, I kept on, and about 11½ A.M. fancied I saw the land. If so, it was too indistinct to make me certain of it; though the shags flying round us told me we were not very far off. At noon I considered we were about five miles east of Cape San Diego; and I now took in such square sail as would

impede our rapid working should it be necessary to suddenly haul upon a wind. But the mist had by this time changed to a thick fog; and so dense did it become that at length I determined to at once haul up to the westward and sight the land somewhere, before that change took place in the wind which I felt assured would arrive ere many hours. Accordingly when I judged we were midway in the straits, —always carefully watching the water for any indications of tide rips, &c.,—I braced up and put the ship's head to the westward, hoping to fetch Good Success Bay. For about an hour we thus stood on; when, suddenly,—poised as it were in air,—midway between the half of a quadrant and the horizon, and just in a faint break of the thick fog,—I detected a well-defined edge, like the sharp stroke of an engraver's pencil. Another and a steadier look, and I was certain. It was the land of Tierra del Fuego; and in a moment or so more, others saw the same. It was half-past two when I first discovered it; and by a quarter to three o'clock we were sufficiently near to make it out as Cape Good Success! Favourable augury I chose to take it, even as I found it, of our after proceedings. Thus, then, we had actually passed through the straits simply by our reckoning, and without seeing land, as this we now saw was at the termination.

Finding that we had gone by Good Success Bay, which was now to windward of us, the breeze being still at N.N.W., I determined to go on, and try if we could get in to Spaniard's Harbour, which, although not a very safe place, would, I considered, be better to lay in than remaining at sea too near the coast, on a night I anticipated would be bad. Accordingly, with due regard to an increasing breeze, and some heavy puffs from the mountains, I closed in with the land, as the fog now rapidly clearing away enabled me to pass Cape Good Success at about two miles off. It was a wild-looking place, its sides covered with trees, and its summit crowned with mist.

Near to its base are some rocks; but as they show above water, there is no particular fear from them.

The breeze now began to freshen, as the thick weather dispersed; and we soon left behind us the Straits of Le Maire, as we stood along the bold and rugged land of Tierra del Fuego, with the mighty Southern Ocean on our lee. It was, to me, a joyous moment when we entered upon this great Antarctic sea, from the last channel leading to it out of the waters we had hitherto been so long sailing in. The feeling I had was, I hope, excusable, for at the root of it was the thought, that so far the mission vessel had been brought in safety; and that she was now near the scene of the labours and sufferings of him after whom she was named.

We rapidly passed Valentyn Bay; and at 6 P.M. were abreast of Cape Hall, the easternmost point of Acquire Bay. Here, we observed great numbers of seals on the rocks, and some of them, too, apparently fur seals; and afterwards, in various places, I saw a great many more. I should think, therefore, that some good sealing might be done in this part; and, indeed, I know the Americans attend to it, on some of the islands about the Horn,—the Evouts in particular.

We passed Cape Hall at about a mile off; and then luffed up as close as I could into Acquire Bay, which leads to Spaniard's Harbour. Here I had to be very cautious, the place being marked on the chart as full of rocks, and open to the entire sea of the south. But, keeping to my post aloft, and conning the ship carefully through, we managed to reach Grey Island, where it is narrower and more dangerous, and where another quarter of an hour would have enabled us to get to an anchor, when the wind suddenly lulled,—then puffed up again,—lulled once more,—and then, the next instant, flew round in a hurricane squall to the south-west, bringing the rocks dead upon our lee, at a half mile off. But I was not unprepared for this.

I had all the day expected something of the kind; though hoping it would not come before I had got safely to anchor. As it was, I saw it would be useless to attempt working up to an anchorage; and having, on the first fluttering indication of this change, taken in an additional reef, I now trimmed sails, in accordance with the new direction of the wind, and tried to go round, so as to make our way out again; but to my vexation I found the vessel would not manœuvre. I had, therefore, no alternative but to wear ship, and bring her on the tack I wanted, though with far too little room to do it in comfortably. This, however, was done; and, almost at a stone's cast, we shot by the dark rocks, with the sea breaking over them; and, as fast as we could, ran out of the bay to sea, as our best place of safety under the circumstances. In a couple of hours more we were well off the land; and, finding the wind steady from the south-west, I then hove the ship to until daylight would again enable me, with a more weatherly position, to re-enter the bay, and visit Spaniard's Harbour.*

At six o'clock of the following morning I was on deck, and enjoying one of the most delightful mornings I had experienced for a long time. A cloudless sky; brilliant sun; smooth sea; and, at no great distance off, the mountainous land of Tierra del Fuego, now free from the slightest mist to hide the jagged peaks and bold outlines that showed themselves. Staten Land, too, was clearly visible; but conspicuous above all else was the famous Bell Mountain, nearly 5000 feet high by Captain King's measurement. As this Bell Mountain was immediately over the east part of Acquire Bay, and must

* I must here briefly mention that much of my private manuscript sent home to the committee, with the express understanding and the promise that it was to be kept for my use, has been detained. The consequence is that I am writing from notes, and fragments of copies; and, possibly, I may occasionally err in a word here and there, or in some figures, when stating any numerical amount.

have been always in view of Captain Gardiner and his party, I took a sketch of it and of the surrounding hills and coast-line; and also got sights for time to try my chronometer. Soon afterwards, a breeze got up from the N.N.W. and prevented me from doing more than dodge about near the land; but at noon this breeze died away, and being succeeded by a strong S.W. wind, I was able again to make an attempt to enter Spaniard's Harbour. This after some exertion I accomplished; and at 3.30 p.m. had the great satisfaction of placing the "Allen Gardiner" in safety immediately between Cook's River and Earnest Cove, and sufficiently far up the harbour to be somewhat guarded against any southerly sea that might come in.

CHAP. XX.

Starvation Beach, Spaniard's Harbour. — Visit to the Scene of Captain Gardiner's Sufferings and Death. — Earnest Cove. — Pioneer Cave. — Fragments of Boat. — Proceed to Cook's River. — Remains of the other Boat. — Remnants of Apparel and Stores. — Anchors and Chains bedded in the Sand. — Melancholy Memorials. — Description of the Scenery. — Ceremony over the Graves. — Erect a Tablet and Inscription.

THE moment the anchor was down and the vessel secure, so as to relieve my mind from all consideration on that point, and permit me to turn my attention to other things, I felt as one in a dream.

If it be asked what were my thoughts, I can give no explanation of the strange medley of subjects chasing each other in rapid succession through my mind, as I gazed upon that very spot where the determined missionary — a naval captain, of good social standing — with his devoted little band, perished. I can only ask my readers to follow me in the detail of our doings here, and imagine everything that I would fain express.

Immediately the sails were furled and everything made snug on board, I had the cutter got ready, and soon afterwards was on my way in her to look for Earnest Cove, — the place where Captain Gardiner had located himself. This cove was nearer the entrance of Spaniard's Harbour than where I had anchored, and at first I had some doubt as to where I should find it; but at length, upon rounding some rocky patches, I observed a sandy bight, and soon discovered a dark-looking place which

I concluded to be Pioneer Cavern. In another moment the boat brushed by a small rock that was in the way, and the next instant her keel grated on the beach. I then had the mournful satisfaction of standing on the spot where the remains of Captain Gardiner were discovered.

I believe there was not one of us but paused and trod lightly as we approached the place—a place hallowed by the circumstances connected with it. It was easily known by the fragments of the "Pioneer" boat still lying there, and a heap of stones, remains of rope, hawsers, &c. adjoining. For a moment or two I stood and gazed upon these memorials of the past; and then giving orders to haul the boat well out of the surf, I proceeded towards the cave. As I approached it, I perceived some writing upon a tree on my right, and where the ground was on an ascent. This, upon examination, proved to be the "Dido's" mark in her own name, and consequently I thought that somewhere here I should find the grave. It was not, however, so high up, but on the beach, where several stones marked the spot. Passing this, I then went into the cave; but as the examination on this occasion was hasty, I reserve my description till I speak of the next day's visit.

After this preliminary inspection of Earnest Cove, I got into the boat and pulled along the beach towards the west end of the harbour. There were many rocks and shoal places in the way, and I had rather a difficulty to get on. In one place, observing a wigwam on shore, I landed to examine, but found it deserted. An old calabash was lying on the ground, but no other indications of the vicinity of natives—not a voice or sound of any human kind, except that made by ourselves.

Proceeding on my way in the boat, with a freshening and adverse breeze, I at last got up to a dark and swift stream of water that rushed out of one corner of the

sandy bight ahead of us, its peaty hue colouring the clearer salt water of the harbour to some distance. This I judged to be Cook's River; but it was not easily entered. A bar and several sandbanks prevented the boat from coming near; and though, as I afterwards found, there was a channel by which we could have entered, yet not knowing it at the time, and being anxious to visit this place as well as the other, I beached the boat, and jumping out into the water, which was over my knees in some places, waded and forced my way to dry ground. Then, as night was coming on, and the wind fast increasing, I ran until I suddenly came across the remains of the second boat. There it was, or rather the remains of it, partly buried in the sand. Iron deck, stoves, anchors, chains, and sundries lay there! But I had no time to attend to them now; nor could I do more than take a hasty glance round, and return to the boat, as the weather was too threatening for me to be absent from the ship. I therefore determined to hold on where we were now anchored, and see if the next day would be more favourable, my desire being to devote some little time to a careful examination of the place, and to perform certain services on shore that I considered were necessary and appropriate for us, in our especial character. I therefore returned to the ship, sounding around her and in all directions to some little distance to ascertain what room she had, and what was the depth of water at this part of the harbour. I found everything satisfactory in this respect; there being sufficient space all round to admit of a larger ship than ours riding easily with a good scope of cable out; and, with the wind as it now was, there seemed to me no fear, though of course I felt most anxious on account of the caution given me about stopping here at night.* However I saw, as I have before said, and as I

* Captain Sulivan said, "Not stop or even visit the place;" the secretary said, "Go there, by all means."

have since proved, that it would be the same, whatever I did. If I stopped, I should be told I was rash; if I went away without doing more than paying this passing visit, it would be said I was too timid and "wanting faith," &c. I therefore did what I considered best, and the result proved I was right.

When I got on board I gave directions to the watch to be very attentive during the night, and to call me on the least appearance of any change, either in wind or aught of importance. I had issued certain rules for the guidance of officers and men during our present cruise on this wild coast and amongst the natives. These rules were such as I conceived necessary under the circumstances. I had three copies made; one for the officers; one for the men; and one to be always at hand in the cabin. Like everything else I was left in this, also, to my own forethought. No ideas were given me at home in this respect; the constant feeling with one and all seeming to be that the ship, because she was called a missionary ship, could take care of herself. This I know to be the case; for I have by me several letters from home evincing that absurd and, to my ideas, wicked way of thinking. That it was likewise so on board with one or two persons, I could plainly hear from the remarks made, and the indications given, when the rules had been issued and read. However, I cared not. There they were; and though I was, in a measure, alone, yet I was determined they should as far as possible be adhered to. That there was nothing harsh in them, or but what was necessary, can be seen from the originals which I still have in my possession. In addition to the rules I issued, there were minor as well as more important ones. Some of these related to the ship and her internal economy—her sailing, anchoring, and weighing anchor; her stores and general gear, &c.; and others to matters necessary for myself to attend to. Of

these latter I had lists made and posted up, and laid about in various places where I should be sure to see them; consequently I never forgot my glazed bag with its numerous articles of odds and ends requisite to take with me. Trinkets, beads, toys, and sundries for the natives; needles and thread; a few biscuits and concentrated essence of meat; matches; paper and pencils; sketch book, &c.; church service; a thickly-printed book of some kind to read; note book; microscopic glasses, &c.; and many other little things. Then I had with me generally my rifle, my revolver, or my double-barrelled pistol; and sometimes my stout and faithful spiked walking stick, one that had accompanied me in many lands, polar, torrid, and continental. All these things and much more had I to plan and consider about.

The night was now nearly calm. A few heavy gusts of wind occasionally rushed down the hills and made the vessel tighten her chains; but in all else there was quiet, except in the booming noise made by the surf, as it dashed upon the shores where those poor men perished. As I leant over the bulwarks, and turned my face towards Earnest Cove, now a dark mass of trees and rock, with a white strip of sandy beach in front, I could, in fancy, see the dying missionaries, their skeleton forms, and tottering steps, vainly prowling about for shellfish, or aught that would serve them as food. There they were, as plainly evident to my mind's eye as though I had known them in life, and been personally present with them. I was as if fascinated! The whole story of their sufferings again came vividly before me; and as I returned to my bed, I there and then made a vow that, come what might, I never would, by any participation on my part, tacit or otherwise, allow this mission to starve any others in a similar way. That I have kept my vow, and to my cost, is too painfully proved at the present moment, even while I am writing; for every

effort that malignity and detected wrong can devise to injure and oppress me is being resorted to by those whom I refused to assist and countenance in proceedings that would almost certainly have brought about another case, not far unlike that of Captain Gardiner's. But whatever I may suffer, I rejoice that I was firm in resisting such insane doings; and the vow I registered in Spaniard's Harbour, abreast of those starved men's graves, I have kept unbroken.

The next morning, October 19th, the weather was remarkably fine, mild, and clear, with a gentle breeze from the north. It was, too, the anniversary of our farewell meeting at Bristol; and consequently to some of us there was a double association to connect it with in our after memories. At an early hour I made preparations for the ceremony I thought necessary to perform; and after breakfast I took all hands, except the boy, on shore with me in the two boats. I hesitated not to leave the vessel thus alone for a short time, having seen nothing to indicate the presence of any natives; and even had there been, we could soon have got off to the ship again.

As I have already said, the day was remarkably fine, clear, and mild; and altogether I could not but gratefully consider that the hand of God was indeed upon us for good on this especial occasion. Let us go mentally together on board the "Allen Gardiner," lying at anchor about a mile off the shore.

See, she is all alone—that little vessel built in a distant land, and there consecrated for the special object which has brought her here! There she is quietly reposing on the waters of Tierra del Fuego, with national and mission colours flying, while the mission party have gone on shore to perform what they evidently regard as a sacred duty. Let us go on board and silently look at what they are doing, while we also take a glance round,

and bring before us the entire picture. And first of all behold the scenery. Is it not far superior to what you would have expected? Look at this harbour,—it is, you see, the western arm of that great bay; and at its head you observe some grassy plains, and a small winding river. That is called Cook's River, and the plains are called Marsh's Plains. You can see how cheerful they appear, and how, in carrying the eye along from them on the left to the little hills above and the slopes below, every part seems covered with an evergreen foliage. The trees are numerous, and in some places presenting the appearance of thick forests. Such is the case over that sandy beach in the bay or cove where the mission party is now assembled. At the back, you perceive an apparently dense mass of shrubs and trees rising gradually from near the water's edge. On the left of the cove, and somewhat projecting into the sea, is a dark mass of rock from 40 to 50 feet high, its surface at the rear and top dotted over with a few shrubs and trees. This is the exterior of a tolerably large but damp and gloomy cave, which we will presently examine. Farther to the left, you may observe a rugged termination of the land. This is the southern cape of Spaniard Harbour; its northern extreme being Grey Island and Cape Williams. Near the cove, and off the terminating points, you see several patches of kelp and some dangerous rocks; and on the sandy beach in that cove, and also at the head of the harbour, you can plainly see the surf, even in this calm day, breaking heavily and with a sullen smothered roar.

This, then, is the picture that comes before you, as standing on the "Allen Gardiner's" deck you glance upon the scene. And now, for a moment more, carry your mind's eye back to those incidents which occurred here six years ago, and which I narrated to you in the introduction. Think of all that then took place; the devoted

captain and his pious companions slowly perishing by starvation, and yet daily recording their thoughts by keeping regular journals which should survive them.* Think of all that, and of everything connected with this place, and you will then be better able to complete the picture.

And now, before we move away, let us pause awhile and ask—What of those papers, journals, and remains thrown about on the sandy beach; saturated with the spray of the sea; no one for weeks to attend to them; yet there they were, some in one ship, some in another ship; but all destined to reach the far-off home of the departed ones, and eventually cause to be fulfilled their dying words and hopes? They themselves had perished! They were not to do the work they had come to labour in; and, humanly speaking, when their emaciated bodies were found upon the strand, there seemed not the smallest probability of any one else ever coming to do it, and yet,—what?—Why here, my friend, here as you stand in fancy by my side upon the deck of a well-furnished, newly-built schooner, here is the very thing accomplished, even in a higher degree than was ever expected. Here is a ship devoted to that especial duty; here is a mission-party expressly engaged for that purpose; and here is even more than the fulfilment of the hopes and wishes of those dying

* "Papers and parts of journals written by Captain Gardiner were picked up, preserved, as it seems, in a most astonishing manner from destruction, through four months' exposure to the effects of winds, rains, and tides, and to the natives; yet half sheets of paper, completely saturated with water, torn and otherwise defaced from friction against the rocks, only bearing on them the marks of Captain Gardiner's lead pencil, contain, for the most part, words as intelligible as they were when first written. All these were carefully collected by Captain Morshead, and embodied in his despatches to the Admiralty." —*Letter from the Rev. Mr. Armstrong.*

men as expressed upon those frittered fragments of paper collected on the strand. Say you not, then, there is more in this than meets the eye or comes within the ken of earthly wisdom?

But now, to the present, as it is on shore in Earnest Cove. There you see, clustered around the heap of stones which mark the grave of the departed ones, a solemn and deeply-affected group. Some of those who form the group have been newly added to the vessel's crew. They were shipwrecked mariners, and are here assembled without any of that previous knowledge of the circumstances that the rest had; still they, too, are sensibly affected, and appear greatly impressed with what is going on. At the head of that group is the captain; on one side of him is the catechist, and on the other side both of his officers; while kneeling down by the side of the grave, her head bent low, and her eyes streaming in tears which fall fast upon that grave, is one whose woman's feelings at such a time could well be excused, even were there not men in the same way affected, to keep her company. Humble as the tribute was, ye devoted ones! balm would it have been to your hearts could ye have known that such would have been rendered! Mrs. Snow felt,—as she knelt there with a knowledge of all that had occurred on that spot fresh on her mind,—as woman can feel on those solemn occasions when the service for the dead is being performed, but as few perhaps had ever had the opportunity of feeling under such peculiar circumstances.

And now, you who stand by my side in this picture, you can see that there are about to be interred some remains of what was once a human being like yourself. They were found and recognised to be such; and consequently with reverence and the suitable forms are placed within the grave. The service, read by the catechist, and appropriate

hymns, being finished, a tablet, with the following inscription thereon, is nailed and securely lashed to the tree nearest and over the grave:—

"Sacred to the Memory
OF THE
LAMENTED MISSIONARY MARTYRS,
ALLEN F. GARDINER, CAPT. R.N.,
RICHARD WILLIAMS, SURGEON,
JOHN MAIDMENT, CATECHIST,
JOSEPH ERWIN, CARPENTER,
JOHN BRYANT, BOATMAN,
JOHN PEARCE, DITTO,
JOHN BADCOCK, DITTO,

who, after much fatigue and privation from want of food, departed this life between June 28th and September 6th, 1851. Their remains are buried close by.

This tablet was erected (wonderful to say, yet remarkably instancing the inscrutable ways of Divine Providence,) by the captain and crew of a vessel built according to the wishes of the above-mentioned Captain Gardiner, and named after him; the catechist assisting in the erection, and reading a suitable service for the occasion; the whole under the direction of the Patagonian or South American Missionary Society, to whom the vessel belongs, and of which Society Captain Gardiner was the founder."

Then follow the names of the Committee and Vice-Patrons, Honorary Secretary, &c., and date, October 19, 1855.

This being done, the service concluded, and an address from the captain to the men finished, the group dispersed, leaving the captain and his wife alone, as requested, on that sacred spot. There for a few moments they remained, with what feelings and ideas must be imagined by the reader. No one could have stood, as those two did, upon that place, without being under the influence of similar

feelings. In many strange places, and various parts of the world, had they been together, among the barbarous and savage natives of wild lands, as well as the highly-civilized inhabitants of continental cities; but in no place had they stood hand in hand under such singular and awe-inspiring circumstances as here.

CHAP. XXI.

Examination of Pioneer Cave. — Missionary Journals. — Capt. Gardiner's Grave.—The Hermitage.—Beautiful Shrubs and Evergreens.—Cook's River.—The original account of the Bodies being discovered. — Starvation in its worst form.—Seaweed, Mice, and decayed matter gladly eaten by the Missionaries.—Reflections on their fate. — Departure from Spaniard's Harbour.—Description of the Coast and Inhabitants.—New Island.—A sudden gale of wind.

As I before observed, this day was the anniversary of our farewell meeting at Bristol, prior to our leaving England; consequently it seemed to me very suitable, in our service over the grave, to have the same hymn and in the same form as used on that occasion; indeed they appeared exceedingly appropriate, and were therefore sung by the whole of us, with the one of Captain Gardiner's own composing. After we had concluded our duties at this sacred spot, and I had given the men a short time to look about them, I sent the mate and some of the crew on board to look after the ship, merely retaining on shore the three old hands remaining from the crew that shipped in Bristol, and the second mate. I had brought on shore shovels, picks, &c., with matches and lanterns; and we now proceeded to the cave to search it well for anything more which might, perhaps, be yet remaining there. This cave is thus described by Mr. Williams, one of the devoted missionaries, in his journal:—"We were heartily glad to take shelter in a large cavern, formed in the rocks, which opened to the sea, and indeed at high water is cut off by

the sea rising some way into it. It was very spacious, and after running some thirty yards back, branched off at either side like the letter T, but these flanks did not extend very far. Under extraordinary tide, with gales of wind concurring, it was evident, from the shells cast up at the farther end of the cavern, that the water reached even that far, no very agreeable information to us in prospect of taking up our night quarters there."

Mr. Murray, one of the "Beagle's" officers, also says*:— "Spaniard Harbour proved to be a shallow bay, full of rocks and dangerous reefs lining the shore, and without shelter, though there is anchorage for a vessel. In a large cave in a rock which formed the south head of a little cove where our boat was secured, I found the recent traces of Indians, who had left bones of guanacos and birds lying about near the ashes of a large fire. I went into the cave for a considerable distance, until it became too dark to find my way further, but did not reach the end."

It was into this cave that we now meant to go. In approaching it from the sandy beach away on the west of it, I had to wade through the sea up to my knees, while I assisted my wife by holding her up as she walked along the side of the main rock on some projecting ledges. Captain Gardiner says in his Journal: "Near the entrance of the cavern I was taken off my legs by the heavy surf, and thrown into the water; and on reaching the cavern I met Mr. Maidment in the act of endeavouring to make his escape from it. He had been working hard, taking to the upper end all that it was material to save, should the water reach far within, and had just completed his work. As there was no time to be lost, we immediately left together, but had great difficulty in reaching the beach in safety. Mr. Maidment was twice taken off his legs, and I was wet to my middle a second time."

* Fitzroy's Narrative of Beagle's Voyage.

Mr. Williams also adds, in speaking of their first night here, "The roar of the water, as it washed through the archway of a huge rock jutting out like a buttress, and having the appearance of the wall of a cloister, and forming a prolongation of one of the sides of the cavern, and through the arch of which the waves dashed and met with another opposing series from the opposite side, and there, in a mighty struggle against each other, heaving and foaming, came bellowing into our cave, the roar of the water growing more and more impetuous, disturbed me now and then."

I can therefore very readily understand how Captain Gardiner was taken off his legs by the heavy surf, and thrown into the water; for during the whole time of my visit, both at high and low water, there was so great a wash right up to the mouth of the cave and against the rocks, that it required a firm footing and care to prevent us from being capsized.

The interior was damp, and smelt most unwholesome. Striking a light, I examined every corner of it to its extremes. Wet was dripping down from the roof, and puddles had formed in several places. Heaps of small mussel and limpet shells were seen, and a few fragments, such as a shirt collar, part of a blue serge frock, bits of rope, quadrant case, a metal spoon, besides a stove bedded in the stony soil, were collected together; but nothing of any importance was discovered. My wife was the most prying of us all. She turned over every place where there was a probability of finding anything, and the few things we gathered she has carefully preserved.

From the cave I waded through the water up to my waist, and got upon some rocky patches that enabled me to pass through the arch above mentioned, the tide now being low enough to let me do so. Nothing was dis-

covered on the other side. Dark rocks, upon which the sea broke heavily, alone met the eye; I therefore retraced my way to the cave, and then assisted my wife to repass the narrow ledge by which she had come, and so returned to the beach. Prior to leaving this spot I retraced my way a little, and took a fac-simile of the inscription on the rock near the cavern. It was painted on a white ground, and had, as I have before said, the letters Ps. lxii. 5, 8, written thereon. I next took a rough sketch of the locality; and then turned my attention to the grave. I say grave, but in point of fact it was only a collection of stones laid together over, as I suppose, a hollow dug in the sand on the beach, and barely clear of the water. It was apparently the only suitable place to be found in the haste of the moment. One large stone was laid flat on the top, and upon this had been roughly painted—

CAPT^N GARDINER,
Exe Sept^r 1851.

We now continued our walk along the beach, and a few yards further on came to the remains of the "Pioneer" boat.* There is nothing left of her, but a portion of the side; and that has been burnt, whether by natives or other visitors I am unable to say. Some tins, cork, and remains of hawsers (the rope now quite rotten), were all

* "Captain Gardiner's remains were found by the side of his boat, from which it is most likely he had got out, and was unable to get in again. He had put on three suits of clothes, and his arms were thrust into woollen stockings, over the other clothing. Underneath them, at the opening below the waistcoat, the birds had evidently been at work, and lessened the effects of corruption. Mr. Maidment's body was found in the cave; the other two bodies, those of Dr. Williams and of the remaining fisherman (John Pearce), were found near their own boat, and notices directing to the spot were seen on landing."—*Society's Publications.*

that could here be seen. We next crossed a small brook spoken of by Captain Gardiner in his Journal, and soon afterwards arrived at a place he called the "Hermitage," and which he thus describes: "I took up my quarters last night in a sort of lean-to shed formed by placing poles against the impending face of a cliff which stands above the beach on N.W. side of our cove. It was erected partly for a shelter for the men while working on shore, and as a place of refuge should the tide oblige us to quit the cavern. The poles are covered with sails, and some boughs are stuffed in at the apertures. I have named it the 'Hermitage.' It is rather a cold abode, notwithstanding a fire, which has been made in it; but it is by no means so damp as the cavern." But, a few days after he had taken up his abode here, he was burnt out by these boughs suddenly catching fire, and then igniting the sails. He had barely time to escape; and some of his things were consumed. Directly afterwards some of the rock fell down exactly upon the spot where he had laid. The fragments, the poles, and the signs of the fire were still to be seen as he describes them.

On the top of the Hermitage I found some shrubs in blossom, the flowers being of a beautiful orange colour. The shrub is, I believe, the *Berberis ilicifolia*. I gathered some branches, and afterwards took a sketch in colours before the blossoms had lost their brilliancy.

Having now finished in Earnest Cove, I returned towards the boat, took another long and thoughtful look at the spot around me, and then embarked to go and visit the other place at Cook's River. There the character of the scenery is quite different to that at Earnest Cove. It is much more pleasing to the eye, and more varied also; it seemed to me a far preferable place to be in than Earnest Cove, but then, my visit was on a fine day,—perhaps in bad weather it might be different. It is full a mile and a half from the

cove, and except at certain times it must have been difficult for a communication to have been kept up between the two parties.* We were soon examining this place, as we had done the other. Three good boats' anchors and chains

* It may not be amiss to here give Captain Smyley's account of his discovering the remains of the party at this place. He says :—" *October* 22.—Run to Spaniard's Harbour. Blowing a severe gale. Went on shore and found the boat on the beach with one person dead inside, supposed to be Pearce, as we cut the name off his frock; another we found on the beach completely washed to pieces. Another buried, which is John Badcock. These, we have every reason to believe, are Pearce, Williams, and Badcock. The sight was awful in the extreme. Books, papers, medicine, clothing, and tools, strewed along the beach, and on the boat's deck and cuddy. But no sign of any edge-tools whatever.

"The person in the boat had a large scar in his head, and one in his neck. I supposed he had done this by being delirious, or by chance an Indian might have killed him, as they were too weak to offer resistance. By their Journal I find they were out of provisions on the 22d June, and almost consumed by the scurvy, that is, Williams and Badcock; and on the 28th June, poor Badcock died a miserable death of starvation and scurvy; but a thorough Christian. July 2, I find Mr. Williams delirious." Captain Smyley adds, that the two captains in the boat with him "cried like a child." These two captains were a Mr. Nichols and a captain of a vessel wrecked on Staten Island.[1] Captain Nichols, writing to the secretary of the Society,

[1] The following from Captain Smyley's log gives an account of their falling in with this shipwrecked vessel :—" *October* 17.—Blowing a heavy gale from W. by S., run for New Year's Harbour, Staten Island. See a flag-staff on the island, abreast of the harbour. Supposed it to be either the missionaries, or some castaway crew; but the gale was too heavy to stop. Run into New Year's Harbour and came to.

" *October* 19.—Got ready to go out to the island, to see who was there. Before we got out, we saw a boat coming from the island, which proved to belong to the crew of the Danish barque 'Aladin' who were cast away thirty-one days ago; having saved nothing, and being in a state of starvation, we relieved them, and gave them our whale-boat, until we could return, taking Captain Müller on board, and landing the men on the island again."

It is singular that I should lately have met the captain, Schmidt, of another vessel, who had with him one of the boys formerly belonging to this wrecked ship, and who naturally was full of this terrible affair of Captain Gardiner and his party.

were found and sent on board, and some trifling remains of fine blue cloth clothing, now quite rotten. The frame of the boat, broken and burnt, was visible, and the iron deck, which lay apart by itself. There was a broken stove, iron pot, sole of a well-made boot or shoe marked with the letter W., and a few odd things of no particular use or interest, beyond that of having belonged to those who had suffered there. Such as we could manage to get into the boat was sent on board, but the iron deck was too heavy; and our time on this the first visit, when it was important I should run no risk, was too precious to wait while we could get it off; therefore it remains still in the same place.

My wife and I walked about here for some time, wandering over the whole place, and lingering upon the spot where we conjectured lay the remains of the poor Cornish fishermen and the carpenter. It was surrounded on three

says:—"When the schooner came near enough to the shore they saw a tall-masted boat in the little river, with clothes hanging from the rigging. Nichols remarked to Captain Smyley, 'It is all right, for there are clothes hanging out to dry; they have just had a wash.' He then jumped into the boat, with two hands, and pushed off for the shore. On landing, they saw the bones of a man dismembered and scattered on the beach. In the boat was a body, covered, all but the head and face, with a mattress, and seaman's clothes lying upon that. The wounds discernible in this part of the body seemed to have been inflicted from the iron of a *plane*. In the boat was a quantity of twine, more than a bushel of shells, and a flask half full of powder. Along the shore were various articles lying, among them the wooden parts of several planes, with the irons gone. On a tree, at the foot of which was a depression, likely to be John Badcock's grave, there were gashes, made not with an axe, nor by the hand of one knowing how to handle an edge-tool, but with the broad chisel-like iron of a plane, and by an unpractised hand; whilst, from the boat to the sward, on the intervening sand, were evident the prints of naked feet. This description places considerable mystery around the deaths of Mr. Williams and John Pearce, which a future day will, it is hoped, clear up."

"Captain Nichols said the scene, apart from these melancholy memorials, was a lonely one; the country on each side of Cook's River was level and grassy, and rose gradually, in fashion of an amphitheatre, into hills densely covered with wood."

sides by bushes very much like currant and gooseberry trees, the leaves being the same. But I could not be certain of the place, as no positive signs of a grave were to be seen. A gentle elevation of the ground led me to think it might be there, and consequently we once more offered up the silent prayer for the departed ones.

It would perhaps be considered too sentimental were I to dwell much upon what passed while we rested awhile here. The day, as I have mentioned, was very fine and warm; and at this part of the shore there was a great deal to make one feel less indifferent to Tierra del Fuego than at Earnest Cove. The scenery was more open, and many strange thoughts came over me in connexion with the place. I felt, and so did my wife, as though we could have willingly ended our days there, provided that some real (not *ideal*) good would have been accomplished by our remaining, and that we could have equalled in fitness for our exit from this world those who here had been summoned away. Other feelings also came over us, and some of them I may be pardoned for recording. Feelings that I believe would have operated upon any one situated as we were. They were produced by the singularity of our position. There, standing together by the side of what we believed to be the grave, or certainly close to the grave of those devoted men, we could not but be impressed with the strangeness of the whole affair. How extraordinary that the fast-falling tears should flow over the remains of those humble and rough Cornish fishermen from the eyes of a tender female belonging to their own distant native land! What would they have said or thought when on their dying couch had such been foretold to them? Do you not think it would have somewhat softened the pangs of death? For does not the knowledge that a woman's kindly eye will sometimes overflow upon your grave, give consolation to the fleeting soul? Assuredly. And thus would it have been with these poor souls could they have known it; and fully was this

simple tribute given by my wife, as with clenched hands, and streaming eyes, she bowed her head and knees over what we believed to be the grave of the humble but honest-minded missionaries. But it was enough. I found it would not do to give vent to our sensitive feelings. I therefore walked away, though again and again were those feelings being worked upon. Something would arise to constantly recal the past. A remnant of cloth; a bone, probably human, as it was near the boat; a draught of water from the river where they must have often gone for drink; everything, in fact, aroused our tenderest sympathies. Amongst other things while we were here our usual dinner hour had arrived, and as we had brought a few biscuits with us they were handed round and eaten; but so strong was the feeling upon me in connexion with those who had perished there, that the first mouthful seemed almost to choke me. To eat on that spot appeared like an act of desecration; for the very fact of my being able to eat whenever I chose presented so strong a contrast in my mind to the case of those who here would have eagerly rushed for the biscuit in my hand, that I could not bear to contemplate the difference in our positions;—I with every comfort, private luxuries, and abundance; they with sea-weed, limpets, and cast-up fish as a treat, for their daily food; and at last not even that! I could not eat. I had no hunger, and after the first mouthful or two I turned aside, and, taking a draught of water from the stream, made my noon repast.*

* Captain Gardiner and Mr. Williams in their journals say,—"they all feel the want of food, and sometimes the cravings of hunger are distressing to them. After partaking of mussels for a fortnight I was obliged to give them up, on the 19th. My food is now wild celery, mussel broth, and the soft part of limpets, when they can be procured. Dined on part of a shag which was killed, while sleeping on the beach, by Mr. Maidment, ten days ago. It was dug up this morning, having been buried since Monday the 10th, quite tender and good, having lost its fishy flavour.

Soon after this I prepared to return on board; and, having now done all that was desirable here, I got into the boat, and in a short time was alongside the ship.

I then sent the mate to bring off the small anchors and other sundries easily conveyed; and then got all ready for going to sea the following morning, it being my intention next to visit Banner Cove. I examined my barometer, and found that we had still a chance of fine weather; but not for much longer, as it was beginning to fall; and as the wind was now S.W., having gone round there during the day, I felt convinced we should soon have either a blow from that quarter, or a backing of the wind to the northward, with wet. As either of these would be unpleasant for us, I

" In the stomach of a fox we had trapped were found feathers, fish, and mice. He was a fine animal, with a splendid brush; albeit the odium attached to a fox, our party on shore have already so far overcome any such natural fastidiousness, that this morning they made a hearty breakfast of his 'pluck;'—for a leg and his quarters are all skilfully cut up, in reserve; this is not the first extraordinary *bonne bouche* our worthy- caterer has set upon the spit, or made into soup for us. The penguin, and shag, and the equally fishy-tasted ducks have all contributed their quotas; the penguin was caught on shore, without attempting to get away, more than by a backward movement, as Mr. Maidment tried to lay hold upon him; the shag was asleep in one of the fallen trees, lying on the beach, so that Mr. M. caught it also by hand. We are still confined to bed; we vary much as to our sensible condition at different times; sometimes we are very well apparently, but a little exertion of our strength in talking or otherwise, has a prostrating influence that takes days to rally from again.

" About two months ago I picked up some weed from the rocks, which was boiled as an experiment, in the event of our requiring it for food. It became tolerably soft, was palatable, and easily masticated. We thought no more of it, till a few days ago, when Mr. Maidment, finding the difficulty of procuring limpets and mussels, and the old stalks of the celery were becoming very unpalatable and even the broth unpleasant, added a little of it to the broth which he made of them. By a little practice in the cooking of this weed we have found it to be a most providential supply. It will boil to a gluten, and cannot fail of being very nutritious. It is now my chief diet, as limpets can only be procured at particular periods, when the tides are low. The weed

determined to hold on till the morrow and see what it happened to be. Accordingly the proper deck-watch, as I had regulated it, was set at the usual hour, and that night I retired to rest more satisfactorily than the previous one. My work here was done; done in a way even beyond our most sanguine expectations. Everything had favoured us. A fine day; gentle breezes; no molestation from natives; and nothing in the shape of accident, or aught else to lessen the satisfaction we experienced. Thoughts of a crowded room, in a large hotel at Clifton, where a farewell meeting was held just twelve months back, naturally came over us. Those whom we had seen there, were present to our fancy here; and not one was forgotten in the offerings of our heart ere we retired to rest.

The next morning it was blowing rather fresh; but nevertheless, as it was a fair wind, off the land, from the N.N.W., I got under way at half past six, and stood out of Spaniard's Harbour; several rocks, and an ugly tide rip, were found about Cape Kinnaird, which forms the western point of the entrance to Acquire Bay, the great opening leading to Spaniard's Harbour; but, having passed these, we were able to run along the land tolerably close. Wigwams could be seen, but no natives; and the hills appeared covered with verdure to a certain height. Squalls and

grows in small branches on the rocks, has a thin, crimped, and semi-transparent leaf, and appears when broken off like pickled cabbage, though of an olive green colour. I desire to thank my heavenly Father for directing us to it, and for so mercifully providing a very palatable diet, in our present necessity. This weed, which we now call the jelly weed, was providentially brought into use as diet. Some leaves of it adhered to the fin of the mussels in the saucepan, and were found to dissolve into a soft glutinous pulp. Mr. Maidment, who kindly undertakes the cooking, was induced to boil it separately, and thus we were mercifully provided with this unexpected and most nutritious food. It is not improbable that at some future day it may become an article of commerce."

eddies of wind rushed down the ravines as we passed the various openings; and at length these became so frequent, with a slightly rising glass, indicating a change to the S.W. or south, that I ran off shore to a greater distance. At noon we were off Sloggett's Bay, midway between Point Jesse and New Island; but now we began to experience a sudden change. The air was excessively close—almost unbearable. Clad as we were for cold weather, this oppressive heat was most unpleasant. I felt convinced, however, that it would not last long, and that it would be followed by a sharp blow of wind from a colder quarter, and accordingly prepared for it.

Meanwhile let us, now that we are about entering the threshold of an almost unknown place, take a glance at its features and general character; and here I will quote from others, leaving my own descriptions for particular localities.

Of Tierra del Fuego the excellent "Admiralty Sailing Directions," compiled from Fitzroy's Survey, says: "The coast is very irregular and much broken, being in fact composed of a prodigious number of islands. It is generally high, bold, and free from shoals or banks; but there are many rocks nearly level with the surface of the water, distant two and even three miles from the nearest shore, which make it very unsafe for a vessel to approach nearer than five miles, except in daylight and clear weather. The coast varies in height from 800 to 1,500 feet above the sea. Farther in shore there are ranges of mountains always covered with snow, their height being from 2,000 to 4,000 feet, and in one instance, Mount Sarmiento, 6,800 feet.

"With daylight and clear weather a vessel may close the shore without risk, because the water is invariably deep, and no rock is found which is not so marked by kelp that, by a good look-out at the mast-head, its situation is as clearly seen as if it were buoyed. By avoiding kelp you are sure of having sufficient water for the largest ships on any part

of this coast. At the same time it must be remembered that kelp grows in some places from a depth of 30 fathoms, and that on many parts of this coast you may pass through thick beds of seaweed without having less than six fathoms water—still it is always a sign of danger.

"Viewing the coast from a distance it appears high, rugged, covered with snow, and continuous, as if there were no islands; but when near, one sees many inlets which intersect the land in every direction, and open into large gulfs or sounds behind the seaward islands. The high land, covered with permanent snow, now disappears, and the hills close to the sea will be seen thickly wooded towards the east, though barren on their western sides, owing to the prevailing wind. * * * Where the land is chiefly composed of sandstone or slate, anchorages abound—where of granite, it is difficult to strike soundings. The difference between granite, and slate and sandstone hills, can be distinguished by the former being very barren and rugged, and of a grey or white appearance; whereas the latter are generally covered with vegetation, are dark coloured, and have smoother outlines. These slate or sandstone hills show few peaks, and the only rugged places are those exposed to wind or sea. As regards the weather, gales of wind succeed each other at short intervals and last several days. At times the weather is fine and settled for perhaps a fortnight, but those times are few. Westerly winds prevail during the greater part of the year. Fogs are extremely rare on this coast, but thick, rainy weather prevails with strong winds. The sun shows itself but little, the sky even in fine weather being generally overcast and cloudy. A clear day is a very rare occurrence. The most usual weather is a fresh wind between north-west and south-west, with a cloudy, overcast sky. The equinoctial months are the worst in the year. Heavy gales prevail at those times, with westerly winds, rain, snow, hail, and cold weather. In April, May, and June,

the finest weather is experienced, and though the days shorten, it is more like summer than at any other period. Lightning and thunder are very rare, indeed scarcely known, except in very bad weather, when violent squalls come from the south and south-west, giving warning of their approach by masses of clouds. These storms are rendered more formidable by snow and hail of a large size."

With regard to the inhabitants of this wild land, it is believed that there are seven distinct tribes :—the Oensmen, a large race occupying themselves in war, plunder, and the chase, pursuing these employments on foot through the large islands;—the Yapoo, a small fishing people, on the south-east;—the Tekeenica, a superior tribe, similarly engaged on the south;—the Alikhoolip, on the west and south;—the Chonos, up towards Chili;—the Pecheray (or "give me") people on the shores of Admiralty Inlet;—and the Irees, opposite to Patagonia, on the north.

"They subsist on fish—otters, or nutria—and seals, which they take in their canoes and by help of their dogs. Added to these supplies, they gather shell fish when the tide is low, and pluck fungi from the trees and berries from the *bushes*. Their appearance is extremely forbidding. They wear no clothes, save a small skin hung on the shoulders and reaching to the waist to cover their backs. Their habitations are of the rudest description, being merely a few poles drawn together at the top and tiled over with pieces of bark, or stuffed between with moss. They often suffer extremely from hunger, and at such times are cannibals. The old crones of the community are seized upon, brought over the smoke, and forcibly held there till suffocated, when often their flesh, partially cooked, is greedily devoured.

"They are ingenious in manufacture of their simple implements—bows, arrows, spears, canoes, baskets, and fishing lines. They are amazingly true in taking aim, and a stone from their hand or sling is almost as unerring and destructive as a bullet from the rifle."

Such, then, is the land and its inhabitants I was about to make myself familiar with. Already in the distance ahead of us could I see the lofty peaks, and, at present, gloomy mountains, in and among which I had to try and penetrate. But the weather that had gradually been threatening now became bad, and rain and mist soon shut out the view. Even New Island, a square and hilly abrupt rocky place, was obscured, though we were at no great distance from it. The change I had expected was evidently coming. The dense atmosphere and oppressive air lightened a little; a few puffs from the north-west, with heavy rain, followed; and then suddenly fierce blasts, accompanied by a perfect deluge of water driving in our face, burst upon us from the westward and then south-west, being at first dead against us. A short unpleasant jerking sea rose quickly; and under our reduced canvas we plunged into it until sometimes it seemed as if we could not venture to hold on any longer, but must run back. This, however, I determined not to do if it were at all to be avoided. Accordingly under as much sail as the little vessel could bear I stood on, so as to get the smooth water under the lee of New Island, and seek for a place where I might be able to anchor, even if only while the strength of the gale lasted. But it was a task. The wind kept heading us off; the squalls were excessively heavy; and the rain and seas that dashed on board nearly prevented me from standing at my post forward on the windlass by the paul bitts, where I was looking for the land. This, however, I could only see at intervals, and in part. Half drowned by the cataracts of water that tumbled on board, and obliged to firmly hold on by something for fear of being washed away, I kept thus for about an hour or more while the fury of the gale lasted. The mate once or twice came to me from aft, and said something about still further reducing the sail; but I was not asleep; I knew as well as he what was wanted; and my reply, abruptly given, after a quick glance at the

spars, was to keep near the helm and attend simply to my orders. To be caught in a heavy southerly gale, and too close to the main land, especially in a vessel like ours, would never do. I therefore held on to get that position which by being more weatherly would enable me, if I did not find an anchorage at New Island, to make a course on the port tack with a side wind to Picton Island.

Thus, then, I stood my ground, seeing nothing and hearing nothing but the howling wind and seas, until suddenly I detected the outlines of New Island almost close to us, a little on the weather bow. Another few moments and we were within its lee, and a lessening of the wind and sea was the immediate consequence. Here, then, as I found it best in the smooth water, I put the ship about, and, still dodging under the land, crept away to the westward. The gale, however, as suddenly ceased as it had quickly begun, and by 3 p.m. it was quite moderate and fine. Sail was made; but in less than another half-hour there was nearly a calm, and beautiful clear weather. This was almost as bad, as far as regarded my desire to be at anchor that night, as the gale was; and for an hour or two we were thus tantalized. Occasionally a light breeze would get up from the eastward, and this helped us on a little. We passed Cape Pio; and, under all possible sail, endeavoured to reach a place of shelter before night; for again was the weather threatening.

CHAP. XXII.

Approach to Picton Island.—Gloomy appearance.—Timidity exhibited among some of the crew.—Precautions taken.—Dark night.—Anchor at hazard near the shore.—The following day proceed to Banner Cove.—Picton Island described.—Fuegian Scenery.—Anxious Point and Deposit Island.—Moat Bay.—Anchor in Banner Cove.—Visited by the Natives.—Their vociferous cries.—Friendly interview.—Interchange of presents.—Their women and children.—Ma-quisce.—Dautawaie.—The wizard doctor.—Effect an amicable understanding with the party.—They all leave at sunset.

At 6 p.m. we had light baffling airs from the northward, with heavy clouds to the west; then the wind suddenly went round to the S.E., and then back to north with squalls. I was obliged to take in all the smaller sails, and again prepare for bad weather; but I determined if it were possible to get to an anchor somewhere that night. At dusk we were only six or seven miles from Picton Island, and I thought it would be well, if I could get up so far, to lay there on the east side till morning. With this view I steered direct for it, finding it vain to any longer attempt reaching Banner Cove at present. I had no plans or directions to guide me. The general sailing chart and directions gave me no help here. It was all new, except to Captain Gardiner and those who went to seek him. Consequently I was much up aloft examining every part of the wild and gloomy looking place. Far in the west innumerable peaks shot up into the sky from a dark and forbidding base, and the waters appeared equally as sombre and uninviting. As

we advanced towards them, the hymn commencing with the words—

> " O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
> Look, my soul, be still and gaze,"

came forcibly into my mind; and for some time I found myself singing it as it were involuntarily, while the shadows of night closed the view.

Upon descending from aloft, I experienced the first symptoms of what I had fully made up my mind I should have to contend with, viz., want of cheerful, ready, and firm co-operation on the part of those with me. It may be all very well *now*, when away from the scene, and in places where he can loudly vaunt and give utterance to his feats, for a man to be indignant and deny the manifest fear and timidity then displayed. Such is human nature —and I say nothing about it. But this I do say for a truth, that, except perhaps *two* or may be *three* on board besides myself and wife, the whole of the crew and the catechist were alarmed. They had, it appears, openly expressed their fears, and the mate now came and reported it to me, saying that " all hands were afraid ! " Well, thought I, here is a difficulty; for, if my men are frightened *now*, what will they be by-and-by when we get entirely amongst the natives, and some hundred miles farther on? And yet it was excusable. What had *they* to excite or keep them up as I had? They knew they were going somewhere amidst strange unfrequented places, and where as they had been told, at Stanley and by other sailors, that the natives were cannibals, and that no vessel like ours ought to go alone. To them, the dark and gloomy aspect of the surrounding scenery, now looking still more dark and gloomy from the shades of night, appeared as a mysterious and dangerous region into which they would rather not enter. All the terrors of shipwreck in such a place, with no hope of any one coming to seek us, even if it should be known where we had gone,

were naturally present to their mind. I was leading them whither I would; what if I myself should fail in health and in ability to carry us all in safety through this wild and tempestuous place, or chose to subject them to more than they had a right to endure? I was but a man—a single, unsupported man; and though they had all signed an agreement, and knew exactly what was required from them, yet now the reality and not the mere talk was actually before them, doubts and fears were in the ascendant. And yet, as I say once more, it was all most excusable. I could even think of it without in the least detracting from their general character for fearlessness; for it was *natural*, and therefore to be expected.

There was, however, one cause which very much helped to produce this timidity. Unfortunately, amongst the men, there was a copy of "Hope Deferred," a book published by the mission, and giving an account of all that Captain Gardiner and his companions suffered. Now, more than once did I personally feel the harm of that book being on board. It is not of the book itself that I speak, but of the bias it gave to men's minds. It depressed, and in a measure paralysed them; and when this feeling was not predominant, then it made some of them arrogant and presuming. It was quite common for me to be told that Captain Gardiner or some of his party had done so and so, and thus by such remark plainly intimate I ought also to do the same; and often have I wished the book at the bottom of the sea rather than on board a ship I commanded. If I could have got the men to understand the matter more correctly, the book and its constant perusal would not have hurt them or me. Knowledge is good if it be rightly applied, but otherwise it is an evil; and thus the knowledge of certain lamentable facts that had occurred here tended to do more harm than good, because the minds of those who had sought and obtained that knowledge were hardly strong enough to bear it.

Hence, then, I could readily make excuses in my own mind for the men being somewhat fearful now we were on the threshold of this wild and gloomy region. Consequently, this evening I did not think it fit to be even angry with them for the feeling displayed. I called them all aft and quietly addressed them. I pointed out the folly of such fear; I told them that with my wife on board they might be certain I should not run the vessel into any unnecessary danger; that the very regulations I had established ought to convince them of my forethought and caution; and, finally, that, above everything, they should not forget we were in an especial manner—if we dare hope any vessel is —under God's particular and watchful care. Nothing earthly would be, if we, who *did* use the means He vouchsafed to us, were not; for we not only placed our dependence upon Him, but we also honoured Him by placing dependence upon ourselves, an act He especially commands. Moreover, and on the opposite side of the question, "it is now," I added, "quite useless for you to be doubtful and hesitating. You should have thought of that before you signed your agreement with me; for I can assure you, my men, that, God willing, I go as far as wind and weather will let me, and wheresoever my duty to the mission, always with due regard to prudence, may tell me to go. Therefore show yourselves as *men;* and if there be any doubt or fear amongst you, now throw it overboard, trusting honestly and implicitly in your captain who has hitherto carried you about in safety—in your officers—and in *yourselves.*"

To my address, one or two said they were not afraid, nor had ever shown fear; but I felt convinced there was truth in what the mate had told me, and I reflected deeply upon my position. However, they were dismissed to their work again, with some few lively words from me as a wind-up; and soon afterwards I had to go aloft again, and look out as to where we should anchor.

The wind was now N.N.W., and somewhat fresh, with

squalls. The night was excessively dark, and I could barely see the outlines of the land, right on to which we were sailing, at about four miles an hour. Everything was got ready for anchoring, or for turning round, if need be, and running back, as it was quite uncertain what sort of bottom I should find to hold on by. The lead was kept quickly going; and the mate remained forward by the anchor, while the second officer was aft, to attend to the steering, and the men about the decks, all ready to fly, at a moment, to any particular duty.

I had noticed upon the chart soundings marked on the east of Picton Island, decreasing from the north towards the south; consequently I had brought the ship well up to windward, that she might gradually go down upon these lesser soundings; and now, I anxiously awaited some indication that we had got hold of them with the hand lead.

"What's the last cast?" I sang out from aloft.

"No bottom at thirteen fathoms, sir!" was the reply.

"Take the lead further forward; carry it out to the jib-boom end; be smart now. Must get bottom. You only want about seventeen here."

And true enough, the next cast, after trying it as I directed, gave that depth of water, so correctly had the Admiralty chart been marked.

"Land ho! close aboard, sir! The starboard bow!" was almost at the same moment shouted out from on deck, as a dark mass suddenly appeared almost upon us.

"All right, my men! all right! I see it!" was my reply, and directly afterwards, a rocky island on our right was passed at a stone's throw.

"Starboard a little! So-o. Steady! that'll do! Heave quick the lead! What water?"

"Twelve fathoms."

"Starboard again! So-o. Steady!"

"Ten fathoms," was the next quick cry of the leadsman;

and now I could just perceive, amidst the inky darkness, Picton Island cliffs, apparently not far off.

"Let me know if you feel kelp," said I.

"No kelp yet, sir! Ten fathoms still. Rocky bottom!"

"Very good—very good—starboard yet—starboard!"

"Starboard 'tis, sir!"

"So-o. Steady! In topsail; down foresail and fore-staysail!" and in a few moments, in compliance with my orders, there was nothing up but the mainsail and jib.

"By the deep eight. Hard sand!" now came sounding upon my ears; and intensely did I gaze, striving to pierce the darkness, to see how far we were in, and whether sufficiently advanced, so as to be in a tolerably secure spot for the night. Each moment I had the words on my lip, to effect the necessary manœuvre for anchoring; but I held on, being desirous we should get as far as possible under the lee of the weathernmost point of the land, for shelter. But a few more casts of the lead soon settled it. Seven, and then six fathoms, and presently kelp, decided me. It was enough. So far well, and now to anchor. Accordingly the word was given—the jib hauled down—the helm put a-lee, and in another moment or two the anchor was let go in six fathoms water, sandy bottom. I at once gave her 45 fathoms of chain, and then having found she was quite safe, the sails were furled, and in half an hour more the proper watches set for the night.

I went below, but, as too often the case, could get no sleep. A thousand tormenting fancies crowded my brain. The men's fears surely were infecting me. I was not nor had I been well for some days past, owing to indigestion; and now I really felt as though unfit for any more work at all. A couple of hours' restlessness on my couch made me conjecture all sorts of things. One moment I could not hear the footsteps of the watch; another moment I thought I heard the vessel dragging her anchor; and then came absurdities about the

wild savages almost certain to be on the shore close to us, and how close that shore was I could not tell. Perhaps I was too close; and if the wind came in from the eastward had I room to get away? These and similar disturbed fancies worked upon my brain, clearly showing, as the reader will readily say, that I wanted what I could not obtain, a good sound sleep. But as I could not get it, I dressed myself and went on deck. The night was dark and squally, and there was a heavy swell setting in which caused the ship to roll greatly. I found the watch all right at their posts; and as it was probable I might need the most active exertions of every one on the morrow, sent the second officer below (he being in charge), and kept the deck myself. And there I walked for the ensuing three hours, planning and considering as to my next movement. Banner Cove, of course; but the way to get there, whether south round the island, or north about, was the question. In answer to this, much would depend upon the wind, which way it was. At present it was adverse for going north; and moreover I was puzzled again about the day. It was Sunday, and therefore I determined if the wind remained foul to remain where I was; but if it should become fair, to avail myself of it and go round to the cove, which I believed was about midway on the north side of the island. In other words I would, as it were, let Providence decide for me.

The weather proved squally until daybreak, when it cleared up, and the sun rose in a cloudless sky, presenting to my eye the land of Picton Island close to us, and looking far superior to anything I had previously imagined. I was surprised and delighted! Why it was more like my own land of home in its south-eastern coasts (to which, with its singular clay cliffs on my extreme left, it bore a marked resemblance) than one of the dreaded islands of Tierra del Fuego! Well might Captain Gardiner call it park-like, and speak so favourably; for certainly this my first view

corroborated all that he had said. The following extract from his journal will give a correct idea of its features. He says:—

"I have examined the greater part of Picton Island, both coasts and interior. The southern portion is quite different from the northern—the one being moor and down, the other thick forest. Here we are in the forest region. We call the south district the South Down. I wish I had time to send you a sketch, for the scenery is quite beautiful—quite like a park, and this would be a very eligible spot for settlers. Beautiful lakes and sufficient wood! The remainder of the island is generally thickly wooded."

"Captain Gardiner, in company with the captain of the Clymene and one of the mission party, traversed a considerable part of Picton Island, and discovered a large expanse of fresh water, on the wooded borders of which were some trees of large size, and many wild fowl were observed on the lake. In the course of their walk they met with wild celery, currants, and cranberries, and observed several patches of ground which, if properly drained, would be suitable for cultivation. In the afternoon, a party who were cutting wood observed several canoes with natives crossing over from the main land of Tierra del Fuego to the south end of Picton Island."

After well examining our position, and the mate being called on deck, I went below at 6 A.M. to try again for some sleep. An hour however sufficed, and before eight I was up and ready for the day.

The weather, I found, was very beautiful, and, singular to say, a gentle breeze had got round to the south, which was of course right in our favour. This really seemed to me an indication as to what I was to do; but, not wishing to wound the conscience of any one in such a matter, and for certain other reasons which may be divined, I this time asked Mr. Catechist what he

thought about it, as it was Sunday. To my surprise he entirely coincided with me, and said that he did not now consider it any harm whatever. Now how was I, or am I, to understand this? Was it merely a specimen of that singular mode of dealing with subjects that one time makes a thing black and another time the same thing white, as I saw done at a meeting on behalf of the mission the other day, where the secretary cleverly turned a picture of three Fuegians, saying, "Here you see on one side the savage in his native state, and here you see on the other side the same savage in his civilized state," as he twirled the card dexterously in his fingers? At all events, here was some one then coinciding with me; though, perhaps, as he did it in private, it might now, if it has not long since, been denied. However, I was almost indifferent to it; and therefore gave orders to get under way. This was done; and with all sail set to a gentle breeze we ran on to the north close along the shore of Picton Island.

It was quite pleasant sailing; and one or two wigwams that were seen added to the rather picturesque scenery that met our eye. We passed inside of an island off the N.E. corner of Picton, and which was evidently the one we had seen when coming to an anchor; and as we neared that corner, the bold bluff was observed to be thickly covered with trees and verdure. I had hoped to get round here easily, but to my vexation I found it was not to be so; for suddenly the wind died away—came in a variety of eddies in several directions, and gave me so much anxiety as to our being set upon that point of land, that I could not help mentally naming it Anxious Point. For more than an hour we were kept in this suspense, and then at last the breeze came quickly upon us, but now strong from the westward, and consequently right ahead. However, as the day still kept fine and clear, I could not turn back, but determined to try and beat up to the cove. Accordingly, with a strong westerly breeze that often came in such heavy

gusts from the Beagle Channel as to compel me to shorten sail, and then in the lulls set it again, I stood across Moat Bay in tolerably smooth water until I had fetched sufficiently far to windward to permit of my making in for Banner Cove. As the vessel, during one of her tacks, was close in with the north shore of Moat Bay, I had a good opportunity of looking at the land on that part. It was far from presenting those sterile and forbidding features so generally attributed to Tierra del Fuego.

At half-past two I was able to stand in towards Banner Cove, which at first I could not well make out, owing to Garden Island and the main land of Picton being so much alike, and thickly wooded. As I neared the entrance—and there being no chart to guide me—I kept the lead going, and only small canvas on the ship; but I found deep water well up to Garden Island, and until I had passed another small island, which I presume was Round Island. I then dropped anchor in five fathoms water, good holding ground, and in one of the most secure and pretty-looking coves I need ever wish for. Well might Captain Morshead say that "Picton Island was well chosen, and Banner Cove a beautiful anchorage," for such is certainly the case.

We had no sooner made all fast, and stowed the sails, before a canoe was observed approaching us from the long arm of the cove running to the southward; and ere the natives could be well made out their stentorian voices were heard as if quite near, shouting "*Yamma Scoona! Yamma Scoona!*" In a few moments more (for they paddled very swiftly) they were alongside.

There were three men and two women in the canoe, and all of them gesticulating and shouting with great vehemence, except one of the women, who seemed to be more quiet than the rest. Frothing at the mouth, and making rapid motions with their arms, they at first appeared as if they were savagely indignant at our having violated the quiet of their native waters; but in a

few moments we had them on the most friendly terms, laughing and mimicking whatever we did. They were fine, powerful-looking men, each in a state of savage nudity, and though shaggy as regards their uncombed hair, and otherwise repulsive, I could not help being greatly surprised at finding them so superior to what I had been led to expect the Fuegians really were. As regards the women I was particularly struck with some peculiarities which showed—savage and degraded as they otherwise might be—a certain degree of modesty and decorum exceedingly gratifying to witness; nor had I afterwards occasion to lessen this feeling of my mind in reference to them. The men, though in the primitive garb I have described, had no notion of its being repugnant to us, or that it was at all singular.

On permission being given they leaped on board, and were speedily clothed with some old apparel belonging to us. My wife gave each of the women part of a coloured shawl, and their childish expressions of delight afforded us great satisfaction.

As it was important that this their first visit to us should give them a favourable impression, I did everything I could think of to create such an impression, and not without success. As usual with most uncivilized tribes, the men appeared to do nothing, but on arriving were seated low down in the canoe, while the women paddled them along. One of the women was really good looking; and I was speedily given to understand she was the wife of a man in the boat, to whom, on account of a certain manner he displayed, we gave the name of Jemmy, after the individual who so often troubled Capt. Gardiner at this place. Perhaps he is the same person; for he evidently showed a previous acquaintance with civilized beings, and was more intelligent and quick-witted than the others. It appeared to me that he was the owner of the canoe, and that the elder of the two women was his

mother, and the younger his wife. The latter had a baby at the breast; and frequently, with a winning smile and plaintive voice, asked, by the oft-repeated words, "*Yamma Scoona!*" for something for the "*pauca ninne.*" Mrs. Snow gave her many little presents, for which she returned grateful smiles and "*Cutta-cutta, Cutta-cutta,*" (apparently "many thanks,") over and over again. Her attachment to the child was evident; and what was given to the child she showed she understood was for that purpose by putting it immediately around its neck, or about its person.

The two women kept themselves squatted in the bottom of the canoe, nor did they once attempt to rise. Whenever they moved their position they did so in a manner that really commanded my esteem, while it created in me something of astonishment. Indeed, I could not help exclaiming, "Are these the wild and savage Fuegians we have been made almost to dread? If we find the rest like these, our hopes may truly rise high, and our expectations increase!" The elder of the two women seemed to have a certain authority to which all the rest apparently deferred; and I noticed this on one or two occasions afterwards. She was still a tolerably good-looking woman, of middle size and form, and no doubt had formerly been the wife of some head-man. The younger, to whom I gave the name the men in the canoe first applied to her, "*Ma-quisce*" (meaning, I think, wife), always acknowledged Mrs. Snow whenever she showed herself, and gave her the same appellation, by which she continued to be known all the time we remained there.

One of the men struck us as being probably the medicine man or cunning wizard of his party, for he pretended to know more and to show a greater indifference to things than the rest. He walked the deck with something like an independence and contempt in his manner, and only now and then, in a short abrupt way, uttered the "*Yamma*

Scoona" of his brethren. He had more cunning than the others, and acted so as to make us afterwards give him the name of "Old Sly Boots." This name he acknowledged, and when it was called out, he would repeat it with the usual mimickry, and a sort of haughty grunt, saying, "Sye Boots! Sye Boots!" But though this was the case, there was nothing in him to cause dislike or dread on our parts. Neither he nor his comrades did aught on this or other visits to make us even be cautious of them. This man was the oldest of the first arrivals, Jemmy was the next in age, and the third was a young man of, I should suppose, about twenty. He had a habit of running his words over aloud, as if to himself, and not exactly as addressing us, though he was evidently talking to us. He was a mild, good looking, and friendly fellow, and the frequent repetition of the word "*Daut-a-waie*," with which he ended almost every portion of his harangue, laughing as he would be all the while if I were laughing, induced us to call him by that name, and as such he was known amongst us. I showed them a looking-glass, but they did not like it, nor yet dolls or figures of any kind. They motioned for them to be put away; but the music of a concertina I played seemed to please them greatly. Food they would not partake of, though receiving anything we gave them, and putting it away after pretending to eat it. Some toys and gilt watches I had bought at home for the purpose were eagerly accepted. They had but few things worth bartering for, as memorials of our visit—bone spears, rush baskets, slings, a skin that Daut-a-waie had with him, and put on when he came on board, were among those I obtained. They were very fair and honest in their dealings with us; and when in the canoe they invariably handed me the article I made them understand I wanted, when giving a glass necklace, beads, or buttons for it expressly. They first received the, to them, valuable goods from me,

and then handed me up what was expected in exchange. On one occasion there was misconception about an article, and they immediately returned me what I had just bestowed, which of course I again gave them, if only for their honourable dealing. Nor would one take what was intended for another, but if a button or trinket was meant for a particular person, it was passed on to him or her without delay. All these things I noticed on their first visit to us, and it gave such a favourable impression of them, that I could not help feeling greatly delighted. Towards sunset I made signs that it was time to go to bed, and soon comprehending me, they departed with many friendly expressions, and much good humour.

Thus ended this our first day amongst the haunts of these dreaded savages! And how truly gratifying it had been to me I need hardly mention. I was amazed! And even now I cannot help looking back to it with wonder! There was a total absence of every thing that could make us afraid of them; and to express in words all that I experienced of delight and joy at this friendly meeting would be more than I can fitly do. When I recal to mind that day, and all I then felt and still can feel respecting those poor creatures, I am bound to confess the conviction resting upon my mind is that God in His goodness was indeed with us. Such consideration actuated me when on that evening we all assembled in the cabin to attend the Sunday service, and I briefly reminded the men of what I had said the previous evening. Thankfulness and renewed confidence were, I suspect, predominant amongst us all; and certain am I that at least two grateful hearts did not retire to rest without due and earnest acknowledgment to Him who had thus so far blessed us.

Before seeking that sleep I so much needed, I personally went over the vessel to see that all my instructions had been attended to; and then, giving strict orders to be very

careful to the deck, calling me instantly on any alarm, I went below. Such caution was necessary, for it was impossible to say what number of natives might be on shore, nor how those whom we had not seen might be disposed towards us. However the night passed on perfectly undisturbed; and everything was as quiet as though we were in Committee Bay.

CHAP. XXIII

Banner Cove described.—A pretty Place, and eligible for a Mission Station.—Examination of it in Boat.—Memorials of the first Mission Party.—Tent Cove and Fence Station on Garden Island.—Dothan Island.—Cape Cooper and the Rock Inscriptions.—Similarity to Arctic Search for Franklin.—Remarks thereon.—The Author alone visits the Natives.—Received in a friendly manner.—Their Appearance.—Habitation and Food.

THE next day (the 22nd) was very fine, and pleasant, with a gentle breeze. The national and mission colours were hoisted, and after breakfast I prepared to go on shore; but before then our copper-coloured friends had come and paid us another visit, and only went off on my intimating that I would presently go to them. As it was uncertain how many of the natives might be located here, and as, according to Captain Gardiner's account, and the various reports I had heard, they were to be guarded against, I adopted such precautions as I thought would secure both the vessel and myself, and boat's crew while I was away, from the chance of any harm at their hands. I left both the officers on board with half of the ship's company, and gave orders how to act, and what signal to make, should it happen that any large body of natives came suddenly upon the vessel, or was observed by those on board to molest us when on shore. In the boat I took the catechist and those of the crew who had originally joined at Bristol; and in a glazed travelling bag I had trinkets and sundries as presents.

Banner Cove, Picton Island, is a place which seems to me most admirably adapted for a mission-station. I am not surprised that Captain Gardiner had such a strong predilection for it; and I consider that if he had been able to carry out his original plan of fortifying Round Island, or making it secure, he would, humanly speaking, have met with success, instead of the mournful disasters which befel him. On arriving in Banner Cove—the place twice visited by Capt. Gardiner, in the two great attempts he made from England to establish a mission in Tierra del Fuego—I could not but very curiously examine every part of it, not only with the eye of one engaged in a missionary work, but also as a seaman and practical man accustomed to a colonist's rough life on shore as well as on the water; and I can honestly say, after a week's stay at this place, that I do not think a better spot could have been chosen.

Banner Cove is, in shape and proportion, not much unlike a long Westphalia ham—the knuckle being to the south, and the broader part at the other end forming the anchorage ground and entrances to the cove; the one entrance being first from the N.W. and then the West; the other being from N.E. Fringing the upper part of this ham-like cove, is a singularly formed island, almost divided in two, where it is bent nearly double by a narrow neck a few yards wide. This is Garden Island, and separated from it in the cove by a small shallow channel is a stumpy oblong mass of rock, stone, and earth thickly studded with trees, called by Capt. Gardiner Round Island. Lying off Round Island to the S.W., and clear of it by some dozen yards or so, is a strong patch showing itself in the cove only at a quarter ebb, and being covered at high water. Between the two parts of Garden Island, and this patch of stone, is Tent Cove, lying to the N.W.; and on the east of this Tent Cove, just behind the western extreme of Round Island, is where Captain Gardiner's party fixed their tents and built a fence

round, which is still remaining, with some of the cork. On entering Banner Cove by the N.E. you pass on your left a succession of high rocky cliffs covered with trees and brushwood on their summits, forming Cape Cooper; and on your right, the thickly wooded Garden Island. Round Island follows next; and then, passing on, you see before you a pretty opening leading to the south; at that part the cove dwindles into a shoal patch, into which runs a fresh-water stream. Hereabouts, and on the narrowest part of the cove, is seen some rising ground and a wigwam, denoting the spot where Capt. Gardiner first fixed his quarters in 1848.

Leaving the ship, I first went in the boat up to the head of Tent Cove, to look for the place where the fence should be found. As soon as I landed, my first act was to offer up a suitable prayer and thanksgiving to Him who had helped us so wonderfully hitherto. Finding no signs at the head of Tent Cove of the place where Captain Gardiner and his party had located themselves, I walked along the beach, and at length came to the spot. There, sure enough, it was, and as if vacated only a short time back.* There were the fence, the pieces of cork, the arrangement of the branches, and trees cut down, just as described in their journals. After a short stay here I pro-

* "Having selected a spot on Garden Island, very admirably adapted for our purposes, we conveyed many of our articles of necessity, as bedding, apparel, provisions and cooking utensils, and engaged ourselves most entirely in clearing away a spot sufficiently large for our tents, which when we had accomplished, we erected, and by night-fall had everything pretty comfortable, and in readiness for our occupation; we had two tents, one for the men, another for ourselves, and between the two a cooking-house or kitchen, made of poles we had cut down and covered with oiled canvas. The floor of our tent was covered with cork, over this oiled canvas, which thus made a dry place for our beds. We had also begun a fence around our tents, which on the following day, by the assistance of some of our ship's company, we enlarged and completed, so as to be surrounded on all sides except an opening from the beach."—*Missionary Journals.*

ceeded to the little island close to me; this was originally called Dothan Island—subsequently changed to Round Island. From this I went across to Cape Cooper. Here I found in two places the melancholy inscriptions Captain Gardiner had written; the one was on the face of the rock, looking to the sea; the other round the corner, and nearer to the cove. The following will give the idea of how they appeared. Dark rocks with trees on the top, and a decayed one at the foot; a white patch with a cross painted thereon, and a long black mark adjoining, which was written in large letters.

Strange reflections naturally arose in my mind on viewing the above inscriptions. A few years ago I was engaged in the far north examining every nook and corner for some trace of those to whom the whole world had given its sympathy. Here, in the opposite south, I was again examining, and, too, with reference to some who in many respects had been similarly situated to those lost mariners of the Arctic seas. The one party, from inability to obtain succour, perished in the cause of religious zeal; the other party is supposed to have also similarly perished in the cause of science. Both had been sought, and both had been found when too late.* The records, therefore, that were at any time discovered naturally would make a great impression on my mind. As an ingenious critic has

* I say both found—supposing that Dr. Rae's discovery sets at rest the whole affair, though concerning it I am doubtful, and feel convinced that some may be alive amongst the Esquimaux. On this point I may be pardoned for expressing the gratification I have experienced on finding the devoted Lady Franklin and her friends have persevered in sending out another expedition, under the gallant M'Clintock; and to the very spot I always conceived so necessary to be searched. If success is to attend any attempt made, I cannot but think it must the present one. But surely it should not be left to private enterprize! One noble-hearted individual and her personal friends and sympathizers, ought not to be at the whole cost, heavy as it is. Let me hope that it will be found otherwise; and that ready and effectual aid, public and official, will yet be freely tendered.

observed, "How pregnant those brief and hasty memorials that such an one touched here this year or the last, left clothing and food in such a cavern, or a pencil memorandum in such a latitude! We remember Mrs. Shelley's description of the 'Last Man,' who wrote on the walls of deserted palaces that he was gone to Rome, to Florence, to Avignon, in search of some cast-away mortal like himself. We remember it with a painful feeling of its appositeness, for in both cases the notification was fruitless." And here, then, was a third case even more peculiar. It was that of starving men writing on the rocks that they had gone to Spaniard's Harbour, and entreating that some who chanced to see the words would follow them thither. How touching such an appeal for succour in one's own native tongue! But the hand that wrote it was soon able to write no more, and the words still remain a mournful memorial of the past.

From Cape Cooper I skirted along the shore, landing at one or two places, and then, seeing some smoke and canoes on the other side of the cove, though the natives had apparently hid themselves, I went over there.

As we approached I conceived it necessary to use every caution that we should not be taken by surprise, for I could observe stealing among the trees—here thickly clustered together—many dusky forms, all intently watching us. I made signs to them, intimating that we were friendly, and in reply they invited us on shore; but here I hesitated,—not for myself, as I had made up my mind what to do,—but as regarded those who were with me. It would not do to risk a whole boat's crew, and that boat's crew half the number belonging to the ship. I therefore hung on the oars for a moment or two, while I considered what was best to be done.

As we lay thus at some little distance off, the picture before me was a very singular one. At a part of the beach where a complete thicket of scrub fringed the water

for some length, except in one small opening apparently made as a landing place, and where a perfect forest of trees quite darkened the scene, and made it look most gloomy, stood about a score of naked savages, yelling and making the most terrific noise imaginable. Some half-dozen of these,—men of a wild appearance,—had got to the opening in the scrub, and were awaiting our approach, whether with good or bad intent, of course I could not tell. This, however, I meant soon to test; and my only hesitation now was on account of danger to all of us from any sudden attack by the natives with their slings, at the use of which I knew they were most expert. A rapid shower of stones upon us would soon put an end to all our efforts and hopes, and probably cause serious mischief, if not be the death of some of the party. I therefore stood up in the boat, and made the usually-understood sign of patting the stomach as an indication of friendly feeling; and then, giving orders to the catechist and boat's crew to shove off directly I had left them, and to keep out of the reach of harm, I had the boat suddenly pulled in.

As we advanced, the noise and yelling increased; and to say that I did not feel a palpitation of the heart would be absurd, for I could not tell whether or no the next few moments might not see me sacrificed by the demon-like savages facing me, and apparently eager for their prey. But I had fully nerved my mind to the task. I had given directions to the mate that if any accident did happen to me at any time, and I were to be cut off, he was to take the vessel immediately back to Stanley, and deliver her to the care of the authorities until the Society sent some one out to take charge of her. The risk I was about to make was not a foolish and needless one. No person who is at all acquainted with the life of savages in their native state but is aware that a great way to win their confidence and respect is, to place confidence in them, and show you do not dread their power. I have invariably

found this to answer wherever I have been, amongst the aborigines of more than one or two different lands. In the present case such was my plan. I would confide in them; I would personally see what could be done with these wild beings, and, by trusting myself alone amongst them, make one determined effort to put the question at rest, as far as we were concerned, at once. I did not forget my poor wife;—one thought flew back to her on board that little vessel, and then with one other thought from my inner soul, I sprang on shore as the boat touched the ground, and was instantly surrounded by the Fuegians.

For a moment I stood still, considering what had best be done to get a firm and amicable footing among these wild-looking creatures, who by this time had increased in number, and, clustering around me were shouting, frothing, gesticulating, and laying hold of me in a way that made me pause awhile, and hesitate as to their intentions. My jacket-buttons, handkerchief, and other things were handled by them somewhat roughly; and the stunning noise they made, all talking together, confused me for an instant. But I reflected that *now*, or not at all, must the effort be made to arrive at a good understanding with these poor naked savages. I therefore decided upon placing confidence in them, and, leaving my men in the boat, proceeded with them to their encampment among the trees a score or two yards off. I put on a laughing face, chattered away as fast and lively as they, patted their backs most lustily, even as they did mine, and in a few moments was perfectly at ease, seated on a fallen tree, amidst the whole family, men, women, and children squatted around me.

Their wigwam, a good sized one, was close to where I was seated, and I could perceive a large fire in the middle of it, the smoke from which hung heavily inside, or came slowly through an opening left at the top. Their small, sharp, ferret-like dogs were exceedingly troublesome; but the men who had visited the ship on the preceding day, seeing how

I was annoyed, drove the animals away, though they quickly returned to bark at the stranger. Seeing the natives were friendly, I thought it a duty to act as I knew many of the friends of the mission would have acted, were they in my place. I made signs to those around me, collected them in a circle, and then knelt down, and uttered aloud a brief and earnest prayer to Almighty God that he would (should He see fit) bring these poor creatures to a knowledge of Him as their heavenly Father, and of His blessed Son as their Saviour. During this brief act of devotion, the natives were quiet and observant in a remarkable manner, and *seemed* as if they had an idea of what was doing; for their "Hush, Hush!" after my using the word, their cessation from the hitherto incessant *Yamma Scoona*, and their kneeling down as I knelt, struck me as if they had a sense of what addressing the Deity was. However, when I had concluded, and taught them to say after me in a quiet, reverent manner, "GOD," pointing at the same time to the sky faintly seen between the trees, I moved from my position, and allowed them again to use their tongues freely as before. At it they went wholesale, and so delighted did they appear, when, in the joy I felt, and knowing how all savages like such familiarity in associating with them, I capered about, and sang aloud, that they seemed as if they had known me for years.

It was enough; I had won their hearts, even before I had bought their good-will with the trinkets that I now began to give. To the women and children I gave first, and then finding they wished me to go inside their wigwam, where some of the more aged were seated, I did so; and there in a place pointed out to me as more free from the smoke, and with the principal portion of the family, twenty-two in number, squatted in a circle around, I soon got myself *entirely* into their good graces, and in less than a quarter of an hour from the time I jumped out

of the boat uncertain what would be the issue, I was upon the most friendly terms with them all; and this friendly beginning increased as our stay in Banner Cove was prolonged.

By this time the men in the boat had become anxious, and though they could occasionally see me through the trees, yet missing me when I went into the wigwam, a couple of them, with the catechist, landed, and sought me out; and soon there was a general friendliness evinced on both sides. None of our party was allowed in the wigwam but myself; and the eldest of the two women who had visited us on board, planted herself with some of the men before the door when any one seemed disposed to go in. Some of the women and girls were marked with red and black ochre, and one young woman, who would have been really handsome if washed and clothed, seemed as if in mourning, with her face so blackened. All the females wore girdles around their bodies, and some had skins on their shoulders and about the waist. The men, too, had painted marks about them—Dautawaie in particular.

I found in the woods two canoes they were building, but no endeavour of mine to purchase one of them proved successful. They appeared to be well made, of the bark of the tree, having ribs of stout and strong pliable twigs, and stretched open by sticks thrown across from the upper edges. On the water they carried a fire in the canoe, which was fixed upon a bed of earth, and attended to by the women. There was a space left as a sort of well in the bottom, and one man was always using a small calabash to bale the water out.

Here on shore, as in their canoe, I noticed signs of delicacy and propriety on the part of all the females; which struck me as most remarkable. Perhaps, with this feeling on their minds, my being allowed to enter their wigwam was only because of the report among them that I had a *ma-quisce*, or wife, in the ship; but, whatever the reason

was, I, and afterwards my wife, and, I think, on one occasion, the catechist, were alone permitted inside their dwellings.

To the dark-eyed, well-featured, modest-looking girl, to whom I have particularly alluded, and who always kept over her shoulders and body a seal skin, or some of the articles of clothing we had presented to them, we have given the name of Annunciata, from certain associations which struck us. They were all greatly astonished at my writing in pencil on blank paper, as it was in their presence I took the notes from which this part of my narrative has been compiled; and they eagerly begged of me some magic wood. Of course I gave them some, and they soon set to work trying to write as I did. From this I inferred that perhaps, after all, it would not be so difficult a matter to teach them as it is supposed.

As it was now our dinner hour, and I was desirous of returning on board, and removing the natural anxiety of my wife, I departed from them, making signs that we would soon return; but some of them speedily followed us, and one canoe was alongside the ship when, in the afternoon, I prepared with my wife to pay them another visit.

For particular reasons—one of which was that I wished to avoid all chance of any unpleasantness occurring between the men and the natives—I gave orders that no canoes were to be allowed close alongside whenever I was absent; and on this occasion I called upon our Fuegian friends to follow me in the boat. This they did; and bidding them give me their line made of grass, I gave them a tow. And now behold, what was here occurring in Banner Cove, Tierra del Fuego! The ship quietly at anchor, and one of the boats gliding swiftly over the water, pulling after it a native canoe filled with the poor savages, men and women, all of whom were screeching with delight and child-like pleasure; nor could we refrain from a similar manifestation; for, in truth,

it was more like a game of play between two lots of grown-up children than a first day's intercourse between the Christian inhabitants of a highly-civilised land and the wild denizens of a distant region not far from the southern pole. The laugh, however, was soon changed; for owing to their being unable to comprehend about the rope, and fastening it to the bows instead of well towards the midship part of their canoe, they were propelled along somewhat crab-like, first to their astonishment, and then to their alarm. The fat woman was very earnest to be cast off; accordingly I let them adrift, and then preceded them to the vicinity of their wigwam.

On landing again, men, women, children, and dogs, received us with the usual noise, and my wife and I walked to their encampment amidst a perfect din, expressive of pleasure at our arrival; the men hugging me (rather too closely on account of their want of cleanliness), and the women surrounding and in loud tones *ma-quince-ing* my wife, as they made signs of glad welcome. The young women and children all made a great deal of my wife — their eyes expressing their friendly feelings. They admired her apparel, and when she gave a red shawl and dress to the fat woman (to whom the rest seemed to defer), their *Cutta-cuttas* knew no bounds. But the showy trinkets, beads, and ornaments were their greatest delight; and to show us that nothing of what we had before given them was destroyed, all the presents were brought out, and each individual selected and put on what belonged to him or her, the pic-a-ninnies receiving the articles which had been given for them. In the wigwam, which we were again invited to enter, the women and children were this time assembled alone, one old man excepted. They squatted down in a peculiar way, and left a vacant place, which was the clearest from smoke, for my wife and myself to occupy; but we preferred standing.

While inside I had an opportunity of counting their number, the men being close by the door outside. I found this family to consist of two old women and two old men; four young women, say from 16 to 20 years of age; two girls about 14; four young and middle-aged men; with six grown-up boys and two infants. I could see nothing of what they lived upon, except heaps of mussel and limpet shells; but I afterwards came across some of their edible fungus.*

After stopping with them for an hour or so, during which time my wife had much ingratiated herself with the women—especially the mothers, who were pleased with the way in which we patted and took notice of their children—we left the wigwam, and entering the boat proceeded to the head of the cove, and then returning, landed on the east side, near some inscriptions that I had not previously seen. They were on some stones or bleached rocks that projected from an elevation of the ground, and were as follows:—"*Dig below;*" and "*We are gone to Spaniard Harbour.*"

* The following, in reference to the above, is from the pen of Mr. Webster, surgeon and naturalist:—"The antarctic beech is the common and prevailing tree. It is an elegant evergreen. It grows to the height of 30 or 40 feet, with a girth of from 3 to 5 feet; and sometimes doubling these dimensions, it forms majestic trees. In December it puts forth a profusion of blossom, with anthers of bright pink, large and pendent. This evergreen beech frequently has round the upper part of the trunk, or on some of the larger branches, large clusters of globular fungi, of a bright orange colour; each fungus is about the size of a small apple, of a soft pulpy nature, with a smooth yellow skin; as it approaches maturity it becomes cellular, and latticed on its surface, and when it drops from the tree, dries and shrivels into a brown mass resembling a morel. The Fuegians eat these fungi with avidity. The gelatinous mass is pale, without taste or odour; at the part in contact with the tree are two germs or processes. From twenty to thirty of these fungi are clustered together, and encircle the tree; they form a very conspicuous object, and wherever they are attached they produce a large hard knot, or woody tumour, of considerable density. I did not observe them on any other tree than the evergreen beech."

Having material, we did as the inscription requested, and found nothing except a broken bottle; and I consequently concluded that this was the place where Captain Morshead dug with the like results. Close by a pole was found with the words —"*A bottle will be found beneath this pole;*" but after much search I could discover nothing. The pole I brought on board with me.

On the western side of the cove, at Point Williams, as I called it, there was another wigwam, lately built, and very nicely done. It was covered with long grass and turf; and inside there were bunches of grass hung up as if to dry, but whether for fuel or for their beds I am unable to say.

It was now drawing towards evening, and as I had effected all that could be hoped for by the most sanguine of us, I now returned to the ship; and thus ended what was to us another remarkable day.

As I thought it highly important to establish our present friendly relations with the natives on as firm a footing as possible, I determined to remain here a few days, holding constant intercourse with them, and endeavouring to gather a knowledge of some of their words and ideas. Accordingly the whole of one week was devoted to this special object. Daily I went ashore, sometimes accompanied by my wife, sometimes by the catechist. We did our best to make the mission appear friendly and be accepted, and I can conscientiously say that I believe our efforts were *successful.* The 24th of October, which occurred while we were here, we made a particular day, on account of its being the anniversary of our departure from Bristol. Suitable services were performed, once on shore on Garden Island, and once on board. Friends at home were all remembered; and many thoughts arose respecting the day we were thus celebrating, and the morning on which we left the shores of our native land. There were many very happy and grateful feelings in our hearts, and

we closed our eyes at night full of quiet joy, and peace and love, especially towards our poor friends the Fuegian natives. I took care to set in Fence station and other spots some of the acorns given me for the purpose by a lady friend of the mission; and I also thought it well to leave here notices of our visit, &c., so that, should anything occur to prevent our return, it would be known that thus far we had been successful.

CHAP. XXIV.

Incidents connected with our Stay at Banner Cove.—Attempts to instruct the Natives.—Their Habits and Peculiarities.—Mode of Cooking.—Want of Cleanliness.—Their great Strength.—Stature.—Addicted to Thieving, yet honest in Barter.—Description of their Wigwams.—Annunciata.—Fuegian Love to Children.—Their Tractability.—Their Surprise at the Trouble of Sketching.—Necessity of descending to them, instead of drawing them suddenly up to us.—Their Aptitude for learning our Words.—Reflections on the Prospects of a Mission amongst them.—Banner Cove surveyed.—Garden Island described. — Prepare to visit other Places.—Bid good-bye to the Picton Islanders.—Consideration of Plans.

Among many little incidents connected with our stay at Banner Cove, one deserves especial notice:—My wife, on one occasion when visiting the females on shore, gave to Annunciata (the dark-eyed girl) some needle-work, thimble, and cotton, showing her how to use them; and to her surprise the girl soon learned the way, only once or twice pricking her finger with the needle. The next morning, however, we found that one of the young men had got possession of the thimble, and had it tied round his neck as an ornament.

They were always very glad to see my wife, and whenever I went alone invariably asked for her by signs and words, several of which I have got down in my note-book to form a vocabulary. On one occasion, being thirsty, and seeing no fresh water near, I indicated my desire; whereupon one of the men went to a tree and with a spear struck at the roots, and speedily procured some. I tried to

instruct them how to cook their limpets and shell-fish, and gave them a tin-pot and pannikin, showing how they were used with water on the fire. Their common way of cooking is to put everything into the ashes until sufficiently done for their taste, or until their hunger could allow them to wait no longer. Several times I procured wild fowl for them, and in so doing I always intimated that it was for the women and children; when, no matter to which of the men I gave the bird, it was invariably taken to those for whom it was intended. I remember with much pleasure the joy I once caused by taking to them a brace of geese which I had shot. They would have been acceptable to ourselves, but I preferred for many reasons giving them to the natives; and the vociferous exclamations of delight, the sparkling eyes, the rapid utterance of the thankful *Cutta-cutta*, were an ample return. A laugh was created among us on one occasion by the fat old woman, who, on being asked by the catechist for a piece of the food she was eating, actually pulled a bit out of her mouth, as a sailor would his quid, and offered it to him. As may be imagined, it was shudderingly declined. They appeared to have no idea of cleanliness, for a dirtier set of individuals I have rarely met with; and I imagine they never attempt to wash themselves, though the act of washing was speedily understood and imitated by the *ma-quisce* we first saw, who, at my wife's request, cleansed the child's face, as she had seen us do ours.

On one occasion I opened my vest and showed them my skin, which appeared to strike them in a manner we should suppose any one would feel at the sight of leprosy. I endeavoured to make them understand why I wore so many different articles of clothing; but I imagine, if they did understand this, they thought very contemptuously of me for it.

One or two facts I elicited as peculiar amongst them; but they refer to certain matters more belonging to the pro-

vince of the physicist than the historian. It may be mentioned, however, that vermin swarmed about them and in everything they had. Whatever we purchased or obtained from them, had to be several times subjected to a purifying process, and finally well examined before it was taken below. My visits to them were made, as much as possible, in oil-skin garments, or such attire as I cared not for, and could afterwards give to them. But after all our efforts to escape, we could not always be successful. It was the only real annoyance we had. One of their habits was peculiarly disgusting. It was the same as I had noticed among the natives of Australia, and that is also spoken of by Herodotus, as well as practised by monkeys. I need not allude to it farther than to say it refers to the vermin about their persons.

It was in their friendly *hugs* that I felt most of their power, and the unpleasantness of too close a contact. The strength displayed in these hugs was greater than I could have supposed. It was, indeed, no joke to have this manifestation of their good-will. It was like being pressed in a wedge.

As regards the stature of these natives, I can only say that I found it different, both at Banner Cove, Lennox Island, and Beagle Channel, to what I had expected. They were robust-looking, and of the middle height, as the measurement I took of one or two showed me.* Their legs are the most diminutive portion of their frames; yet even that defect was not so great as to prevent my exclaiming, with Mr. Hamond, "What a pity such fine fellows should be left in such a barbarous state!" And well may Captain Morshead's words be repeated when he says, "Be not discouraged from following up to the utmost the cause in which you have embarked; for ultimate success is as certain as the

* 5 feet 4 inches; 5 feet 3½ inches, average.

present degraded state of the savages is evident. Their state is a perfect discredit to the age in which we live."

While I was taking the measurement of one of these men, I could not but laugh at the cunning he displayed in trying to appropriate one end of the tape to himself. I was, however, a match for him; and seeing that I had detected his sly attempts, he put on a laughing face and relinquished the measure. Another one, an old man, had managed to get a tin pannikin out of the boat, and would not give it up to any of our sailors, until I came, and insisted upon its being returned, and he then directly placed it in my hands. That their cupidity is easily awakened cannot be denied; but I perfectly agree with what Captain Fitzroy has said on this subject, and conceive that they are no more to be blamed for it, than civilised Europeans for yielding to extreme temptation if placed in the midst of abundant riches, and suffering from excessive poverty. Nay; I rather think they are to be more excused for this natural longing of theirs to possess our riches, even if they are not lauded for the honesty they undoubtedly evince in many of their transactions. An instance I will now give.

One day I was up at their wigwam, with the whole of them around me, and I again vainly endeavouring to purchase one of their canoes, when I saw a newly made cap that a young man had just completed. Wishing to obtain this as a specimen of their ingenuity, I offered two gilt buttons for it, and speedily the purchase was effected. The cap I handed to the catechist, who was standing by the side of me; and he, after a few moments, finding it was quite new, and therefore clean, chanced to put it in his breast, his coat being buttoned—but the clatter and the noise that were made on the instant astounded me. I could not conceive what it was all for, until they with their pointing, frothing, and vehemence, made me understand it related

to the cap. Thinking, therefore, that the original owner regretted his bargain, I got the cap from the catechist, and was about to return it, when instantly the scene changed. The noisy and angry exclamations were turned into evident expressions of delight; and I was given to understand that the cap was for me and not for the other person. In other words, it appeared that they fancied the catechist by putting the article in his breast coat-pocket had laid claim to it, instead of me the rightful owner; and the moment they saw I again had possession of it they were satisfied.

I am sure my readers will pardon me if I dwell for a moment upon this trait in the character of these poor creatures. It is not often that we find this honest feeling evinced even amongst ourselves. How often do we rather try to overreach, than to honestly do what is right between man and man! Yet here were savages —literal savages in name and primitive garb—actually, not alone in this but in many instances of barter, setting us who came to teach them, an example it would be well if all of us more generally followed.

Their wigwams are not only well built, and of good size, but display some taste and ingenuity—primitive though such may be. The last wigwam made by them was about ten feet in diameter. The ground was sunk into a hollow of some inches below the surface; stout poles of a tapering form are placed with their thickest ends in a circle on the ground, and their points, meeting at the top, are bound together and then covered with grass—apertures being left for the smoke and a doorway. This doorway, in the wigwam I am speaking of, was made to look something like an arch by a curved piece of timber which had been selected for the purpose, and made the entrance appear like the letter h. In this wigwam the whole party took up their abode, apparently sleeping on tufts of grass—many of which I noticed inside, hanging up to dry.

At this new wigwam I one day found the whole family, having apparently moved here from the old place I had seen them in on the first and second days of my visit. Here, the girl Annunciata seemed to be even more attractive than before; whether she thought herself a belle or not I am unable to say, but certainly she did not attempt any vain display. Nevertheless she seemed in this new abode, where there was less dinginess and smoke, considerably more interesting than when we first noticed her. She was, as I have already said, a rather handsome girl of, as I should imagine, about fifteen years old. She had brilliant dark eyes, with a fairer countenance than the rest, soft and agreeable features, and a particularly reserved and modest deportment. Her limbs were well formed; and had she been dressed, or even properly washed, I have no doubt she would have been considered as entitled to the name of a beauty. She won our hearts in particular—I speak of myself and wife—by her *naïve* manner, her quiet attention to what we said, her gentle ways, ready desire to learn, and the evident wish she had to keep some sort of garment about her when amongst strangers. We gave her the name of Annunciata, from her similarity in features to a girl so called that we knew in Italy. But all the women were alike as regarded that deportment which, whether amongst civilised or savage, always tends to elevate their character more, and enhance their claims to our respect. They were very fond of their children, and any notice we took of the little ones always gave them pleasure. This I observed on my first visit; and it was, in addition to firearms in my breast coat-pocket, one of the means I was prepared to use, had there been occasion when I went alone amongst them. A child in my arms was, I considered, a guard against any sudden attack upon me, if they loved their offspring as most savage tribes do. But I also noticed that their dogs claimed a large share of affection, as well as the children. Indeed, it has been said tha they will not

hesitate, when pressed with hunger, to first sacrifice the old women, and then the second wives, before the dogs will be attacked—but of this I have no proof.

That these Fuegians may be made tractable is evidenced by the following circumstance. One day I went on shore at Garden Island, accompanied by my wife—she to botanise and collect, I to examine localities and sketch. No natives were near us at first, but seeing where we had gone to, they crossed over to near our boat. Meanwhile, wishing to be alone, I sent the boat's crew away with my wife, and fixed myself within the fence, at its entrance. There I placed my materials, and was engaged in making notes and sketching, when four of the natives—men—came up to me, and for a moment felt desirous of handling my pencils, crayons, and paints; but a "*naw, naw*" (their expression for no) and a frown and gesture from me, instantly followed, however, by a friendly laugh, eliciting one in return from them, stayed their hands; and following my directions they were soon seated quietly at my right-hand side, and there they remained—old Sly Boots, Mattawa, Dautawaie, and boisterous Jemmy—as peaceable and friendly as any one need wish them to be, while I made the sketch of Banner Cove here given. Once they got tired of sitting so long and rose up; but I speedily had them squatting again by merely uttering a sharp "*naw, naw,*" and then giving a kindly nod and laugh, at the same time showing them what I was about, which amused them greatly, especially on the resemblance being pointed out to them. The coloured sketches of the shrubs astonished them much; though it appeared to me, from their talk and manner, that they felt something like contempt for the trouble I was taking, when I could gather so much of the original at my hand. When my wife, with the boat's crew and Mr. P., returned, they found me thus engaged; and I could not help drawing attention to the remarkable contrast between the present state of things, and that mentioned in "Hope

W.P. Snow Del.

M. & N. Hanhart Imp.

BANNER COVE, PICTON ISLAND

Deferred," pp. 151, 161, 190, as having occurred to the party under Captain Gardiner. But not only on this occasion did I get on peaceably with them. Once or twice I have been seated on a tree surrounded by the whole party—the children at my side amusing themselves by turning over the leaves of my book, or playing with my pencils. Though clamorous, they never attempted to take things rudely from me, but waited patiently for what I chose to give them. A nod or frown always checked their forwardness at any time; and when, on one occasion, a little boy mischievously threw a stone towards us, he was instantly chastised by his father, when I looked indignant about it. They did not appear to know the use of tobacco or pipes, nor understand the gun, though they comprehended that by some means I managed to deprive the birds I brought them of life. I took care never to fire unless sure of my aim, and this convinced them of my power to insure death. Neither music nor fire makes them express any wonder. Late at night they go fishing; and some mornings, at low water, I have seen them hunting for shell fish.

They were always delighted with my whistling, dancing, and singing amongst them—all speedily imitating and joining with me in the fun; and undoubtedly it was a strange sight, as I know some of my crew sneeringly thought, to see me capering round and round a circle made by the united hands of myself and a dozen of these savages, men, women, and children, the latter in particular screaming with joy and laughter. But many of my crew could not understand my motives, nor what led me to do it. Those who have been far afield amidst wild tribes, will readily comprehend them One of the crew—that crew who considered themselves, no doubt, in their own sight so superior to the poor savages, though to my thinking they were not always so (I should say three or four of them excepted), once said to a native, in my hearing, "Don't come near me—you stink, fellow!"

I turned round quickly and said, "B——y, a foul stench at any time is unwholesome. You had better not subject yourself to it any more, therefore remain in the boat. I too can smell; but the smell I speak of, though it is most intolerable, does not come from any of those savages you so much despise. You can go, and in future I will dispense with your attendance on shore."

This feeling of disdain was evinced by several on board. The mate once or twice complained to me of the natives, saying, "They were rogues, thieves," &c.; and on one occasion, when I had sent him with a boat's crew for water, he was nearly bringing us all into trouble by, as he said, giving them a good thrashing, had not my orders been positive never to do so, else I should make it a subject for after investigation before the authorities, as a breach of the ship's rules. Nevertheless it was a difficult matter to keep things a little straight. Any commander of a ship will understand this; for in a wild place, away from every check and restraint upon them, excepting my all but unsupported control, I had many black looks and much insolence, even from the Union boy that had been put on board, because I would not allow all hands to do as they liked. Three of the men, however, and the second mate never forget their duty towards me. They were steady, faithful, and trustworthy.

I found the Fuegians in this place remarkably quick in catching our words, and uttering them tolerably well; and this led me to again consider that here, amongst them, ought to have been the mission station—always properly protected, and with the vessel—not in the Falkland Islands, unless the whole affair is what has been said of it. Indeed, I see no more cause for dread of them, and perhaps less, than there would be in the case of any of those natives belonging to the islands now constantly visited in the Pacific Ocean. I therefore did not hesitate to make an offer to the Society for myself and wife to stay here a

twelvemonth for a fair trial upon a plan I would propose, which plan would, of course, include all the use of those means to guard against accidents from unnecessary want, &c., that Providence places in our hands. I had no doubt, and I have still no doubt, that a *properly* conducted mission —not a bungling, shamefully-managed, money-wasted, deceptive scheme, but an honest, sincere, practically-directed mission—would succeed, if somewhat of the necessary wisdom of the world was allowed to mingle with the zeal of spiritual good.

One of my occupations while stopping at Banner Cove was to make a survey of it, for general use. It struck me that, perhaps, at some no distant day, this snug anchorage might be frequently visited; and fancy even led me to look forward to a steamer stationed here as a tow-boat for vessels through the Beagle Channel, and some of the inner passages that I believe exist, instead of hammering about for a week or two trying to get round the Horn. The result of this survey will be found in the Appendix. An examination of Garden Island showed me that it was most curiously shaped, and indeed was all but two islands instead of one, the larger portions of it being united by a very narrow and low strip of land.

At the north-west corner the rocky cliffs were high and sloping. On the top the trees all inclined from the north-west, as if driven in by some mighty force. Indeed, marks of terrific tempests were evident in all directions. Devastation was spread around in the form of numerous trees uprooted, and torn branches scattered about. Fragments of rocks, and fallen masses of earth, were also plentifully lying in my path as I clambered along the steep sides and precipices. At one place on top was a remarkably clear plot of grassy ground. In shape it was an acute triangle, with its base to the cliffs north-west, and its two other sides as evenly and equally lined with trees and shrubs as though planted so on purpose. The rest of that part of

Garden Island was thick scrub and bush, the hills sloping down to the S.W. and S., and the trees there not so much injured, being sheltered from the S.W. gales by Picton Island.

On the N.E. of Garden Island the cliffs were very bold, abrupt, and rocky. Some steep precipices, deep gullies, and ravines gave to this part an air of wild and romantic grandeur. It was with difficulty I could get along these cliffs; and in one place, where a very large cleft in the rocks intercepted my way, I had to turn back a little to find a path leading to the top. But even at top I was nearly as badly situated. The trees and underwood were so thickly clustered together that it was impossible to make good way through them; and to find a passage I had to walk along the extreme edge of the cliff over a yawning gulf where the sea was dashing in beneath me, and where every step I took was not altogether free from danger. Having my gun with me I several times found it difficult to get along; and once, had it not been for a stout twig, I must have fallen to some depth. The rocks here were, to my judgment, very singular. Some of them on the lower cliffs I noticed to be huge oblong blocks, very similar in smoothness and colour to a well-polished Turkey-stone. Indeed, so even was their surface that they looked more like a work of art than of nature. Layers and streaks of a darker and a lighter colour, and not more than an inch to two inches in thickness, ran horizontally along their front. These blocks were probably six or seven feet thick, by twelve or fourteen long.

Near them I saw many other rocks, having numerous little hollow receptacles like an oblong bird's nest. Some of these had in them oval masses of grey ironstone like a goose's egg, and similar to what I suppose nodules of iron to be; but, as I have before said, being no geologist, I am unable to do more than relate what I saw, and explain it the best way I can.

From Garden Island I crossed over in the boat again to Round Island. This place is a mere rock, but covered with small trees. If ever there is a station here, I believe, according to a plan I have devised, this little island might be made very useful. At the eastern point I erected a post as a mark in my survey of the cove.

After my examination of Garden Island, and having now been a week at Banner Cove, during which we had been in constant and daily communication with the natives, I prepared to take our departure. The weather had been as we might have expected—a day or two fine, the remainder unsettled and tempestuous; but upon the whole we had experienced nothing in particular to trouble us; and I therefore hoped that we might yet be fortunate and be able to visit Woollya.

On Monday, the 29th of October, having spent a week in daily intercourse with the natives, I got under way, with the intention of making an effort to find Jemmy Button at Woollya. Loosing our sails we could see the whole of our Fuegian friends on shore, assembled on a projecting part of the beach. They formed in a thick cluster, men, women, and children, and squatting down fixedly watched our proceedings. It seemed as if they were mutually expressing regret at our departure. Not a word—not a single noisy *Yamma Scoona;* but all of of them together watching the friendly strangers go away! It was not only a pretty picture—their brown, naked bodies shining in the sun, and contrasting with the green bush close behind and the white beach before them—but it was somewhat affecting, when we consider that these poor savages are of the same form and make as ourselves.

We left Banner Cove by the same passage we had entered it; and with a fair wind, stood to the eastward close in with the land, sounding as we went along.

And now it is necessary to say a few words as to what I intended to do next.

I have already stated that my plan was, to try and ascertain if Captain Fitzroy's protégé, Jemmy Button, was alive at Woollya, for by his means, it was hoped, much good might be done amongst his fellow-countrymen; but to reach Woollya was no easy task. In the first place, according to the almost constantly prevailing winds from the westward, it was dead to windward, and would require both time, and the watching of favourable opportunities, to reach it. In the second place, it was in a part of Tierra del Fuego never visited by civilized men, and only known from its discovery by Captain Fitzroy in 1831-4. Nothing but an outline of the approaches to it had been marked upon the chart, as it was conceived to be quite unnecessary to do more; Woollya being situated upon the shores of inland waters, and not likely to be ever brought into use for mercantile or general purposes. Lastly, it was the abode, as I was cautioned, "of numerous natives who could surround us with a hundred canoes at once, and if caught in a storm and our sails were to split we should probably never be heard of any more; while if becalmed or at anchor, the number of the natives would make our position very dangerous."* Thus Woollya, though in some respects desirable to reach, was in others a place that required from me a great deal of consideration about visiting. And here, the way in which the committee at home or their secretary managed matters, or perhaps, as it now appears, the policy they pursued with regard towards me, became a principal source of all my difficulty. Were I to give but a fourth part of all the correspondence I possess, this would soon be understood, and I have no doubt many who read this narrative would express a little of the indignation I cannot help occasionally feeling when I think of it. Contradictions—plausible inducements held out one moment—fears and doubts (not *of* me, but) as to the dangers, &c., thrown in my way the next. I *was* to do so and

* Letter from Committee.

so; but, if I did, I should go flatly in the face of advice and cautions to the contrary that they, the committee, sent me out from an eminent naval officer, who I did not then know was actually one of the committee. That the reader may judge of the difficulty I was thus placed in, as I now most firmly believe purposely, I will refer to my instructions given at page 21, and then beg the perusal of the following:—

"Go no further west than Banner Cove—great risk beyond from number of natives.

"Ponsonby Sound, no anchorage, except small cove at Woollya with very deep water, and not well sheltered; natives very numerous—100 canoes may be round at once. If calm or at anchor near Woollya, the natives make it very dangerous. The Beagle Channel beyond Bloomfield Harbour and Ponsonby Sound are the most dangerous parts of Tierra del Fuego. But, if necessary to visit these parts, carefully wait in Packsaddle or Orange Bay, and watch for a time after a round of gales when the barometer indicates well for running over to Woollya and getting back without anchoring; and this only in the longest days."

Now what was I to do in this difficulty? If I went, and anything of harm occurred, it would be said, why did you go when you had been cautioned to the contrary, and knew the extreme danger? If I did not go, it would be said that I was not employing the vessel as she ought to be employed in taking her wheresoever it was understood by the friends of the Society she was to go. Betwixt these two opposite positions I found myself placed in difficulty; but, as I have before observed, I soon determined to follow my own judgment, and merely take my instructions for my rule and guidance. I therefore thus mentally summed up all the pros and cons, and said in my mind, as I beg leave to say now, "Thank you, Captain ———, for your cautions and your advice. It is well meant, and it is

good; but you do not know me. I accept the chart you have thus as it were given me of the dangers in the way, and will endeavour, God willing, to steer clear of them. But go I will. My instructions tell me to go; the friends of the work in a measure expect it; the mission will be benefited if I succeed; and, therefore, my course shall be westward ho! for Woollya. Taking your own gallant self as an example, and bearing in mind that, as I have been told, what in your high naval post you determine to do, that you attempt, no matter what rocks or shoals or grim-looking batteries of iron may be in the way, I will also strive to do the same, and, merely keeping the cautions and prudent advice in my head, throw all timidity and nervous hesitation away."

For Woollya, south about, as advised, if I could, I would now try, and accordingly this morning ran out of Banner Cove and stood along Picton Island for that purpose. If the reader will refer to the map he will see that the numerous openings between islands present more than one route by which a vessel can get along to places west of our present position; and, therefore, that I had a choice in the way I should go, in order to get into the Packsaddle Bay, named by Captain ——. But in this I allowed the wind to determine for me. If it held on to the north-west I would go between Picton and Lennox Islands, and through Goree Roads into Nassau Bay; if it came to the south-west I must bear off through Richmond Roads, or anchor there, which would probably be most advisable. And this, as will be seen, I found it necessary to do.

CHAP. XXV.

Departure from Banner Cove.—Bad Weather.—Visit Lennox Island.—Interview with the Natives there.—Some of them very fine Men.—Two of the Boys come on board, but will not stay for long.—Author's Disbelief in the Probability of getting them to the Mission Station.—Unwise to attempt it.—Leave Lennox Cove for the Westward.—Caught in a heavy Gale.—Dangerous Position of the Ship.—Run to Goree Roads for Shelter and anchor there in Safety.—Thoughts as to renewing the Attempt for getting to Woollya.—Determine to try the Beagle Channel.—Make sail with a fair Wind in that Direction.—Pretty Scenery and beautiful Weather.—Enter the Beagle Channel.

WHEN we left Banner Cove the wind was moderate, and the weather fine and tolerably clear; and thus it continued while we rapidly ran along Picton Island, turning Anxious Point, and crossing over our old anchorage of the night we had first arrived here. But at this part I found it was necessary to exercise great caution. The kelp became very thick, and the soundings were different to those marked on the chart, being considerably less. I therefore ran a little off the shore to deepen the water, although if I was going into Goree Roads I did not wish to lose an inch of my weatherly position. Goree Roads, however, it was not to be; for, before we had reached the south point of Picton the weather quickly changed, and heavy squalls from the westward showed me that it would be vain to attempt it. The soundings continued to decrease, and where I expected to find seven fathoms I only had three and three-quarters. This was near the extreme of the island, and opposite to where I could see a wigwam and some more of the natives, but it was now

blowing too strong to pay any attention to them. As we shot out from under the land the wind came with such force as to compel me to take in two reefs, then the foresail, and finally the topsail. A short jump of a sea got up; and the hail squalls were so fast and furious that I hesitated as to whether it would not be better to run back under the lee of Picton again, until I perceived we could head up, though only just head up, for the cove in Lennox Island. Thither then we went under what sail we could carry, and, after passing across the channel between the two islands, we fortunately obtained a lee and smooth water only in time before one of the heaviest squalls we had yet experienced of snow and hail and wind burst upon us. Over us it went, pitilessly driving its keen and cutting shower of icy particles in our face, and all but blinding our eyes as we dashed by sundry rocks and shallow places towards an anchorage. But we could not heed it. The canvas we had on the ship was none too much; and dropping the peak, and then hoisting it again as soon as the heaviest of the squall passed, sufficed to save our spars. In a few moments more we were near a "cove," as it is called, where I purposed anchoring. It was on the other side of some rocky patches round the end of which we must go. Fortunately we were able to do this comfortably; and, about noon, anchored in 3 fathoms water, which afterwards, as the tide fell, shallowed to two and a half fathoms. Giving the ship about 30 fathoms chain, such being always best, so as to keep clear of the anchor, sails were furled, and everything again made snug and secure. Snowstorms, showers, and squalls now came on in rapid succession; and soon the hills and surrounding scenery were covered with a mantle of white, very different to the look they presented in the early morning. The wind, however, went down after 3 o'clock, and by 5 p.m. it was more moderate, with something of a thaw.

By this time I had had leisure to look about me. I found we were in a small and shallow place formed by a projecting reef on the north; Lennox Island with a sandy beach on the west; a long low spit partly covered at high water, and connected with a rugged rocky island, on the south and S.S.E.; and another island very close behind us on the east. Between this last island and the other one, there appeared a narrow passage leading out to sea; but it was between the reef of rocks on the north and this island behind us that we had come in. It was evident, however, that this was not nearly so good a place to be in as Banner Cove; for, besides the shallowness of the water, a heavy swell rolled in, and caused much unpleasant motion. Looking around us I perceived by the smoke on shore that there were natives here also; and directly the wind abated, towards evening, they came off to us—two men and two women. If I had thought well of the appearance of the natives in Banner Cove, I had still more reason to think well of those here; for without the smallest exaggeration, I consider two of the men we met with were really very fine specimens of the human race. One of these two was now in the canoe, and we were all struck with his exceedingly good looks and great physical development. Like the Picton islanders they yelled as if trying to force the words into our heads; and like them, also, they soon became very friendly with us. I gave them a few trifles, and before dark they returned on shore, as it was still blowing rather fresh.

We remained at this place part of two days. I found only one wigwam on the main island where I landed, and its occupants were the two men and their wives, with the three children that had visited us on board. I stopped some short time with them, and then walking along the beach, accompanied by the man I have mentioned as being so good-looking, went with him into the wood to search for something he wanted. This I found was a bird; and

having my gun with me, it was clear, by his making signs for me to shoot, that he understood what it could do. I inferred, therefore, that Lennox Cove had been often visited by civilized men, who made the natives familiar with the sight of fire-arms.

As it was getting close to dinner hour, I intimated to my companion that I must now return, as I was hungry; whereupon he requested me to follow him, all the time patting and hugging me (rather too close to be pleasant), and in a moment or two he had brought me to a beech-tree having some large excrescences, on which there was a quantity of the edible fungus. This he gathered by handfuls, and himself, first of all, eating, he then offered some to me. To gratify him I tasted it, but found it so insipid as to prevent my indulging the evident desire he had for me to satisfy my hunger, as he was doing.

I now crossed over to a small island, where I observed more smoke. There I found another solitary family, consisting of one man, his old blind mother, and three boys. This wigwam was prettily situated in a small valley, surrounded by evergreens. This man was the other individual I have spoken of as being much different to the notion we have of the Fuegians. He was erect, powerful, tolerably well proportioned, and showed signs of possessing great physical strength. Like all his brethren, he wore nothing round him, and a shirt I afterwards gave him I have reason to believe was torn up and divided fairly. Two of the boys in this family willingly came off to the ship in our boat, their father himself taking them to the beach, and leaving them with us. One of them was a shrewd knowing lad of about 14, the other a pretty looking little fellow of about 6 years old. They remained with us that afternoon, and received some presents and trifling articles to clothe them. But I could not induce them to stay; nor do I think it likely any of them will, by fair means, be got to visit the mission station. There was everywhere a great repug-

nance shown to our having possession of the children after a certain length of time. One of these began to cry bitterly; and my wife had much trouble in attempting to pacify the little fellow, the father on shore shouting and making signs for us to return his children; I therefore landed them, and they were much pleased to get to their home again. I did not consider it at all prudent to do anything rashly, as the catechist tried to urge me, in taking these poor boys away. I must admit that there was what might be called a great temptation to do so, and I should no doubt have been well thought of had I brought two real live Fuegians off as a trophy for the committee in their pamphlets to tell the public that "NATIVE BOYS WERE AT THE MISSION STATION," &c., &c.; but despite this, and the natural desire on my own part to have one of the lads and see what could be made of him, I saw upon the instant that the risk was too great. I do not mean *present* risk, but risk to the future. It would, nay, I feel convinced it will, be ruin to the mission if any abduction of these poor ignorant natives takes place. They cannot understand the reason; they only know, or care to know, that their children are taken from them by the white man; and very probably some sort of retaliation will occur.

As an instance of this kind of feeling I will briefly relate what happened in a part of Australia I once visited. It was among a tribe of wild natives on the Clarence River, away from the settlements; and where only a couple of European families had located themselves. The heads of these families were shipwrights; and they had settled here on account of the cedar in the neighbourhood, which, being plentiful, enabled them to work at their trade, and make a fair thing of it. One or two schooners had been built by them; and during the time I was there they were at work upon another. Many of the natives helped them—that is, would fetch and carry, and even do odd jobs about the vessel. They were on the most friendly

terms with the two families; and, though sometimes very numerous, they never once, during the seven years these shipwrights were there, attempted to molest them. At length, as I have since heard, the schooner being completed, was launched, rigged, and fitted for sea. She went to Sydney, one of her builders going in her to receive payment from the person who had bought her. He unfortunately took with him a native black, or *two*, though I am not sure about the *two*, and was never again heard of after being seen in a gale of wind on their return back. It is supposed the schooner foundered, and that poor Mr. Chowne had thus literally built his own coffin and perished in it. Time passed on; and the natives at the shipwright's yard began to make troublesome inquiries of the brother shipwright as to what had become of their companions. He, a brother by kin of the lost one, was, with his own wife and the widow of Mr. Chowne, that much afflicted as to be unable to disguise the truth, and consequently affairs soon became too serious to allow of their remaining there any longer. The natives were continually demanding their companions; and, finally, matters looked so threatening that the Chownes had to depart; and as my informant told me, the place had to be vacated, owing to the determination of the blacks to be revenged upon some whites, for, as they supposed, making away with their fellows. I remember one of these same blacks I had on board my own little vessel. I took him to pilot me down, which they can do very well by signs, and broken words; and I tried to induce him to go on with me to Sydney, which he at first promised to do, but afterwards refused when we got in sight of the sea, and he had to bid adieu to his companions.

Thus, then, I infer that it will be not only a most unchristian but a dangerous plan to attempt taking any of the natives away. If the mission wishes to be success-

ful let it go amongst them as I did, and by gaining their confidence and good-will be enabled to sow the seeds of future civilization and Christianity, the growth of which must be a work of time as well as one of watchful care and perseverance. These remarks, or something to the same purport, were sent home by me when I wrote an account of this interview with the Fuegians; but I regret to say that the committee have put quite a different construction on my words, and made me appear to say the contrary. My letter to them will, however, wholly disprove this, and show that I spoke my sentiments as I have here expressed them.

The morning of the second day of our being in Lennox Cove was, at six o'clock, very fine; and, as there *seemed* to be a hope of our making some progress westward, I got under way with a northerly wind, and ran out through the narrow passage, rocky and frowning on both sides, that existed between Luff Island and East Island. There was sufficient depth of water, but not too much room for working. However, with a fair and gentle breeze we easily got through, and soon afterwards rounded the outer rocks facing the Southern Ocean. Here, though it was smooth water, owing to the wind being *off* shore, yet there was a very heavy swell tumbling in from the S.W.; and the glass being also very unsettled it made me rather doubtful about the day continuing so fine as it had commenced. Nevertheless I held on, steering from point to point as close in with the land as possible.

Previous to my leaving the anchorage I had put in a couple of reefs, having now become somewhat accustomed to the sudden and heavy changes in the weather; and it was fortunate I did so, for when we were off an extreme point of land called Cape Caroline, in Lennox Island, the wind began to head us, and to puff up briskly and sharply. To my vexation it speedily got more and more against us, and became

so unsteady in force that sometimes I could set the outer jib, and at others could hardly bear the standing jib. Still we made some progress, though slantingly, in the way we wished; and when abreast of Goree Roads, though well to the southward of them, I began to hope that one of the anchorages towards which our bow pointed would receive us, either Gretton Harbour or Middle Cove in Wollaston Island, now right ahead at no great distance. But in this hope we were mistaken. The morning that had been so fair, was by this time, near 11 o'clock, dark and gloomy, with many symptoms of bad weather. The sea, too, was not only rising rapidly, but situated as we were, light, and with boats hung in the waist davits, dangerously so. It was a short abrupt broken ground sea; and I should undoubtedly have run back to where we had come from, but as the wind was now blowing we could not again get in there. Therefore there was no alternative except holding on and striving to get over to Wollaston.

In this, however, we were also foiled. At eleven o'clock a terrific gale burst on us from the westward, heeling the ship over with the weight of the blast until I thought she would hardly recover her balance again. Everything was of course let go by the run; but the noise of the wind and the sea that broke over us was so great that it was impossible to make myself heard. The leeboat, well secured by her gripes and extra lashings, was so lifted about in her davits as the sea struck heavily under her, that I wondered to see her safe for a moment. To get her in somehow was necessary, and do it we must. Accordingly do it we did, though not until the gale having flown round to the S.W. had made us take in all sail and heave-to. The moment this was done, and deeming it possible we might be driven well out to sea, I had the spare chain put below from the deck; the anchors well secured, and the cutter taken inboard and laid as best we could

along the waist. But it was really a fearful time of it. Every man of us was working amidst tons of water that poured on board everywhere but aft. The sea was like a boiling maelstrom. It played around us in raging heaps, with that cross direction that makes it always so much worse. Our galley fire was literally washed away, though the extra chain fastenings I had put to everything on deck prevented a single thing being taken overboard; but our chain horse that traversed the deck for the fore-staysail sheet to run upon snapped like a thread just before we took the sail off. This was the only damage, except that nobody could get any dinner; and as it was bitter cold, and I had no spirits on board, all the small quantity allowed having been consumed, I served out some of my own private stock of wine. And well the men needed it. The hail, the snow, sleet, rain, wind, and sea pelted upon us in regular Cape Horn fashion; and to add to our annoyance the two rocky islands of Jerhalten and Sesambre were now close under our lee, with the Evouts ahead. Room between the latter and the former of course there was; but it was impossible to do aught except keep the ship hove-to under a close reefed fore-and-aft foresail, and let her drift where she would. To show a bit more canvas would have torn the ship to pieces in those wretched seas, even if the masts would have stood. I therefore watched her drift with great anxiety. It was dead upon the outer rocks of Sesambre. It would never do. Wear ship I must, and so I told the mate; but he said it was madness to attempt it. And yet, whenever the dense masses of hail and sleet cleared a little, I could see our approach to the rocks was nearer and nearer. Something must be done. We would try and forge her ahead a bit. A half mile ahead would do it, and therefore splicing the fore-horse, I set the staysail reefed. It was too much! Even that small portion of canvas made the little vessel plunge too heavily. It was therefore hauled down, and

again I had to compress my lips and watch the ugly rocks with the furious sea breaking upon them close upon our lee. I must confess it was a most unpleasant time; and my wife, the boy, the catechist, and I suspect one or two of the men, were not a little frightened.—And no wonder, for nothing could be done! The wild waves leaped and dashed about in such a furious manner; the awful blasts of wind, more like continuous thunderclaps, were so truly frightful; the cutting hail, and frequently obstructed view of the dangerous land and rocks towards which we were driving, were so paralyzing, that I was not surprised at any alarm felt amongst us. I will say nothing for myself. I have a strange excitable fancy for these scenes. I almost revel in them; and the more the danger the more careless of it (but not unprepared for it) I become. So now, I *felt* the danger, but I *knew* it; and the knowledge of the danger is, as my brother mariners can tell, half the battle won.

Here, then, I had this knowledge; and finding the gale still hauling south of south-west, I took advantage of a particular moment to effect a necessary manœuvre, and try to remove the ship from her present dangerous position. I noticed that the heaviest squalls came from more south than the steadier gale, and therefore gave an order which, should any of my officers or men read this, will, perhaps, be thus satisfactorily explained to them, as they seemed so openly, at the time, to wonder at it. In the midst of one of those howling blasts I, at half-past twelve, successfully wore ship by setting the jib and staysail, and then bringing her round on the other tack with a double-reefed mainsail on her and then the low topsail. It answered! Plunging, lurching, and taking seas in and over her, she slowly moved ahead. A break in the dense gloom of hail and snow around showed me Jerhalten now upon our lee, but with a good heading past it. We should clear all! If—that was the point—*if* we could but stand our present canvas. Fortunately we did; and never shall I forget that

half hour as I swung along the quarter-deck, to appearance frantically clutching at the weather ropes as they bellied out in the wind, while they danced about in all directions. Walk, of course, I could not. Few could even move from the grip of some rope or spar; but habit accustoms one to this spasmodic locomotion in heavy weather. Knowledge of a ship's movements gives a person power to make a hasty spring from one place to the other, and thus, while the vessel is sending her bows right under water, and turning her side almost horizontal instead of the natural perpendicular, you can manage occasionally to get a yard or two for exercise of the limbs. A miss, however, of your intended hold will often send you where least expected; and with a terrible force, having nothing to arrest your progress, you fly to leeward against the rails, or lay your body flat in a rush fo water at the gangway.

For half an hour did I keep up the sort of locomotion I have named, intently watching sail and spar, and striving now to make in for Goree Roads, to windward of which we were well heading. At a quarter past one the lulls were more frequent, and though the squalls were equally as heavy, I ventured to let one reef out of the mainsail, foresail, and forestaysail. This helped the little vessel considerably. She moved ahead well, but with a most furious motion; plunging and driving like a wild war horse restrained in its speed. Nevertheless she cleared the islands; and, finally, after as severe a thrashing as ever she had yet received, she got up well to windward of Goree.

At half-past three p.m. we were abreast of Navarin Island, and therefore able to bear away for an anchorage. Joyfully this was done; and in another half hour we were in the midst of a great quantity of kelp, with five and six fathoms smooth water, and running up the roads. I kept in as close as possible with the lead going, got the cables up and anchors ready, and soon afterwards

edged in under a slightly projecting point and anchored. Forty-five fathoms of chain were immediately given, the sails furled, all made snug; and after another glass of wine to the men, who deserved it, I set the proper anchor watch, and went below to change my soaking garments, all hands in turn doing the same.

Glad enough was I that we had managed to get hold of an anchorage; for, though it may be, and is, common enough to talk of gales and to speak of them as terrific, yet I can assure my readers that in the one of this day, and others I shall have to mention, I rather underrate than overrate. Indeed no one can well describe the tremendous force of some of the gales of wind experienced in these places.

I left directions that the first thing in the morning I was to be called, and informed how the weather was; and, accordingly, at the appointed time, I received an intimation that the wind was in the same quarter, but very unsteady in its force. I dressed and went on deck. The morning had commenced rather gloomy, but I had observed that the glass was rising steadily, and I therefore augured a fine day. I was, however, puzzled what to do. The difficulty of getting to the westward appeared very great, unless I took time and watched every opportunity. Yet to lay about at anchor in wild and desolate places is almost as bad, in one sense, as being in gales of wind; for, in the latter, you do have something to give employment to your men, whereas, in the former, nothing at all can be done, not even, in most cases, the ordinary work of the ship. As to myself, I was never troubled with *ennui*. I ever had, in my books and studies, constant occupation; but the case was vastly different with my men. To them a day at anchor in an open roadstead was a day completely wasted, mentally and bodily—nor could I help it. It was therefore anything but desirable to lay too long in one place, even if the only change made was that of going

a few miles. Now this morning, in accordance with a custom of mine, I had, before rising, considered and reconsidered what it would be best to do. Foiled in my efforts to get west through Nassau Bay, I turned my thoughts to the Beagle Channel. In the freshness of a mind strengthened by a sound sleep of some few hours, there is always more chance of better ideas and judgment, than at the close of perhaps a weary day, when the mental faculties, as well as bodily powers, have been in full play for some length of time. I have therefore generally made it a rule to obtain a good night's sleep before deciding upon aught of importance, and almost always, with a note-book and pencil at my head, have devoted, if I could spare the time, half an hour or so, directly after I woke, to a consideration of my plans. This morning I had acted in this manner, and I came to the conclusion that if the wind was still against our attempt through Nassau Bay, I would give it up, and be guided by certain circumstances that intuitively presented themselves to my mind as likely to be favourable for the Beagle Channel.

Now it must be remembered that this Beagle Channel was an all but quite unknown place, with nothing but a running outline survey made of it, and where I had been especially cautioned against. Yet it was now that I called in what some people so much boast of without having, the real feeling, namely, faith, to aid me. It was not that I had it as some say they have it; and to explain this, and why I ventured where, if an accident happened to us, it was almost certain we could not escape, I must beg the reader's patience while I express certain of my convictions as follows.

Many excellent individuals speak of men as being inspired —gifted, endowed with all but superhuman intelligences; and I believe that, more or less, it is really so with some. Who has not felt, as it were, a sudden inspiration to do a something which, if he has had the opportunity of

doing it, has proved eminently successful? It is this inspiration that gives to our warriors, our rulers, our chiefs, such glorious successes. It is not that they, more than others akin to them in intellectual and social standing, are individually of superior mould; but it is that, being thus inspired to direct and control, they have also the power to carry out what they conceive. In good things, especially, I venture to say, it is the *first impulse* that is this inspiration. The flash, the sudden thought, the new idea, the fresh stamp upon the mind, is the inspiration of the Almighty. It is God's finger pointing out *what* you are to do, though He does not tell you *how* you are to do it. *That* He leaves to yourself; for He has already given you knowledge, wisdom, and understanding; and, having established certain natural laws whereby the whole world is governed, He will not disturb the harmony of the universe for any individual or particular case, though that case be brought forward by Himself. He says—speaking figuratively—He says, and suddenly, as a master to his servant, "Go thou, and do so and so!" and the servant obeys. But that servant does not ask *how* he is to do it; he attends immediately to the command, as soon as it comes distinctly to his mind. Perhaps he may find a difficulty in executing that command—still he perseveres; he remembers that God in His own fit time will point out a way in which that faithful and dutiful servant shall succeed. He feels that he will have to exert all his skill, knowledge, talent, and ingenuity, to carry out his Lord's behest, knowing that his Divine Master has given him all these faculties to be used on such occasions; and if he be a *thinking* as well as a faithful servant, he says, I shall have no external help—no outward and direct manifestation from my Master—nothing that will prevent me from doing and acting and persevering the same as other men in similar circumstances would do, because He will not alter His immutable laws, not even for the most faithful of His

servants; but this I know He will do—He will speak to me in advice and counsel whenever necessary, as He has spoken to me now in His commands. He has told me to go forth; but He has also said, "I will be with you to the ends of the world!" and therefore He will vouchsafe to illumine my intellect, to direct my understanding, and to guide my judgment that I shall seize on fitting opportunities, and act in such a manner as to further the object He has in view, and bring about the accomplishment of His ends. Such will be the reasoning of a true servant of his Master, and such I conceive to be faith—faith depending, confiding, trusting, but always equally self-relying and self-working. The impulse given, the inspiration of the mind awakened, the spirit works within, and the *man* stands forth in the exercise of all the noble energies of body and soul with which he is so bountifully endowed.

With reflections such as these I considered my own position. I looked around me, and mentally asked,—Were the plans, the line of conduct, the mode of work I had adopted, the correct ones? How could I tell? Where should I look for proof? No answer came except in this,—what are the indications of Providence vouchsafed to your attempts? And there, if man dare look for such indications, a satisfactory reply was found. All and everything I had yet done according to those plans, and by that mode of working, had proved most successful, though my course of reasoning was more worldly than those who had preceded me. They, on the contrary, with other plans, and another mode of carrying them out, had failed. What then was the inference? Why, that I should still go on as I had hitherto done, and, using all the means placed in my hands by Him whom I acknowledged in private, even more than I cared to make a parade of in public, I would proceed on my way as my own and not another's judgment told me.

In the present case, as I lay on my bed considering this matter, I determined to be guided by the wind and the barometer. I reflected that the heavy gale we had experienced on the past day was probably the last of a series, and, therefore, when upon rising I perceived the mercury slowly ascending, and the breeze fitful between south-west and south, I said to myself, *Now* is the time to effect our object, but—by the Beagle Channel, not by Nassau Bay; for, if all my past ten months' experience in these seas be right in the result I have obtained from it, we shall, with ordinary luck, carry a fair wind the whole way round with us. Nautical readers will easily understand this when I say, that it is an almost fixed law in the southern hemisphere for the wind to go round, when once it begins, from south to east, then north-east, north, and so to north-west, west, and south-west again; and any one, by looking at the chart, may see the advantage of such a wind to us, when taken at the right moment. And I took it exactly at that moment. The mercury told me of the change to be expected, and, knowing that the easterly breezes are light, and thus well suited for a progress in unknown parts, I gave orders for getting under way, and at 9.30 a.m. we were under all sail from Goree Roads and proceeding towards the Beagle Channel.

We passed several places interesting to the eye—Yawl and Dhingey islands, then an unnamed cape, off which there was a very shoal patch not marked in the chart, and running out to some distance in Oglander Bay. It was, however, buoyed with kelp, and safe at about a mile from the shore, having, where we crossed, three fathoms. We next passed Cape Rees, with its remarkable cliffs, and saw from this point the two rocks in the middle of the bay, between Navarin and Picton islands; so accurately, even to an isolated rock, was Captain Fitzroy's survey made.

As we passed the west side of Picton Island, its park-like appearance was even more evident than what we saw of it from the east. There were several very pretty places, and, from its look, my opinion of the island as a mission station was considerably strengthened by what I could now see. As we advanced to the north, the wind gradually went to the S.E., as I had expected. The day was very beautiful and mild, and everything seemed most propitious for us. Portrait Cove, with some singular clay formations, was passed, and then the N.W. part of Picton. Here we now turned to the left, for the purpose of entering the channel, which runs nearly due east and west, like a grand canal, and nearly as even, for about 120 miles. A rocky shoal, and next an outlying island, called Snipe Island, were passed, and then, with a delightful breeze, clear sky, and fine warm weather, the little schooner "Allen Gardiner," the missionary yacht, the herald of peace and love and goodwill to the poor savages in these lands, under all sail, entered the far-famed Beagle Channel about one p.m., on the 1st of November. There she goes, that small ship in the smooth water which she loves, carrying anxious but steady hearts within her, guarded by careful eyes, and having the prayers and wishes of many friends at home accompanying her, though little imagining, I ween, where she was. And as she passes along, what new and unexpectedly pleasant pictures meet her view—several pretty coves, numerous park-like islands, verdure everywhere adjoining in all its freshness, curling smoke from within the bosom of some quiet dwelling-place of the inhabitants, lakes and streams, and scenes of the most enchanting nature appear before her, and in the background the magnificent snow-capped mountain ranges. Some of the small islands are of a mottled appearance; one or two have been burnt; others are of a clayey formation —but all green, undulating, and down-like. What charming places for pic-nic parties! and how much does the

whole character of the immediate neighbourhood resemble the scenery of the Dart, in Devonshire, supposing the latter to expand out a little more!

From among these small islands a canoe shot forth, but seemed to hesitate as we neared—perhaps not knowing what to make of us strangers in a big canoe with wings. After a time, however, and when we had nearly passed, the occupants of it took courage and then tried to overtake us, but without success.

It was so delightful the way in which we were going—wind and weather favouring us, and scenery so truly charming to the eye—that one could hardly fancy oneself on the waters of Tierra del Fuego. It was more like a trip up the river Thames to far-famed Richmond, *minus* the houses and villas on its banks.

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NORTH PART OF
WEST FALKLAND'S

NAVARIN
ISLAND
BANNER
COVE
PICTON
ISLAND
PLAN OF
BANNER COVE
PICTON ISLAND
TIERRA DEL FUEGO
by W. Parker Snow.

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